December 12, 1936

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

ROBERT O. REID

CEMETERY BAIT · A SHORT STORY

By Damon Runyon

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PUBLISHERS OF THE COUNTRY HOME
THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—COLLIER'S
WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

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DEC. 12 1936

ONCE AGAIN . . . IT'S TIME TO MAKE A BOWL OF

Merry Christmas!

FOR A PERFECT EGG-NOG

Beat separately the yolks and whites of 6 fresh eggs. Add ½ cup of sugar to the yolks while beating, and ¼ cup of sugar to the whites after they have been beaten very stiff. Mix the egg whites with the yolks. Stir in 1 pint of rich cream and 1 pint of milk. Then add 1 pint of Four Roses Whiskey and 1 ounce of Jamaica Rum. Stir thoroughly, and serve very cold with grated nutmeg on each glass. (*This recipe makes 5 pints of Egg-nog.*)

IF we didn't know the month or day—if we couldn't find a calendar high or low—we'd *still* be kept right up to date by the annual flood of requests we get at this time for our Four Roses Egg-nog recipe.

It's the *best* recipe—the one most honored by usage—that we've ever unearthed. Its success in past years seems somehow to have made re-printing this recipe at Christmas our public duty.

So . . . here it is again. Follow it reverently. Mark well what a magnificent, heart-warming Egg-nog it makes for you. Just be careful—mighty careful—that you make it *with Four Roses Whiskey!*

For, Four Roses is not just one fine whiskey. In it are combined *several* straight whiskies, and nothing *but* whiskey. Each of the straight whiskies we use is a noble whiskey in its own right, yet each has some special virtue—aroma, smoothness, body, flavor. Blended together, they give *all* their virtues to *one* superlative whiskey—Four Roses.

That's why Four Roses is the *only* whiskey that should grace your Christmas Egg-nog. And that goes for your cocktails and high-balls, too!

* * *

In gay holiday wrappers, perfect presents for discerning drinkers—Four Roses (94 proof), Paul Jones (92 proof), Old Oscar Pepper, and Mattingly & Moore (both 90 proof)—all blends of straight whiskies, made by Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Louisville & Baltimore.

Four Roses
ONE PINT

FOUR ROSES

A Blend of Straight Whiskies—94 Proof

America's finest whiskey . . . regardless of age or price

"I gargle LISTERINE twice a day and have had fewer sore throats"

Says Florence Sundstrom

"It's slick for giving quick relief for sore throat"

Says Ronald Pierce

"I haven't had a cold in the three years I've been using LISTERINE"

Says Albert Herman

"I don't have sore throats like I used to"

Says Emma Wahlrab

Listerine gargle kills millions of germs associated with colds and sore throats

If you are a regular user of Listerine Antiseptic because you like the wonderful freshening effect, you've probably made this happy discovery: that you have fewer colds and sore throats—and milder ones—than you used to.

Such results are not at all surprising. Remember, that when Listerine Antiseptic is used as a gargle, it kills on throat and mouth surfaces, literally millions of the bacteria associated with colds and simple sore throat. Even 4 hours after its use, tests have shown germ reductions in mouth rinsings ranging up to 64%.

Get in the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic twice a day—at least during the winter months. See if your health is not better. At the same time note how much cleaner and fresher your mouth is—how much sweeter your breath.

Lambert Pharmacal Co.
St. Louis, Mo.

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LAMBERT
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Mentholized ★ Soothing
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Wisely Medicated

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Associate Editors

Next Week

WHEN Admiral Pykeson returned to Long Beach with his bride, all speculation as to how he had been trapped into matrimony was put at rest. His dismayed friends realized that Mrs. Pykeson had captured him by direct assault. She next set out to capture the Navy.

It's reasonable to believe that had not Mrs. Pykeson run afoul of Lieutenant Bud Chandler, his fiancée and an aggregation of Hollywood movie children known as the Hemstenier Kiddies, this remarkable woman would now be Chief of Naval Operations. By such a narrow margin was the peace and dignity of the Fleet rescued. The story is by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan.

SINCE early September Grantland Rice and Collier's All America Advisory Board have been hurrying to and fro across the continent at the pleasant business of watching football games. Thousands of players have been observed in action, graded and card-indexed. Conferences have been held and next week from this exhaustive and conscientious activity emerges the All America Football Team.

BY ARRANGING tin cans filled with stones so that they would fall close beside him, Walter May got so that he could hit the bull's-eye whatever the distractions going on. It was, he always said, "A Matter of Timing," and it stood him in good stead when the bank was held up and his girl kidnaped. Ben Ames Williams tells about it.

THE rise of Gypsy Rose Lee from a burlesque theater on Irving Place to a position of some social prominence and a part in the Follies is a success story of the most unconventional sort. It is told by Kyle Crichton in "Strip to Fame."

WHEN Frank Blodgett, freshly graduated from college, went to work for his uncle Horatio he was a little nervous about the possible effects of his activity upon the older man. As he explained to the office manager, "We must keep him from the sickening suspicion that he is growing senile, so that he will preserve that healthy self-confidence so necessary if he is to carry on successfully as president of the company." The story of Frank's attempts to soften the news of his triumphs is told by William Hazlett Upson in "No Orders Obeyed."

ERNEST HAYCOX contributes an epic story of Christmas on the prairies. George Creel, Blake Cabot, Faith Baldwin, Edwin Muller, Alan LeMay, Freling Foster and others complete the issue.

This Week

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December 12, 1936

Cover by Robert O. Reid

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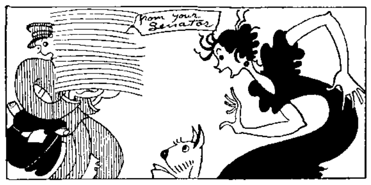
Any Week

SOMETIMES this job of answering the questions of our readers and setting them straight on broad financial and social problems becomes a bit difficult. We start the morning with a paralyzer from Mr. Joseph J. Norcuss of Flint, Michigan. "Gentleman," writes he, "please to tell me by return mails how your magazine come to be founded."

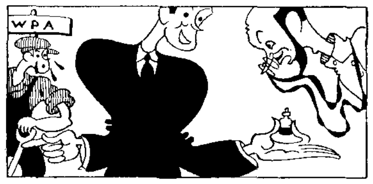
AFTER some intensive inquiry, all that we can report is that one day in 1888 Mr. Peter Fenelon Collier was struck briskly between the eyes by a magnificent idea. Out of that inspiration came this demonstrably superior magazine, first known as Once-A-Week and subsequently, in 1895, as Collier's. And if you think Mr. Collier didn't start something, ask Mrs. J. Wallis of Toledo, Ohio. "I have moved," says she, "but Collier's has not followed me to my new address. If you think you can get away with that just because you are a big shot and think I have no influence you are badly mistaken. I demand my rights."



SO, HAVING fixed up both Mr. Norcuss and Mrs. Wallis, we hasten on to Mrs. Florence Reeser's clamoring problem. Mrs. Reeser, in Chicago, Illinois, insists upon knowing "why it is that a body cannot get a clear-cut, direct and brief answer to intelligent questions when they are put directly to their congressmen and local officeholders. Some time ago," says Mrs. Reeser, "I wrote to my senator asking him to tell me the truth in a few words about the new social security laws and I got back seven pounds of printed matter, including fourteen speeches which I have tried to read but cannot make any sense out of."

WE KNOW how it is. Last week a friend of ours dropped in to ask us whether we had noticed that his boss, a member of Congress, had been re-elected. "All it means to me," he said, "is that I've got to get busy writing some more speeches that he doesn't understand but which he will deliver in loud, ringing tones beginning in January."

AND our doctor was telling us that one of his patients came to him in considerable excitement, saying that he had heard of an infallible cancer cure. Naturally, our doctor was interested, although he had been around entirely too long to be overoptimistic. "This substance," said the patient, "is awfully rare. Compared with this stuff, radium is plentiful and cheap. Still it is to be had—although the government controls the entire supply." "All right, all right," said our doctor. "What is it?" And then the patient, reaching for his hat, replied: "It's sweat from the brow of a WPA worker."



"IN THE general excitement," writes Mr. Terry Lewis of Bismarck, North Dakota, "you probably overlooked the news that we North Dakotans have quit kidding ourselves and have gone legally wet. From now on you can buy redeye over the counter without losing either your liberty or social status. But most of us won't notice any difference. We've been dry since statehood but I defy anyone to prove that he ever suffered for the want of a drink in this state. The only sufferers are the Minnesota dealers, who kept us supplied while we were respectable."

MR. EUGENE GOLD of New York City views the future with some apprehension. "The indications are," says he, "that the next year or so are going to be carnival times for the labor unions. I'm not kicking, being a union man myself with a card fifteen years old. But here's hoping that Mr. Roosevelt is going to have some advisers who will know when a union is a union and when it is a racket."

AND it must be pretty embarrassing to the Honorable John Daniel Miller Hamilton and others to find, after having been retired to private life, that business is booming. This comes from Mr. E. K. Linehaus of Spokane, Washington, who adds: "Pay no attention to the large number of your readers who are sure to ask: 'Who is John Daniel Miller Hamilton?' "

TO MR. MORRIS F. JAEGGERS of Denver, Colorado, went the fourteen-year-old daughter of one of his clients. She had a school assignment to write all she could find out about Communists. Moreover, she intended to make a thorough job of it. So she said: "We are not going into their politics, Mr. Jaeggers, but want to know such things as what they look like and what they eat."

WHEN they eat.

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"SMALL-CAR" FAMILY *Switches* TO BIG NEW 1937 DODGE!

"OUR FAMILY ALWAYS OWNED one of the smaller makes of cars—trading in on the same make whenever we needed a new car," says Herman L. Thieme, Jr., Jamaica, N. Y. "We thought we couldn't afford to do differently. But this year we switched to Dodge. We're getting over 22 miles to the gallon of gas. We not only saved money right from the start, but we know that gas savings alone will make our Dodge cost less to own than the small cars we drove before." Pictured at left are Mr. and Mrs. Thieme, and their son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Herman L. Thieme, III.

...Contends Gas Saving Alone Will Make Big Dodge Cost Less To Own!

FROM all over America flashes this news: motorists who always felt that, in buying a new car, they had to "trade-in" on the same make to get the most for their money, are switching to the sensational new 1937 Dodge!

They say they have discovered that this new Dodge—with its new "windstream" styling—its astonishing new comfort and safety features—offers such amazing economy in gasoline and oil consumption and in general upkeep that they'll be money ahead from start to finish!

Although enthusiastic new Dodge owners report 18 to 24 miles to the gallon of gas and savings up to 20% on oil, don't lose sight of the fact that Dodge for 1937 offers much more than record-breaking economy!

It's bigger, more beautiful than any Dodge ever built! All sedans accommodate at least six passengers! *Quieter* too! The new Dodge safety all-steel body is anchored to the frame by rubber-insulated "hush-point" mountings that kill road noises and give you the new Dodge "Silenced Ride"!

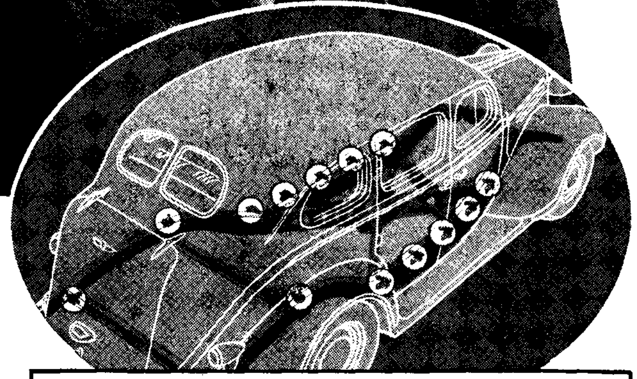
New improved Chair-Height seats... low, level floor!...new improved weight distribution—these contribute to your greater comfort. And, too, for your greater safety, Dodge gives you an even stronger safety all-steel body...new "high-safety" interiors...and *genuine* hydraulic brakes!

See this new 1937 Dodge! Drive it! You'll be amazed that such a big, luxurious car actually costs just a few dollars more than the lowest-priced cars! And you, too, will agree you can "Switch to Dodge—and save money!"

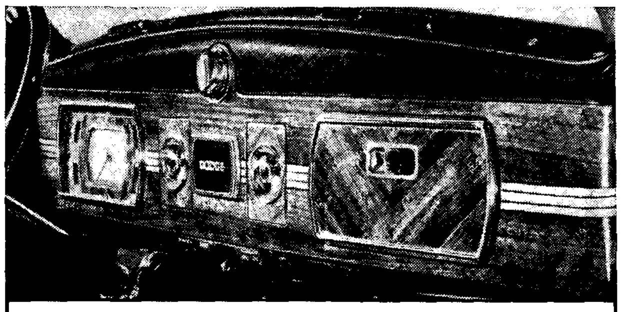
DODGE

Division of Chrysler Corporation

Dodge dealers invite you to tune in on Major Bowes Amateur Hour, Columbia Network, every Thursday, 9 to 10:00 P. M., Eastern Standard Time. Sponsored by Chrysler Corporation.

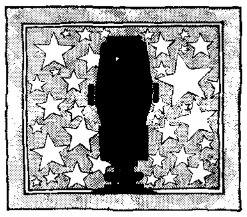


NEW "SILENCED RIDE"! Road noises, which cause body "rumble" and "drumming" in many cars, are silenced in the 1937 Dodge! The new Dodge safety all-steel body is now anchored to the frame by rubber-insulated "hush-point" mountings that kill road noises and give you the quietest ride you have ever known!



"HIGH-SAFETY" INTERIORS! Interiors of the new 1937 Dodge give you an entirely new kind of safety! Instrument panel controls are set flush with the surface—objectionable protruding knobs are avoided. Door handles are smooth and rounded. Thus you get more beautiful and *safer* Dodge interiors!

Switch **TO BIG 1937 DODGE** *-and Save Money!* **$640** and up, list prices at factory, Detroit



"Rolling along" GULF's theme song sets the tempo for Phil Baker's Sunday night program . . . while millions of listeners eagerly await the hilarities of Baker and Bottle . . . the heckling interludes by Beetle . . . the melodies of Phil's accordion . . . of Hal Kemp's orchestra and of Ed Smalle's Seven G's. Reproduced so realistically by Philco High-Fidelity that you feel you are in the studio audience. And now let's see what is on another favorite station . . . one twirl of the Philco Automatic Tuning Dial . . . *there it is!* Perhaps another program might better match your mood. Silently, perfectly, automatically . . . you tune favorite stations to select your next entertainment. Faster than dialing a telephone . . . because you dial just once. Easier, too, because Philco provides a knob to turn the dial and protect feminine fingernails. Foreign tuning has been simplified, too. Stations overseas are named and spread six times farther apart on the Philco Spread-Band Dial.

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Comedian PHIL BAKER . . . *star of the Gulf Program with Agnes Moorehead*
COL. STOOPNAGLE *and* BUDD *stars of the Minute-Tapioca Program*
AL GOODMAN . . . *and his orchestra heard on the Maxwell House Show Boat Program*
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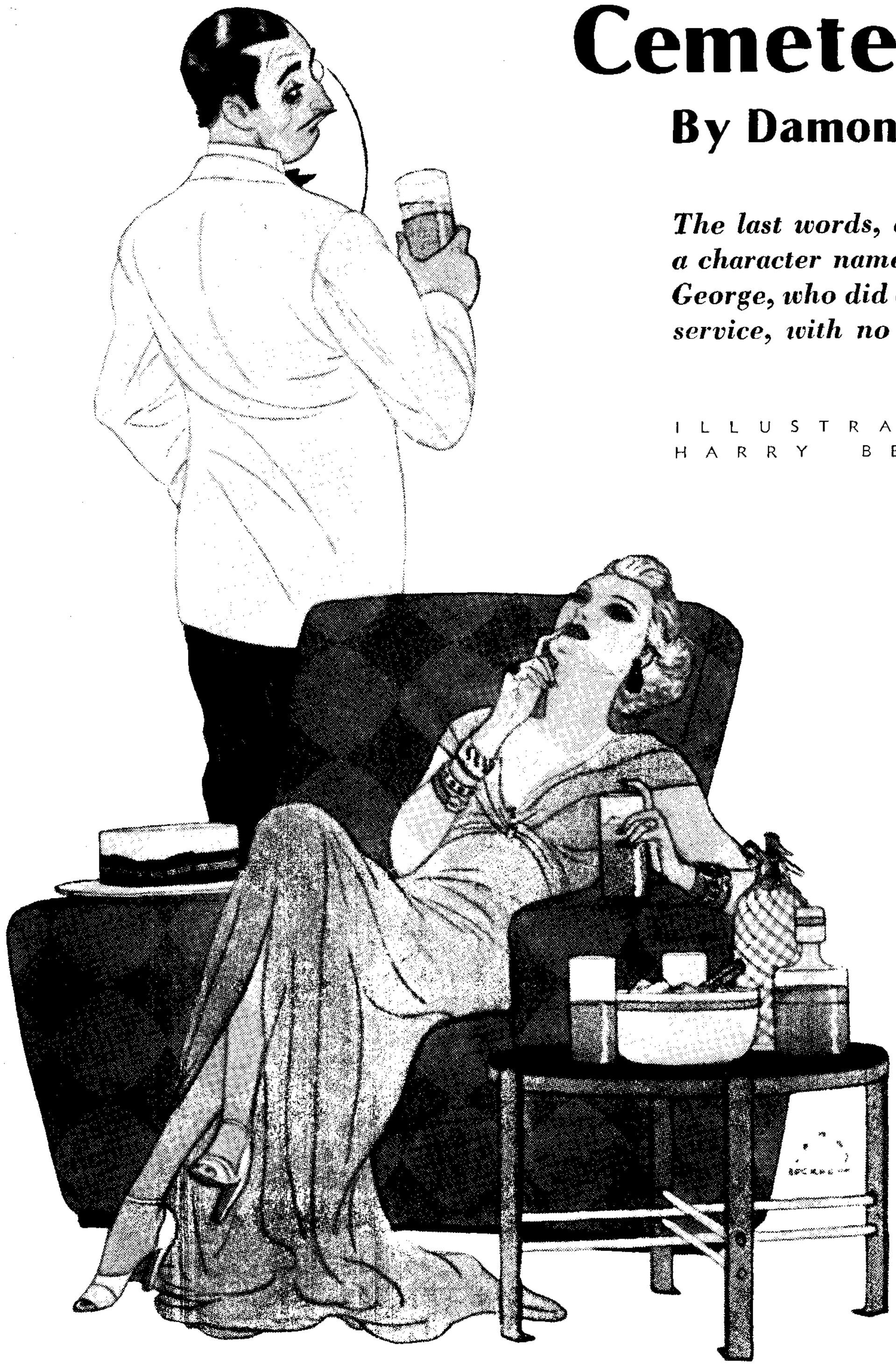
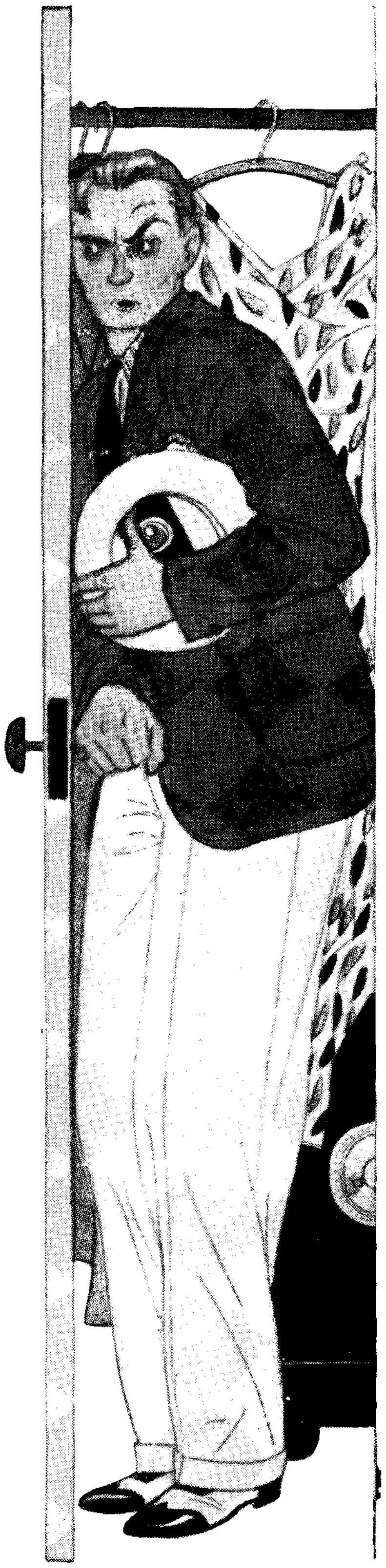


Cemetery Bait

By Damon Runyon

The last words, as it were, of a character named Gentleman George, who did a great public service, with no thanks at all

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF



I can see that Mrs. Colonel Samuel B. Venus is giving Count Tomaso a hint to cause an accident to befall Colonel Samuel B. Venus, and thinks I to myself, it is a pretty how-do-you-do

ONE pleasant morning in early April, a character by the name of Gentleman George wakes up to find himself in a most embarrassing predicament.

He wakes up to find himself in a cell in the state penitentiary at Trenton, N. J., and while a cell in a state penitentiary is by no means a novelty to George, and ordinarily will cause him no confusion whatever, the trouble is this particular cell is in what is known as the death house.

Naturally, George is very self-conscious about this, as it is only the second time in his life he ever finds himself in such a house, and the first time is so far back in his youth that it leaves scarcely any impression on him, especially as he is commuted out of it in less than sixty days.

Well, George sits there on the side of the cot in his cell this pleasant April morning, thinking what a humiliating circumstance this is to a proud nature such as his, when all of a sudden he remembers that on the morrow he is to be placed in Mister Edison's rocking chair in the room adjoining his cell, and given a very severe shock in the seat of his breeches.

On remembering this, George becomes very thoughtful, to be sure, and sighs to himself as follows: Heigh-ho, heigh-ho, heigh-ho. And then he sends for me to come and see him, although George is well aware that I have no use for penitentiaries, or their environs, and consider them a most revolting spectacle.

In fact, I have such a repugnance for penitentiaries that I never even glance at them in passing, because I am afraid that peepings may be catchings, but of course in a situation such as this I can scarcely deny the call of an old friend.

They let me talk to George through the bars of his cell, and naturally I am somewhat perturbed to observe him in this plight, although I can see that his surroundings are clean and sanitary, and that the hacks seem kindly disposed toward him, except one big doorknob who is inclined to be somewhat churlish because George just beats him in a game of two-handed pinochle.

FURTHERMORE, I can see that George is in pretty fair physical condition, although a little stouter than somewhat, and that he looks as if he is getting some rest.

He is at this time about forty-five years of age, and is still as good-looking as in the days when he is known far and wide as the handsomest and most genteel character on Broadway. His brown hair now has some gray in it along the edges, and there are lines of care in his face, and, of course, George is not dressed as fashionably as usual.

In fact, his clothes need pressing, and he can stand a haircut, and a shave, and when I mention this to George he says he understands they are going to give him all the haircutting he requires before morning, and maybe a close shave, too.

In the old days, Gentleman George is very prominent in the jewelry trade with Tommy Entrata, and his associates, and anybody will tell you that Tommy and his crowd are the best in the country, because they pursue strictly business methods, and are very high-principled.

They generally work with a character by the name of Lou Adolia, who is a private fuzz often employed by big insurance companies that make a specialty of insuring jewelry for wealthy female parties, a fuzz being a way of saying a detective, although the chances are Lou Adolia cannot really find his hip pocket with both hands.

But when Tommy Entrata and his associates come into possession of jewelry belonging to these wealthy female parties, they notify Lou Adolia, and he arranges with the insurance companies to pay a certain sum for the return of the merchandise, and no beefs, and everybody is satisfied, especially the insurance companies, because, of course, if they do not get the goods back, the companies will have to pay the full amount of the insurance.

As Tommy Entrata is generally very reasonable in his fees on jewelry that comes into his possession, it really is a most economical arrangement for the insurance companies, and for everybody else concerned, and it is also very nice for Lou Adolia, as he always gets a reward from the companies, and sometimes a piece of what Tommy Entrata collects.

Then a piece always goes to the stout fellow in the city in which Tommy Entrata and his associates are operating, the stout fellow being the local fix, because, of course, you understand that in a business as large as this carried on by Tommy Entrata it is necessary to take care of all angles. So the stout fellow looks after the local law to see that it does not interfere with Tommy Entrata any more than is absolutely necessary.

TO TELL the truth, when Tommy Entrata and his associates go into a town, it is generally as well-organized from top to bottom as Standard Oil, and Tommy not only has a complete roster of all the local jewelry owners, and what they are insured for, from Lou Adolia, but also a few diagrams as to where this jewelry is located, and Tommy never fails to make ample provision for one and all in the town who may be concerned before he turns a wheel. In fact, I hear that in a spot up in the Northwest Tommy once even declares the mayor and the commissioner of public safety in on one of his transactions, just out of the goodness of his heart, and this unselfishness in his business operations makes Tommy highly respected far and wide.

Anyway, Gentleman George is one of Tommy Entrata's experts in the matter of coming into possession of jewelry, and Tommy appreciates George no little, as George is strictly a lone hand at his work, and he never carries that thing on him, and considers all forms of violence most revolting, so he never gets into trouble, or at least not much.

I am telling you all this so you will understand that Tommy Entrata conducts his business in a high-class, conservative manner, and personally I consider him a great boon to a community, because he teaches people the value of insurance, and now I will return to Gentleman George in his cell in the death house in Trenton, N. J.

"Well," George says, "there you are, and here I am, and you are the only friend that comes to see me since the judge mentions the date that now becomes of some importance in my life, and which is in fact tomorrow. And now I wish to tell you a story, which will be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and the object of this story is to show that I once perform a great service to the public."

At this, I become uneasy, because I am afraid it may be a tedious story, and I do not care to remain in such surroundings listening to reminiscence, so I request George to epitomize as much as possible, and to omit all reference to low characters and sordid situations, and then George states as follows, and to wit, viz.:

In the winter of 1935, I am going southward by train on business bent, and the reason I do not reveal my destination at this time is because I do not wish to be recalled as ever hollering copper, even on a city, but I will say that it is a certain winter resort spot about as far below the Mason and Dixon's line as you can get before you start swimming, and a very pleasant spot it is, at that.

The first night out on the train, I go into the diner and partake of a fish that is on the menu, because the steward of the diner weighs in with a strong shill for this fish, and the next thing I know I am back in my compartment as sick as anything, and maybe a little bit sicker.

To tell the truth, I am so sick that I think I am going to pass away, and this thought disturbs me no little, as Tommy Entrata is looking forward to my arrival with keen interest, and I know that he is apt to take my passing away as a personal affront.

Well, while I am lying in my berth as sick as stated, all of a sudden the door of my compartment opens, and a pair of specs and a short, scrubby, gray tash appear, and behind the specs and the tash is a stern-looking character of maybe fifty-odd, who speaks to me in a gruff voice, as follows:

"See here, now," he says, "what is all this runting and grunting about? Are you sick?"

"Well," I say, "if I am not sick, I will do until an invalid comes along."

And then I start retching again, and in between retches, I mention the dining-car fish, and I tell the stern-looking character that if he will kindly get the dining-car steward to step into my compartment for just one minute I will die happy.

"You speak great nonsense," the stern-looking character says. "You are not going to die, although," he says, "who knows but what you may be better off if you do? Not enough people know when to die. What ails you is ptomaine poisoning, and I will take charge of this situation myself because I will be unable to sleep in this car with you scrooning and mooning all night.

"I once get the same thing myself in Gloucester, Mass.," he says. "You will expect the fish to be all right in Gloucester, Mass. If I remember," he says, "it is mackerel in my case."

Then he rings for the porter, and pretty soon he has the train secretary, and the Pullman conductor, and even a couple of other passengers running in and out of my compartment getting him this, and that, and one thing and another, and dosing me with I do not know what, and sick as I am, I can see that this stern-looking character is accustomed to having people step around when he speaks.

WELL, for a while I am thinking that the best break I can get is to pass away without any further lingering; then, by and by, I commence feeling better, and finally I doze off to sleep. But I seem to remember the stern-looking character mentioning that he is going to the same place that I am, and that he is just returning from a hunting trip in Canada, and I also seem to recall him telling me what a wonderful shot he is with any kind of firearms.

Afterward, however, I figure I must dream all this because the next morning the stern-looking character just glances in on me once and asks how I feel in a tone of voice that indicates he does not care much one way or the other, and after this I do not see hide or hair of him, and I can see that he does not mean to make a friendship of the matter.

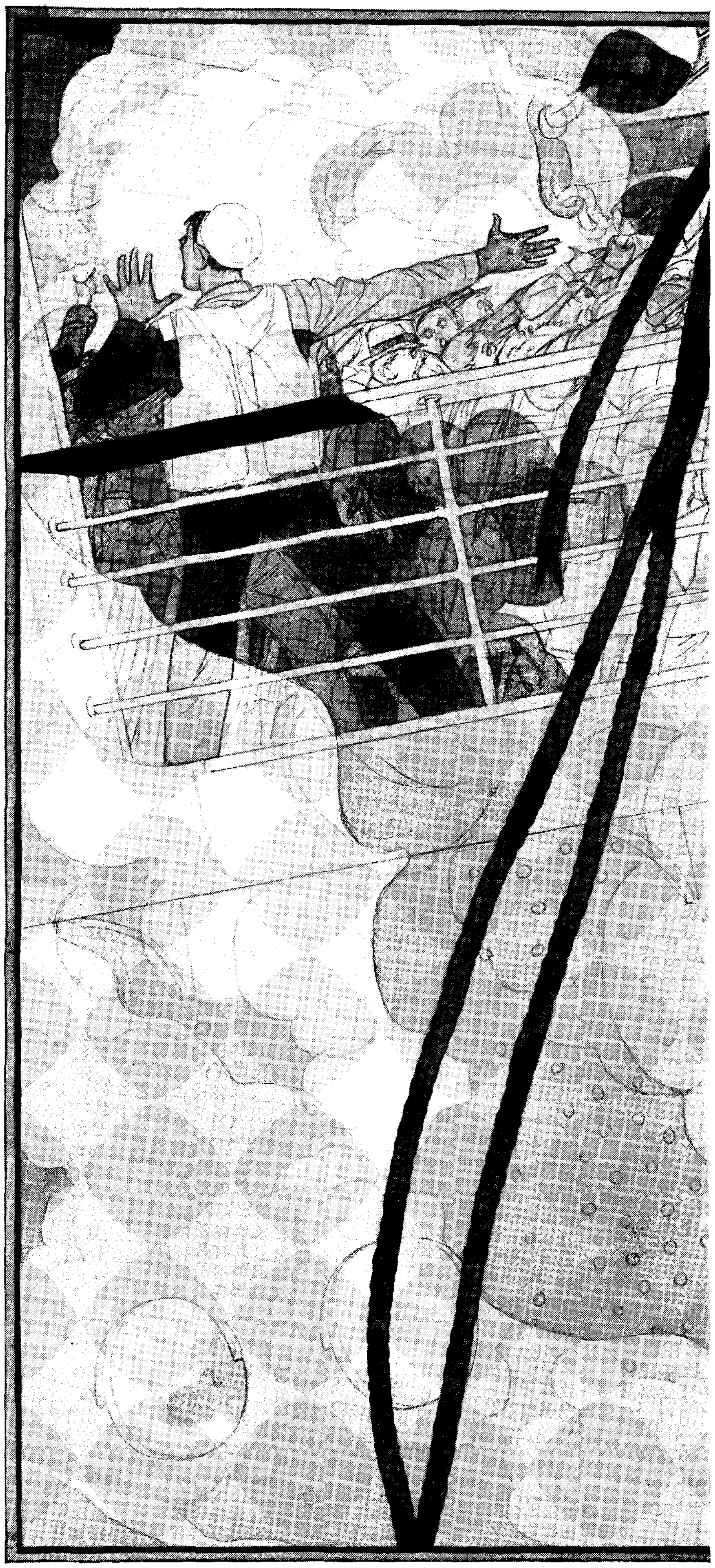
In fact, when I am getting off the train at my destination, I suddenly remember that I do not even know the stern-looking character's name, and I am sorry about this, as so few people in the world are ever good to me that I wish to cherish the names of those who are. But, of course, I now have no time for sentiment, as duty calls me, and I do not bother to inquire around and about with reference to the stern-looking character.

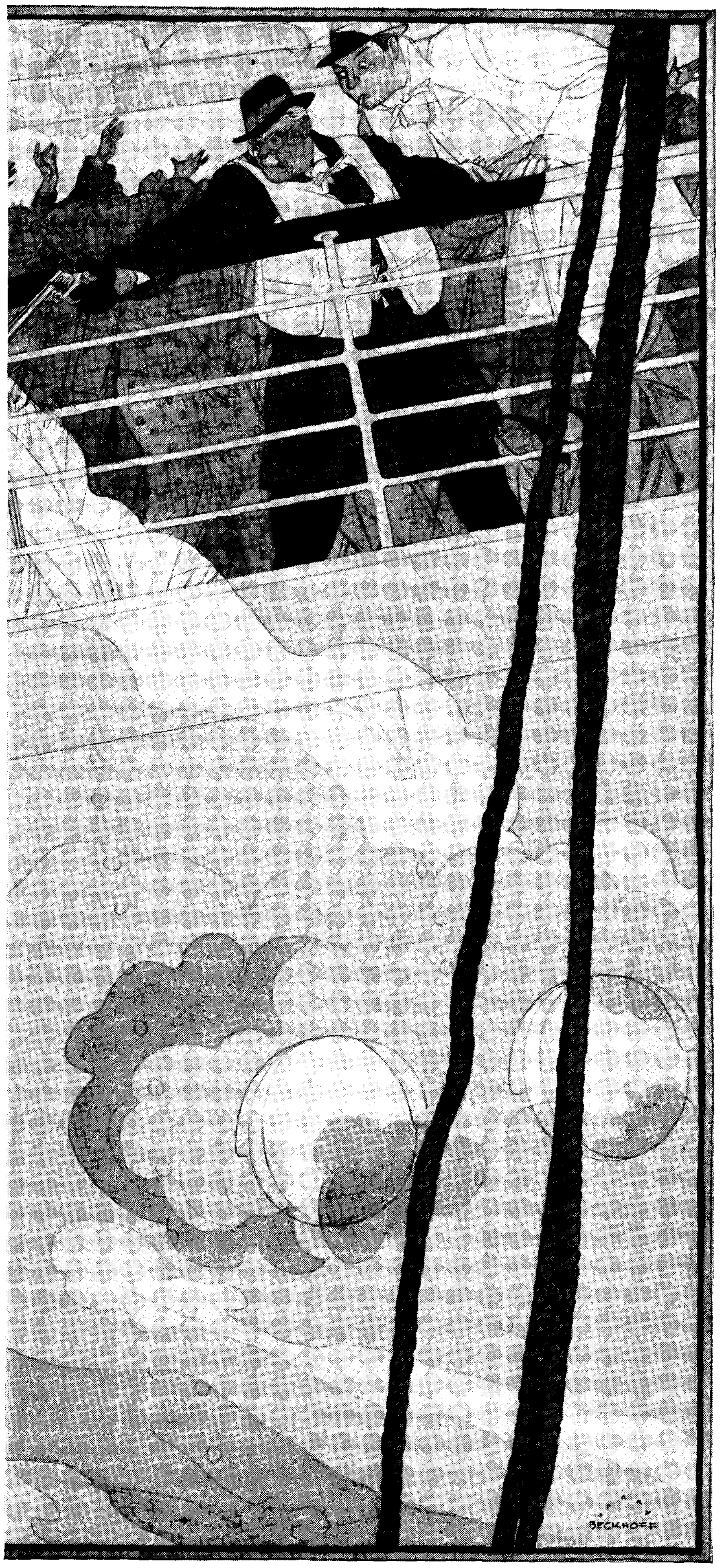
I telephone Tommy Entrata, and make a meet with him for dinner in a night club that is called by the name of the Bath and Sail Club, although there is no bathing connected with it whatever, and no sailing either, for that matter, and while I am waiting there for Tommy, I observe at another table the most beautiful Judy I see in many a day, and you know very well that few better judges of beauty ever live than yours sincerely, G. George.

She is young, and has hair the color of straw, and she is dressed in a gorgeous white evening gown, and she has plenty of junk on her in the way of diamonds, and she seems to be waiting for someone and I find myself regretting that it is not me. I am so impressed by her that I call Emil, the headwaiter, and question him, because Emil is an old friend of mine, and I know he always has a fund of information on matters such as this.

"Emil," I say, "who is the lovely pancake over there by the window?"

"Cemetery bait," Emil says, so I know he means she is married, and has a





"I spot him now," he says. "I recognize the white polo coat and the little cap to match." And with this he ups with that thing and goes rooty-toot-toot out across the water three times

husband who is selfish about her, and naturally I cast no sheep's eyes in her direction, especially as Tommy Entrata comes in about now and takes me to a private room where we have a nice dinner, and discuss my business in this city.

IT IS in pursuit of this business, at the hour of 1 A. M. on a warm Sunday morning, that I am making a call at the residence of a character by the name of Colonel Samuel B. Venus, and am in the boudoir of his ever-loving wife, and a beautiful room it is, at that, with the windows on one side looking out over the sea waves, and the windows on the other side overlooking a patio of whispering palm trees.

The moon is shining down on this scene, and it is so lovely that I stand at the front windows a few moments looking out over the water before I start seeking the small can, or safe, that I know is concealed in a clothes closet in the room unless the butler in the Venus house is telling a terrible falsehood and accepting money from us under false pretenses for this information and for admitting me to the premises.

Of course, Colonel Samuel B. Venus' ever-loving wife is not present in her boudoir at this hour, and neither is Colonel Samuel B. Venus, and in fact I afterward learn that the only way Colonel Samuel B. Venus can get in there is on a writ of habeas corpus, but this has nothing to do with my story.

My information is that Colonel Samuel B. Venus is a very wealthy character of maybe sixty years of age, come next grass, and that his ever-loving wife is less than half of that, and has some of the finest jewelry in this country, including pearls, diamonds, star rubies, emeralds, and I do not know what all else, and I am given to understand that Colonel Samuel B. Venus leaves the night before on a fishing trip, and that Mrs. Colonel Samuel B. Venus is out somewhere wearing only a couple of pounds of her jewels, so the rest of her stuff is bound to be in the little can in her boudoir.

WELL, the little can is in the closet just where the butler reports, and I observe that it is such a can as I will be able to open with a toothpick if necessary, although, of course, I bring along my regular can opener, which is a tool for cutting open safes that I personally invent, as you perhaps remember, although I never think to get a patent on it from the government, and I am about to start operations when I hear voices, and two characters, male and female, enter the boudoir.

So there I am in the closet among a lot of dresses and coats, and all this and that, and, what is more, I leave the closet door open a little when I go in, as I figure I may require a little air, and I am now afraid to close the door for fear of making a noise, and the best I can make of this situation is that I am a gone gosling. To tell the truth, it is one of the few times in my life that I regret I do not have that thing on me, just for self-defense.

I can see right away from the way she talks that the female character must be Mrs. Colonel Samuel B. Venus, but the character with her is by no means her husband, and naturally I am greatly scandalized to think that a married broad will bring a party not her husband into her boudoir with her at such an hour, and I am wondering what on earth the world is coming to.

But although I listen keenly, there seems to be no goings-on, and in fact all they are doing is talking, so I figure the character with Mrs. Colonel Samuel B. Venus must be a character without any imagination whatever.

Finally, when I judge from their conversation that they are looking at the view of the sad sea waves, I cop a quick peek, and I see that Mrs. Colonel Samuel B. Venus is nobody but the blonde I admire at the Bath and Sail Club, and while this surprises me no little, it does not surprise me half as much as the fact that the character with her is a party by the name of Count Tomaso, who is known far and wide as a most unworthy character. In fact, Count Tomaso is regarded in some circles as a 22-carat fink, a fink being a character who is lower than a mudcat's vest pocket.

He is a small, slim-built character, with dark hair greased down on his head, and he wears a monocle, and seems very foreign in every respect. In fact, Count Tomaso claims to belong to the Italian nobility, but he is no more a count than I am, and to tell the truth, he is nothing but a ginzo out of Sacramento, and his right name is Carfarelli.

For a matter of twenty years or more, this Count Tomaso is on the socket, which is a way of saying his dodge is blackmail, and of course there is little or no class to such a dodge as this. He generally pitches to foolish old married Judys, and gets them wedged in with letters, and one thing and another, and then puts the shake on them.

Personally, I rarely criticize anybody else's methods of earning a livelihood, but I can never approve of the shake, although I must admit that from what I hear of Count Tomaso, he really is an artist in his line, and can nine those old phlugs in first-class style when he is knuckling.

I only hope and trust that his presence in Mrs. Colonel Samuel B. Venus' boudoir does not mean that Count Tomaso is trespassing in any way upon my affairs, as I can see where this will produce complications, and it is always my policy to avoid complications, so I remain very quiet, with a firm grip on my can opener in case Mrs. Colonel Samuel B. Venus or Count Tomaso happens to come to the closet.

But it seems to be nothing but a social visit, as I can hear her getting out some liquor, and after a couple of drinks they begin speaking of nothing much in particular, including the weather. Presently the conversation becomes quite dull, for it is all about love, and conversation about love always bores me no little unless I am making the conversation myself, although I can see that Mrs. Colonel Samuel B. Venus is better than a raw hand in conversation of this nature.

I am so bored that I put down my can opener and am about to doze off among the dresses, when all of a sudden the conversation takes a very unusual turn, to be sure, for Mrs. Colonel Samuel B. Venus says to Count Tomaso like this:

"I know you love me," she says, "and I love you madly in return, but what good will it do us? I am married to a character old enough to be my father, and although he does not know it, I hate and despise him. But even if I tell him this, I know he will never give me a divorce, and, besides, if I do get a divorce, he is sure to put me off with a mere pittance. I am bound to him as long as he lives," she says. "As long as he lives, Tomaso."

WELL, Count Tomaso says this is certainly a sad state of affairs, and seems to be taking another drink, and she goes on as follows:

"Of course," she says, "if he passes away, Tomaso, I will marry you the next day, or anyway," she says, "as soon as my mourning goes out of style. Then we can go all over the world and enjoy our love, because I know his will leaves me all his vast fortune. I am afraid it is wicked," she says, "but sometimes I wish an accident will befall him."

Now I can see that what is coming off here is that Mrs. Colonel Samuel B. Venus is giving Count Tomaso a hint in a roundabout way to cause an accident to befall Colonel Samuel B. Venus, and thinks I to myself there in the closet, it is a pretty how-do-you-do if such goings-on are tolerated in society circles, and I am glad I am not in society. To tell the truth, I consider Mrs. Colonel Samuel B. Venus' attitude most unbecoming.

Well, they converse at some length about various forms of accidents that they hear of, but they seem unable to arrive at any definite conclusion, and I am almost sorry I am unable to join in the discussion and offer a few original ideas of my own, when Mrs. Colonel Samuel B. Venus says:

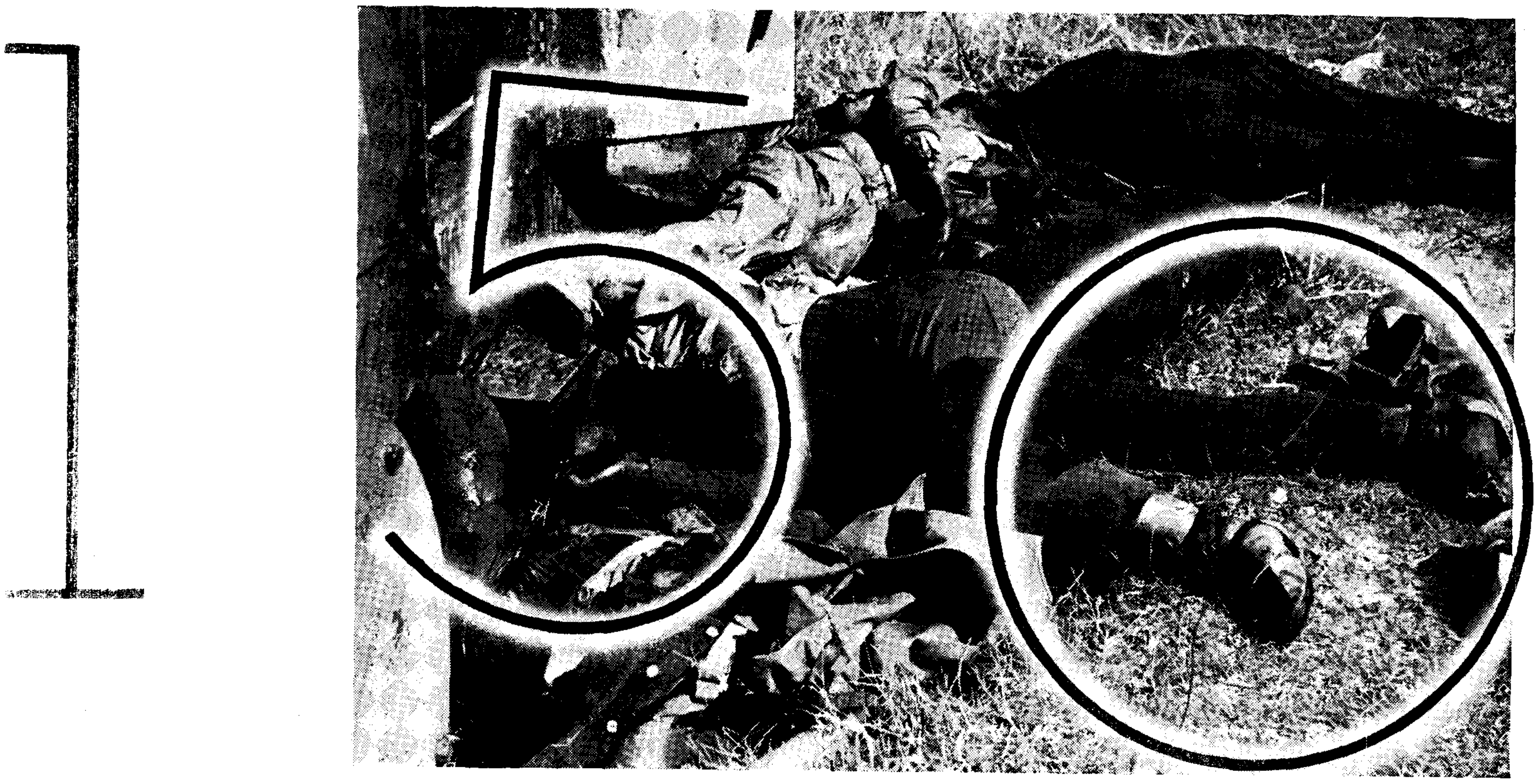
"Well," she says, "we are sailing next week on the Castilla for New York, and you can come on the same ship. New York is a better place for accidents than down here, because they are not apt to attract so much attention there. But,

(Continued on page 32)

Spanish Crazy Quilt

With a firsthand knowledge of Russia as background, Mr. Duranty went to Spain. Here he reports for Collier's readers the grim facts of the civil war, making its contradictions and ruthless ferocity intelligible in human terms

By Walter Duranty



EUROPEAN

PIX

Upper: The bodies of Loyalist soldiers lie before their captured tank. The report of their dead will be increased by the ratio of 150 to 37. Lower: Rich Spanish prisoners sit in the Escorial awaiting condemnation

I WAS lucky the first morning I spent in Spain at the little town of Portbou on the Catalonian frontier, because four things I found there were useful to me later. In Paris, which I had left the night before, and at Perpignan, the last large town on the French side, I had been told that the train stopped at the French frontier town of Cerbère and that passengers for Spain had to walk three quarters of a mile through a tunnel to Portbou. The attendant who made up my sleeping berth painted a horrid picture of baggage-laden groups creeping through the tunnel with electric torches, uncertain that they might not be met at any moment by a murderous volley. But at Cerbère they reassured me. The train went on to Portbou as usual, had been doing so for two weeks—it was then the twenty-third of August, five weeks after the trouble in Spain began—and if my papers were in order I would have no difficulty.

The arrival at Portbou was devoid of interest—a perfunctory baggage examination, a stamp on my passport, and the business so common in Europe nowadays of declaring how much money I took in with me in order that I might have no trouble in taking it out again. Then the official remarked that the train for Barcelona would leave five hours later, at two-fifty, and added as if by afterthought, "That will give you time to have your pass stamped by the Anti-Fascist Militia Committee. Their office is down by the port; you can't mistake it because there is a large banner across the front of the building."

"But I have a special pass from the Spanish Embassy in Paris," I replied. "They told me that was all I needed."

The official shrugged his shoulders. "No one can leave Portbou unless his documents are stamped by the Anti-Fascist Militia."

The headquarters of the Anti-Fascist Militia was between two cafés on the water front in a building that had formerly been the office of the harbor master. I went through a crowded room into a small office, where there were two young men behind a desk, wearing what I found to be the regular "uniform" of the Anti-Fascist Militia, blue or khaki overalls, with hemp-soled canvas shoes and red-and-black caps and scarves. One of them looked disdainfully at my Embassy pass, but his eyes brightened when he came to the words, "from Moscow."

"You come from Moscow?"

I nodded.

"When did you leave?"

"About two weeks ago."

"How long have you been there?"

"Since 1921, although of course I've traveled in other countries too during that time."

Lessons to Take Back to Moscow

That was good enough. He threw back to me the Embassy pass, took my passport, stamped it and said pleasantly, "You'll have something new to tell them in Moscow when you get back. We are not Bolshevik bureaucrats; we are Anarchists."

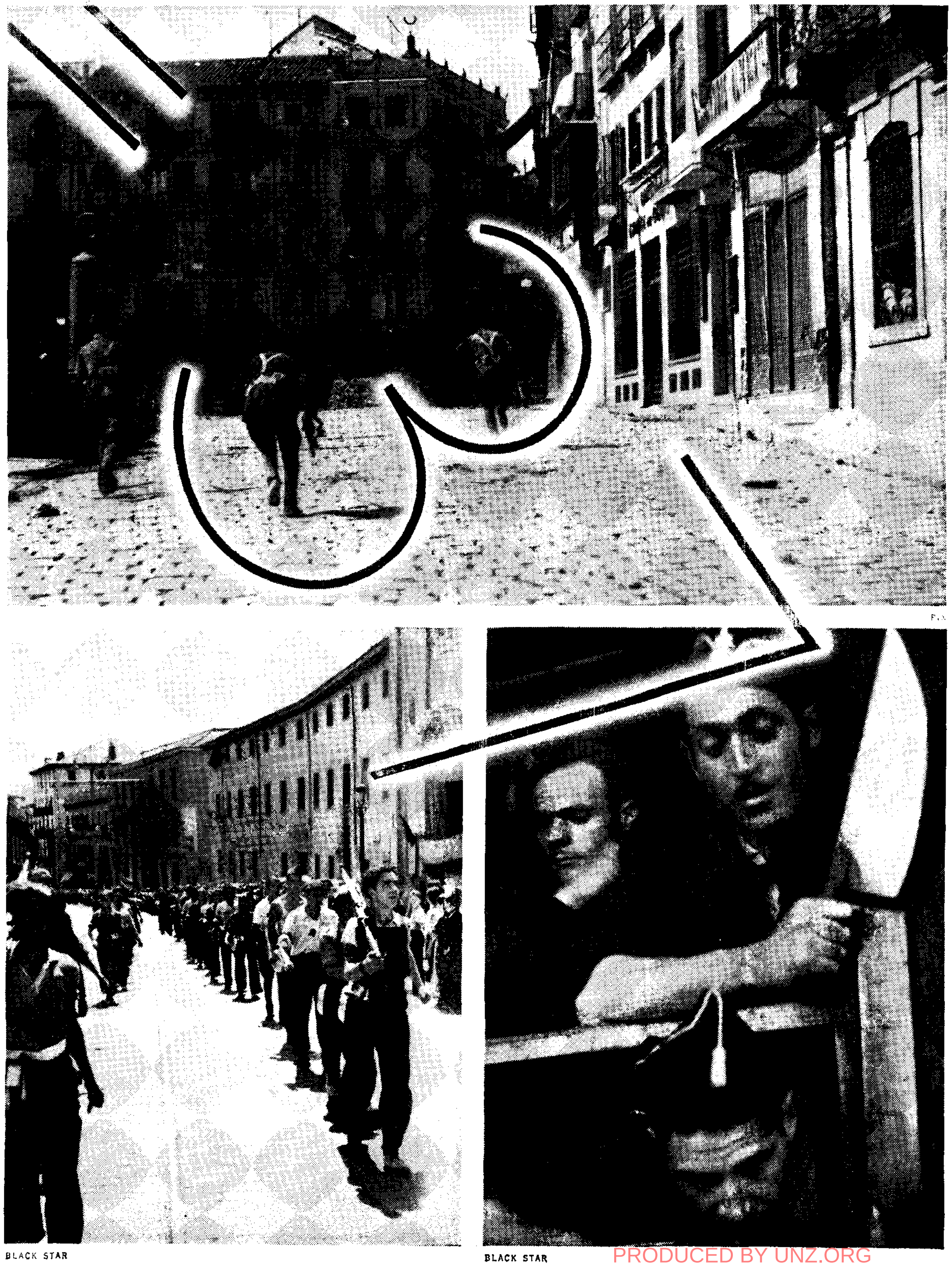
We parted on good terms, and he raised his left fist in the Anarchist salute with the words, "*Salud, compañero* (comrade)," a gesture which I imitated. As I sought the shade of the plane trees in front of a café I wondered why it was that all the popular movements in Europe went in for hand-waving in one form or another, whereas in Russia that was left to the "Young Pioneers," who hold up their right hands with the slogan, "*Vsigda gotovo* (Always ready)."

While I sat there an idiot appeared, lopsided and misshapen, his eyes rolling and his mouth working furiously, although he made no sound. In one arm he carried a cheap plaster statue of a saint with a bent gilt halo round its head; tucked under the other were some prayerbooks or hymnbooks with a dozen prints of cathedrals. With slack wavering feet the creature shuffled past me to the harbor, and one of a group of militiamen at the next table shouted something about giving the saint a ducking. The others took no notice and the idiot only grinned. Two small boys who had been sharing a pair of roller skates went hopping after him at a few yards distance and a maid at the entrance of the café crossed herself, looked furtively at the militiamen and disappeared. The idiot threw his burden into the water, then came back without a word. He repeated the performance three times in the course of an hour, but the second and third time not even the little boys took any notice.

A thin elderly man in a gray alpaca suit came to my table and asked in French if he might sit there with me in the shade. He wore a black tie and a stiff white collar and a straw hat with a brightly colored band. He was a talkative little man, and I soon learned that he was the agent of a life insurance company in Barcelona and that this corner of the province was his special "territory."

"I was terribly upset," he told me, "when I heard that over a dozen of my clients here had—er—perished in the troubles. At least three of them had policies for more than a hundred thousand pesetas, and you can guess what a blow that was. So I came up here at once. Fortunately the government had recently decreed that life insurance policies taken out by enemies of the people who perish become void automatically. There was only one case in Portbou where payment was due: that of a butcher who had been killed by a stray bullet as he stood at the door of his shop, and his policy was for only five thousand pesetas."

Upper: Government militiamen abandon Toledo after the relief of the Alcazar. Lower, left: A Loyalist demonstration in the streets of Barcelona. Lower, right: Loyal militiamen entrain for the front


BLACK STAR
BLACK STAR

In the train to Barcelona I sat and thought about all this and what it meant. The story about the tunnel showed that even people in touch with Spain, who ought to know about it, were quite wrong, or preferred a sensational lie to prosaic truth. I realized that I would have to cling fast to the rule I had made in Russia, believing little of what I heard and not all of what I saw.

When Smoldering Fury Breaks Forth

The incident with the militia had a more positive value. Clearly, the real power, in Catalonia at least, lay with the armed workers who had crushed the military rebellion, rather than with the government which had given them arms for that purpose. That was, I thought, a highly important point, with far-reaching implications. The case of the idiot had also a great significance. On my way to the harbor I had seen a gutted church and the dark stain on the pavement outside it where they had made a bonfire of altar, pews and pulpits, of the sacred pictures on the walls and the vestments of the priests. It was obvious that there had been a terrific outburst of popular fury against the Church, and that although its first edge had been dulled by destruction, the most profound resentment continued to smolder. The idiot was a ghastly symbol of hatred and contempt.

The insurance agent bore witness to a callous disregard for human life and to the strength of personal selfishness. I was used to the former in Russia but the latter had been less prevalent. The idea of collectivism comes naturally to Russians, but the Spaniard is essentially an individualist.

I spent so short a time in Spain that it is absurd for me to pretend that I know the country or its people. Nevertheless I am convinced that there was nothing wrong about those first four lessons, and the only important subsequent things I found it necessary to add to them were: First, that the popular movement was so sweeping and radical as to justify the term Social Revolution; second, that it was, so to speak, an impromptu and spontaneous movement which was suddenly called upon to improvise government and civil war simultaneously; third, that it was therefore exceedingly fluid, haphazard and confused, and that no one knew exactly where he stood today or where he would stand tomorrow.

What I mean to say is this, that in order to beat a *coup d'état* by reactionary army officers, the democratic government of Spain elected by popular vote had no other choice but to give arms to the workers' organizations, who thus became suddenly the real rulers of all parts of Spain in which the military plot was defeated. They were willing, even eager, to use their power, but they were utterly unprepared for it. Theoretically, it is true, they were aiming at social revolution, at the dictatorship of the proletariat, but when, overnight, that revolution and dictatorship were thrust upon them they were not ready for it.

It is easy to illustrate the confusion of men's minds in such unusual circumstances. Take, for instance, a major of the regular army whom I met in Madrid. His family was wealthy but liberal in politics, and he had relatives and friends in the Popular Front government. When the outbreak occurred in Madrid he was staying at his country house with his daughter, who had had pneumonia. He returned to the capital a few days after the rebellion was suppressed and offered his services, loyally and not unnaturally, to the government. He told me, "I acted in support of the democratic principles in which I and my family believe. Now I find that I am fighting for a regime of Anarchists and Communists with whom I have no sympathy whatever. The democratic government for which I offered to fight is dead; its place has been taken by a Revolution as Red as that of Lenin and Trotsky. I am a Catholic, but the Revolution is Atheist. I am an officer, but my command is only nominal; there is no discipline in the ranks and my men do not obey me.

"I am like one of the Czarist officers in the Red Army during the Russian Civil War. Like them, I am powerless; like them, I have to think not only of my own life but of those dear to me who would pay the penalty for any rash act on my part. So what can I do? My only hope is that I will be killed in the next engagement."

Friendship Bows to Duty

Compare this with a story told me by one of my colleagues with Franco's army. He said, "Before leaving Talavera I went to say goodby to the colonel commanding the town. He knew what its capture meant, and the night before he had been cheerfulness personified. The next morning he was grim and glum and would hardly speak to me. At last he said, 'I had a terrible experience today. I had to preside at court-martial on two Red prisoners, a lieutenant colonel and a major. Both of them had been at the Military Academy with me and we had been friends ever since, but I had no choice. They were fighting for the Marxists, so of course I ordered them to be shot.' "

The same colleague told me another story. "When we were at Torrijos," he said, "a Red train came up and began shelling an old fort on the outskirts of the town occupied by the Foreign Legion. There was a lively action for some minutes, then one of our shells damaged the Red train and I saw something which no correspondent ever saw in the World War; namely, a bayonet charge, as a company of the Legion dashed across the fields in open order to attack the train. The train limped off before they reached it, but they came back with half a dozen prisoners, including one young man who said he was an engineer who had been pressed into the Red service and had deserted at the earliest opportunity. The Legionnaires agreed that he had run down from the engine on the opposite side of the train and come forward toward them with his arms in the air, shouting, '*Amigo*.' They found no arms on him and there was no reason to doubt his story. So he was kept apart when the rest of the prisoners were taken off and shot. I talked to him myself with a lieutenant of the Legion as interpreter and believed every word he said. He wasn't a member of a trade union but had been studying in an

(Continued on page 28)

On the Silver Bow

By Ernest Haycox

Love in a new land—under the shadow of an old tradition

THIS October day had been so hot and the children still so restless after summer's vacation that Julie was glad at last to let them go.

She stood in the doorway of the single-roomed schoolhouse and watched them scatter across the prairie. Biederman's two boys were already faint shapes down the rim of the Silver Bow, vanishing behind the dust kicked up by their ponies. The four Castner towheads marched single file westward into the hard, burning sunlight. Here and there a lard-pail lunch bucket flashed, and presently the heat haze and the dun-colored earth absorbed them all.

The schoolhouse and the schoolhouse shed sat on the Silver Bow's high western bluff. A hundred feet below, edged by poplar and cottonwood and low brush slowly turning amber and red, the river unrolled its crooked argent ribbon. In the nearest downstream bend of the river, halfway between water and rim, lay the lovely wooded bench where stood Thorpe McKerrin's womanless house. The road from Prairie City, sweeping by the schoolhouse, looped into the Silver Bow canyon and crossed the gravel ford by McKerrin's and crawled up to the far rim. And at this moment a rider left McKerrin's and came over the ford.

Julie Brett turned back into the schoolroom and noticed then that Thorpe McKerrin's seven-year-old Annette was still in her seat.

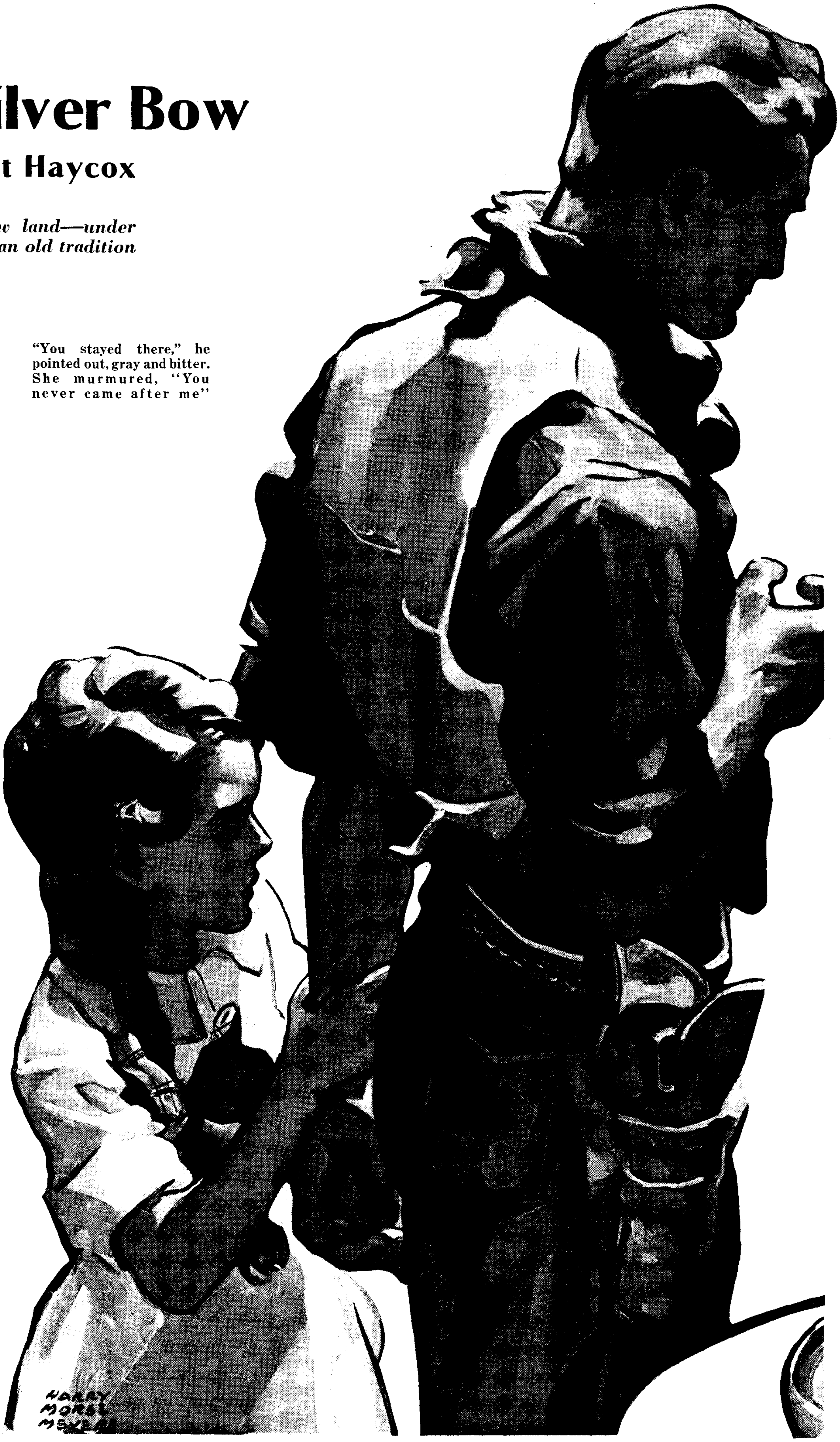
"It is time to go, Annette."

"My father said to wait until he came."

So it was Thorpe McKerrin coming up the Silver Bow canyon. Julie said: "Then you're going in to Prairie City?" Annette spoke with the grave, cool manner that set her off from every other child in the school: "I am not to go home alone any more."

SOMETHING had happened, for Annette customarily walked as far as the river ford alone. Except in blizzard weather all the children traveled without help. There was too much work to be done in this land for people to waste time on their young ones. She thought of that, meanwhile considering Annette, who sat with her long, cotton-stockinged legs tucked under the school seat. Annette's hair was pure black, and drawn away from her head into a single braided pigtail held at the end by an ordinary piece of string. This girl's eyes were deeply blue, the exact color of her father's eyes, with an observing interest always in them. Her small face was berry-brown and had much of Thorpe McKerrin's reticence stamped on it, as though her thoughts could not be completely expressed. She was a pretty child even though Thorpe McKerrin didn't quite know how to dress her, and never got her hair properly combed.

Thorpe McKerrin's horse struck the hard-baked yard, whereupon Julie



"You stayed there," he pointed out, gray and bitter. She murmured, "You never came after me"

ILLUSTRATED BY
HARRY MORSE MEYERS

turned immediately to the blackboard and began to write out the next Monday's work in a small and exact hand. She was like this when Thorpe McKerrin came to the doorway behind her. She was acutely aware of his presence there. Annette's quick steps made hollow echoes in the hot room and afterward Annette's even voice called: "Good night."

Julie turned, holding a stick of chalk half raised in her right hand. Annette was beside her father, his arm resting on her small shoulder. He was tall, so tall that Annette's head came only slightly above his hip line, and he was smooth-shaven in a country that wore its whiskers long. Julie remembered that Thorpe McKerrin had once been considered half wild and given to laughter. It didn't show on him now. His lips were broad and deliberately placed together and the long and solid and weather-tanned surface of his features deliberately held the world away. It wasn't unfriendliness. He just didn't care, but the weighted steadiness of that blue glance was almost painful to her. The scar of a bullet showed its wicked trace on one temple, to remind Julie that his life had been dangerous, and still was.

"Julie," he said, "you have a gun here?"

"Yes."

"If you ever get in trouble, fire a couple shots. I can hear it from my place."

Trouble on the prairie again. She watched him lift Annette's sixty pounds into the saddle and mount behind her. Annette was smiling as they rode away.

THE silence and the heat in the room got worse. Julie finished her work and stood irresolutely by her desk, looking down at her white shirtwaist and the little gold watch attached to it by a fleur-de-lis pin. She brushed chalk dust from her serge skirt and was suddenly aware of the clumsiness of her shoes. They were big things, meant for mud and for dust. She had worn shoes like them all her life, and so had her mother and all the German women along the flats, but she remembered the indifference of Thorpe McKerrin's glance, and color deepened the existing heat flush on her cheeks. She locked the schoolhouse, hooked up her old gray road horse to the light buggy in the school shed and drove southward along the Silver Bow's rim toward the Brett claim, four miles down.

There was a rider coming out of a near coulee at a casual gait, to be identified instantly by the way he pointed his stirrups outward, Indian fashion. Dutch Mike, Lake's foreman, always rode thus. Julie felt the sun burn against her skin; and she narrowed her eyes against the land's universal glare. Dutch Mike's great shoulders rolled idly and his eyes—a calico-blue half sheltered by the overhang of huge sandy eyebrows—touched Julie casually when he passed by. In a little while he was behind her, hidden by his dust wake. Julie's heart ran a little faster, knowing he had not been here without purpose. This was why Thorpe McKerrin had come for Annette.

The road closely followed the bluff's rim; and across from Thorpe McKerrin's she stopped to watch the cool, pleasant canyon shadows prematurely cover the ranch below her. The house—the best house on the Silver Bow—showed its white front to the river, with young cottonwoods ranked to either side of it to break the frequent winds. Corrals and a low barn sat well behind the house and a ten-acre orchard laid its exact rows along a brown, tilled soil. She saw Annette's white dress moving sedately through the orchard. Thorpe McKerrin was an idle shape on the house porch. From this distance she could barely identify the rifle across his lap.

He was twenty-five. She knew that, as she knew so many things about him. He was twenty-five and had married Helen Lake, the only daughter of Hugh Dan Lake, eight years ago. In that day there wasn't a fence or a nester within eighty miles of the Silver Bow, and Hugh Dan's huge outfit, together with the Durbin outfit and the Custer Land and Cattle Company, split the range by oral agreement between them. Thorpe McKerrin, at that time, had been a rider for the Lake ranch at thirty dollars a month. He had been a half-wild and laughing man then, so Julie Brett had heard, with no respect for the million or more old Hugh Dan was supposed to be worth. He had eloped with Helen Lake a week before she was to have married Howard Durbin, thereby ruining the hopes of those two great outfits.

ON THAT bench he had settled, building that house and laying out those trees, the first nester on the Silver Bow and an outrage in the eyes of the cattle kings. Three years later Helen Lake went back to her father's big house in Prairie City. There was a divorce, and a hatred between old Hugh Dan and this Thorpe McKerrin that grew greater with the years. Helen Lake had left her child with Thorpe McKerrin and now was supposed to be traveling in Europe. Hugh Dan wanted the child. It was why Dutch Mike had been here. The whole country knew Hugh Dan Lake wanted Thorpe McKerrin killed.

Julie thought of all these things, feeling a strangeness in her heart while she watched the unstirring shape of Thorpe McKerrin on the porch of that womanless house below, surrounded by the trees he had planted for Helen Lake, who had been a headstrong beauty surrounded by hopes that had died so soon. Julie thought: "Why wasn't she happy?" And then drove on.

Her father's house took shape on the prairie, a low central shanty to which one room and another had been carelessly added as the needs of the ever-growing family got greater. There were ten children now, and Baby Kurt. Julie drove straight to the barn and put the gray road horse away and came out to find her mother wearily winding up the hundred and forty feet of well rope on the windlass. Her father, old Hans, sat beside the house, concerned only with the polishing of a gunstock. A pipe appeared from the deep matting of his red beard and his bald head rose and fell in a kind of reverence over his idle chore. The three oldest boys were coming off the prairie with a wood load. Kathey and Joanna were in the house. Baby Kurt rolled off the porch and sat bolt upright in the dust. The rest of the brood shouted somewhere along a near-by coulee.

Julie lifted Baby Kurt and patted his fat middle; and stood a moment seeing this scene with a sharp-sighted bitterness. Her mother was gray and untidy and formless, made so by eighteen years of childbearing and hard work. Her father was a lazy philosopher with the old-country way. He had made a drudge and a peasant out of his wife, and would let it be so with the children. Julie said to him:

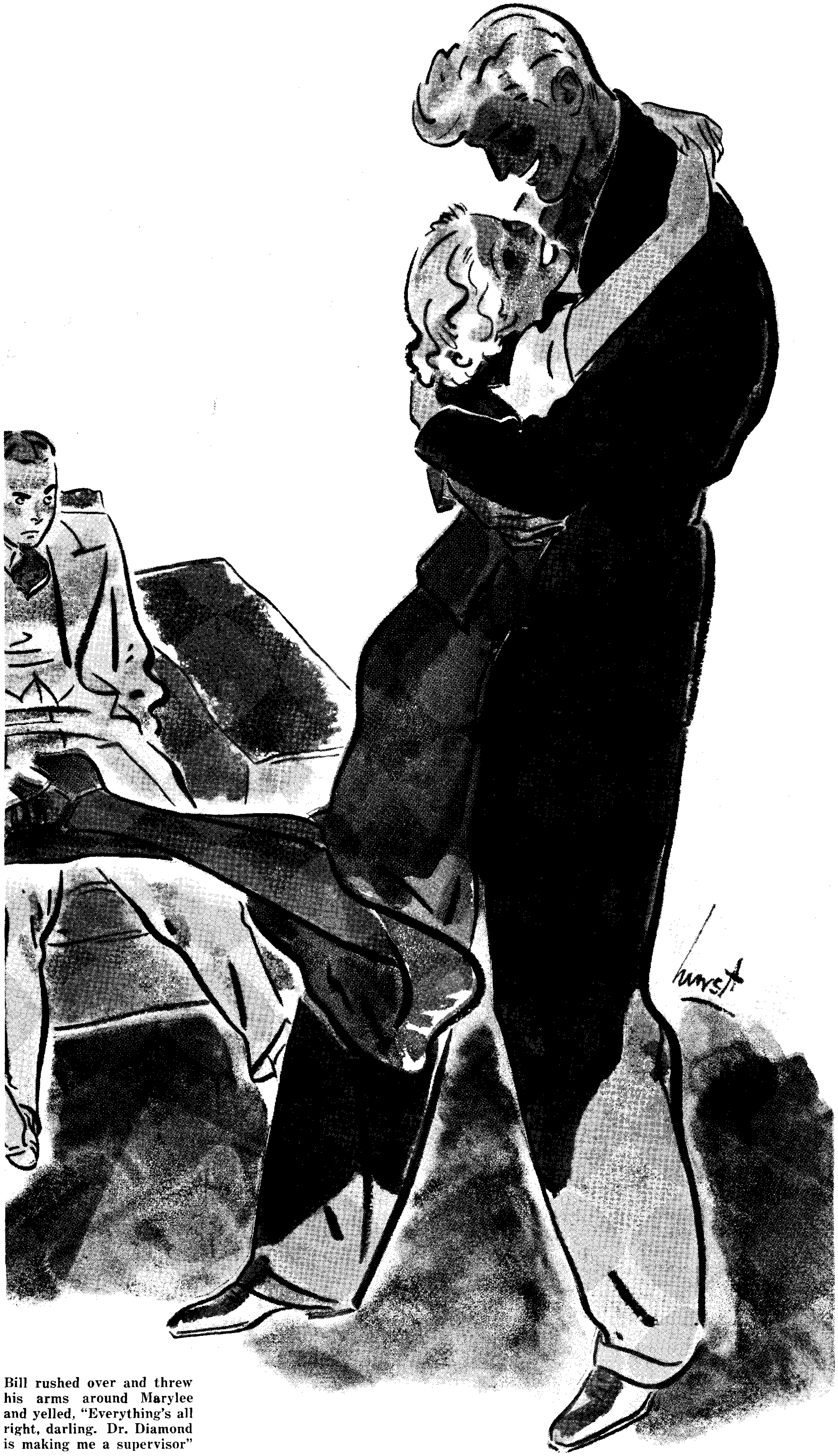
"At least keep out of the doorway."

HE RAISED his glance and showed her a quick temper. "Hey? It is time I should lick hell out of you."

"No," said Julie. "You lift a stick at me and I'll take it away from you and give you your own medicine."

Old Hans Brett got to his feet. "You come here!" But he didn't move toward her and some of his huge anger went away and left him eying her shrewdly. She was twenty now and for ten years

(Continued on page 81)



Bill rushed over and threw his arms around Marylee and yelled, "Everything's all right, darling. Dr. Diamond is making me a supervisor"

Smash Hit

By Jerome Beatty

Bill Morgan confounded Hollywood, and Hollywood liked it. A note of cheer for girls whose men suffer from modesty

MY BUZZER rang twice, so I went across the hall to Eddie Crawford's office. Eddie, my boss, is head of Amalgamated's publicity department.

"Hello, Mike," Eddie said.

"Hello," I said to Eddie. Then I noticed who was sitting beside his desk and I said, "Well, hel-lo!"

"You know Marylee?" Eddie said.

"I'll say I know Marylee." I gave her a dollar.

"Thanks, mister," she said.

Eddie wanted to know what was the big idea.

"He thought he was Solomon," Marylee said. "He made a bet." She stuck her nose in the air.

"That's a pretty nose," I said.

"I don't get it bruised by sticking it into other people's business," Marylee said.

I laughed. Kind of.

"What's going on here?" Eddie said. He was sore. Sore at me because he wanted to talk business. He wasn't sore at Marylee. Nobody could be—not for long. She was a cute little blue-eyed doll who was a typist in the scenario department. She'd come out from Oklahoma to try to get in pictures and had ended up in the scenario department.

"I just heard we bought Dry Goods and Groceries," I said. "I bet her a buck we wouldn't."

"It's a lousy book," Eddie said.

"That's why I bet. I didn't expect the story department to go nuts."

Marylee waved my buck at me and grinned. "Sticks and stones may break my bones, but words can never hurt me," she said.

"What's your tie-up with Dry Goods and Groceries?" I asked.

"My boy friend wrote it."

"Hell's bells," I said. Not so much because her boy friend wrote it, but because she had a boy friend and it wasn't me.

She said, "He lives in Pawnee, Oklahoma, and it's his first book and Amalgamated paid him two thousand dollars for it and he's coming out here at three hundred a week to write the dialogue."

Her chin said, "What do you think of that, stupid?"

I said, "Holy Joe! That's fine for your boy friend but it'll just about toss Amalgamated in the ash can. We'll lose half a million on it."

"What'll you bet?"

I hedged a little. "Ten bucks says it never makes production cost."

"You're on," she said. "It's a great book."

"So is Webster's dictionary," I said, "but there's no picture in it."

Eddie tossed a snapshot over to me. It showed a young man in overalls standing beside a ratty old car. He was a nice-looking kid, with a big smile.

"MARYLEE wants us to get some publicity for her boy friend," Eddie said.

"For a writer!" I yelled. "We've fallen so low we get publicity for writers?"

"Just for Marylee," Eddie said, "we'll give this mug a break. Get this picture copied and send it out with a story about him."

"I thank you," Marylee said, "but he's no mug. I don't fall in love with mugs." She looked at me and that set me back on my heels because I'd sort of had some ideas. "And here's your dollar."

"What for?" I asked. I never heard of a dame giving back money.

"It wasn't a fair bet. I knew something."

Eddie said right quick, "What'd you know?"

"You'd be surprised," she laughed and went out, leaving the dollar on the desk. I picked it up. Eddie grabbed the phone. "This whole thing is screwy," he told me. Then he said, "Give me Mr. Diamond, please."

Morris Diamond was the new general manager of the studio. He's been in the picture business since what Mary Pickford thought about short skirts was news. He's tough and slick and would double-cross his own mother if it would get him more power or money or help him pull a dirty trick on somebody he didn't like. But he knows how to make pictures. He had come over from Red Star on a long-term contract, at five thousand a week.

When Eddie finished talking to him we still didn't know what Marylee had on her mind. We did know the story department could look at itself in the mirror without shuddering, for the order to buy Dry Goods and Groceries had come from New York, direct from the top—from William G. Morgan, chairman of the board. He had just been put in by the bankers that owned Amalgamated and we didn't know anything about him except that he was a banker, and bankers are poison. Instead of talking to their stenographers and their chauffeurs about pictures, they listen to their wives and the country-club set and think they're feeling the pulse of the public, and the first thing you know they're giving out statements about The Art of the Cinema and want you to make Better Things, such as grand opera.

Morgan had wired orders to buy Dry Goods and Groceries, and to hire the author to write the script. Then, his master mind evidently all worn out from thinking up such a colossal idea, he had hopped a boat for Paris.

A week later Marylee came into my office and laid a bunch of clippings on my desk. They were reviews of the book.

"Read 'em," she said.

"—and weep," I said. "I hear it's in as much demand as a muddy dog."

"The boy can write," she said.

I read 'em. They said Dry Goods and Groceries was virile prose, that the dialogue was brittle and that this William Waterbury Wilson that wrote it was a dynamic thinker.

"Do you think you'll be happy with a dynamic thinker?" I asked. I began to hate this guy.

"Look at this one," she said. It said something about "the majesty of his mighty diapason."

"He ought to stop eating starches," I said. I patted my stomach. "That's what I did for it. Look at me."

"You're cute, Mike," she said. "Come on. Bill got in this morning."

"What are you talking about?"

"I WANT you to meet him. Come on. He's waiting."

"Oh-ho!" I sneered. "So I'm to go call on a writer, am I? Well, tell your friend Mr. Bill Hoozit Wilson that this is a picture lot and all the calling on writers that the publicity department does you can stick in your eye. I hate writers. They're goofy. And so I say to you, good day, sugar cookie, and bad cess to you and your mug from Pawnee, Oklahoma."

"Please, Mike. I love him—he's grand. There's only one thing the matter. He—he doesn't think he's any good."

I pointed to the clippings. "My gosh, hasn't he read these?"

"He's blue because the book isn't selling. And you know how it is in pictures, Mike. To get by he'll have to think he's big, or nobody else will. Give him a build-up, won't you, please?"

"You mean to tell me there's a writer on this lot that doesn't think he's better than Shakespeare?"

She nodded.

"And you're letting people see him for nothing?"

She said she was.

"Lead me to him."

We went across the lot to the writers' building and into his office.

"Bill," Marylee said, "this is Mike Connors, the boy I was telling you about."

"Hello, Bill," I said.

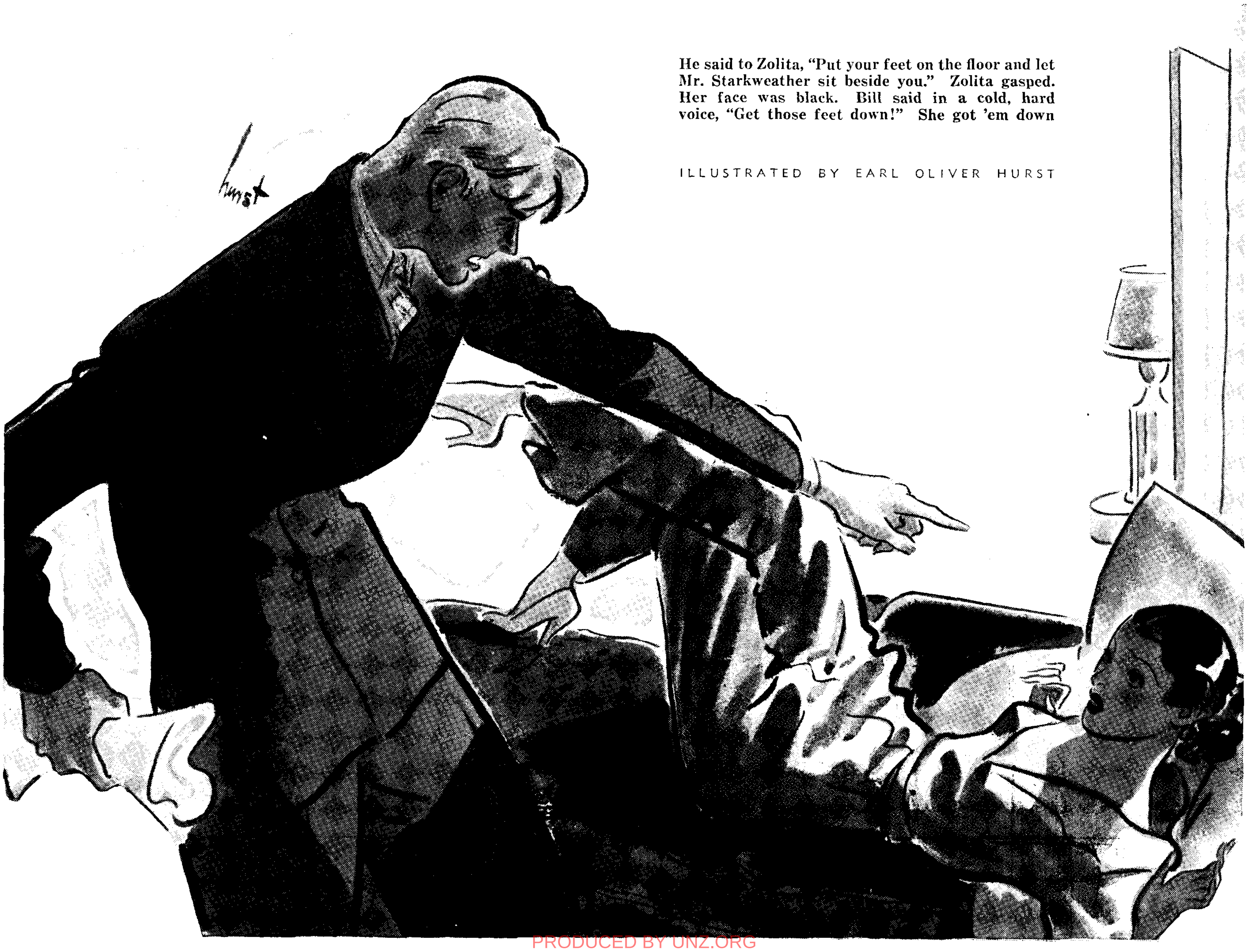
"How do you do, Mr. Connors?" Bill said shyly.

We all sat down, Marylee close beside him. He had sandy hair and freckles and was tall and thin and brown. Even if he hadn't been Marylee's boy friend I wouldn't have liked him. He was trouble. He'd written a high-brow book that we had to make into a picture and it would lose us plenty just when we couldn't afford it.

"Well," I said. "So what?"

He waved a hand around at the office, with its blue velvet curtains and its red and white modern furniture and smiled a little pitifully and said, "Honest, Mr. Connors, I don't know what this is all

(Continued on page 58)

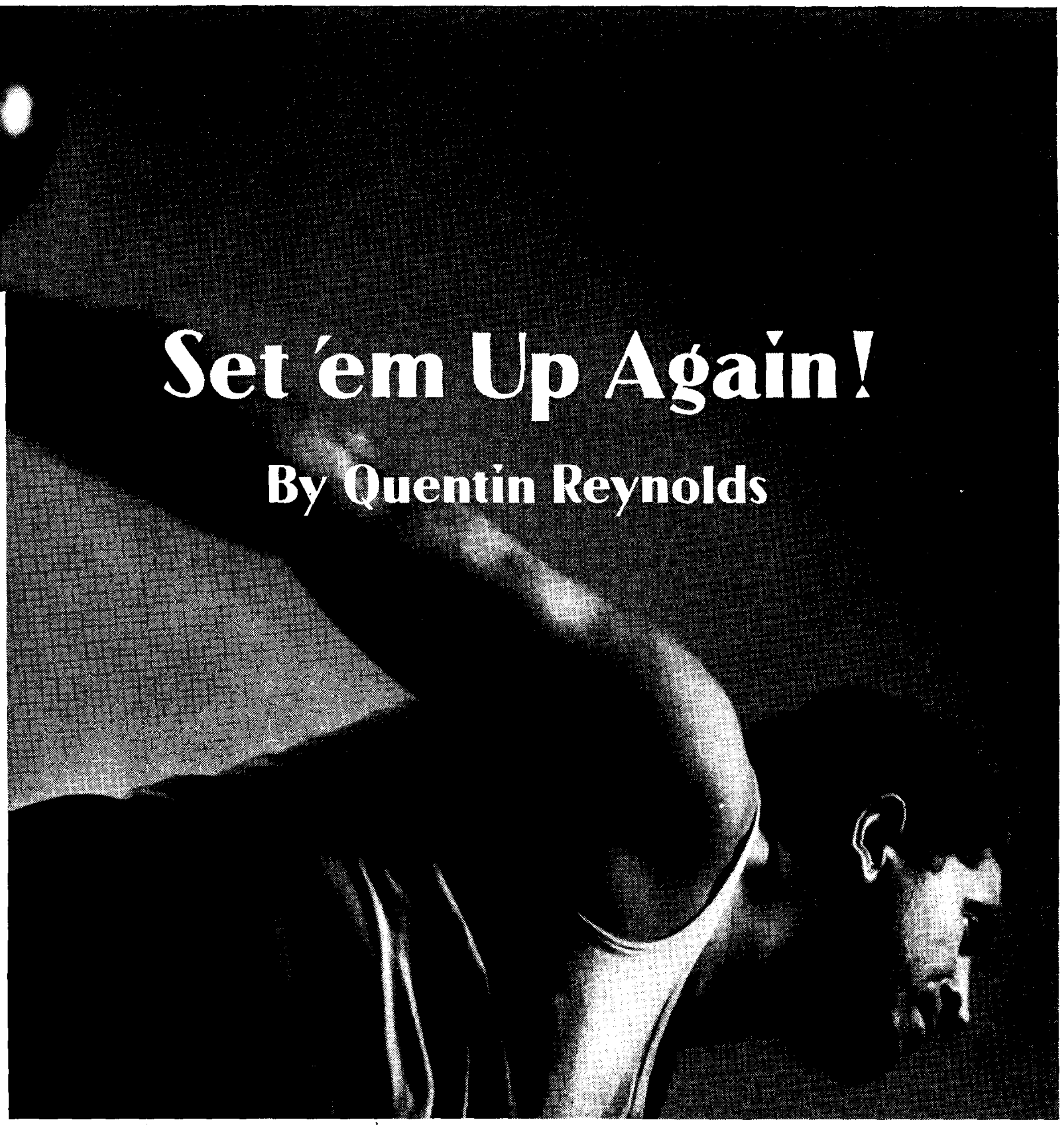


He said to Zolita, "Put your feet on the floor and let Mr. Starkweather sit beside you." Zolita gasped. Her face was black. Bill said in a cold, hard voice, "Get those feet down!" She got 'em down

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

Set 'em Up Again!

By Quentin Reynolds



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY LEO AARONS

If you've never heard of the one-three pocket, your bowling technique needs overhauling. Here are the latest twists as practiced by experts

THERE are perhaps eight million bowlers in this country and probably not more than three or four of them know that bowling is a combination of skittles, Dutch rubbers, loggats, kayles and the ancient game of ninepins. And those three or four probably don't care anyhow. People who live in New York have of course a great advantage over bowlers in other parts of the country. There is a subway station named Bowling Green in lower New York and as fond parents accompanied by their children pass the station they are very apt to display their historical knowledge by explaining to the young hopefuls how Bowling Green got its name. It is a story which all New Yorkers know.

Around 1623 the Dutch came to Manhattan Island and the first thing they did was to clear a space on the lower part of the island for ninepins. They built a stockade around it and that was hallowed ground. It was the first bowling alley in the New World and when the city grew up an iron fence was built around the spot and the city fathers named it Bowling Green Park.

So the youngsters of Manhattan become bowling conscious at a young and tender age and today thousands of them scurry from school to the alleys of the neighborhood, where with joyous abandon they slap the pins down and yell, "Set 'em up again!"—a cry which later on in more mature years they sometimes direct toward the bartenders of our town.

During the past few years bowling has had a terrific increase in popularity. Careless inept bowlers are tossing heavy balls all over the alleys of the country with scant regard to the life or limbs of their fellow bowlers. It is high time that someone gave them a bit of advice on the proper way to go about the old and ancient game. So here it is.

In Buffalo they will tell you that Joe Miller is the world's greatest bowler and maybe he is. He was the national champion two years ago and now only Hank Marino outranks him. Joe Miller is the manager of the Ideal Bowling Alleys in Buffalo.

So Joe Miller and I sat down and he taught me how to roll a strike and also how to pick off a spare and it all seems very easy. If you happen to be a very good bowler leave us alone, but if you happen to be a dub-eroo, sit down and let's hear what Mr. Miller has to say.

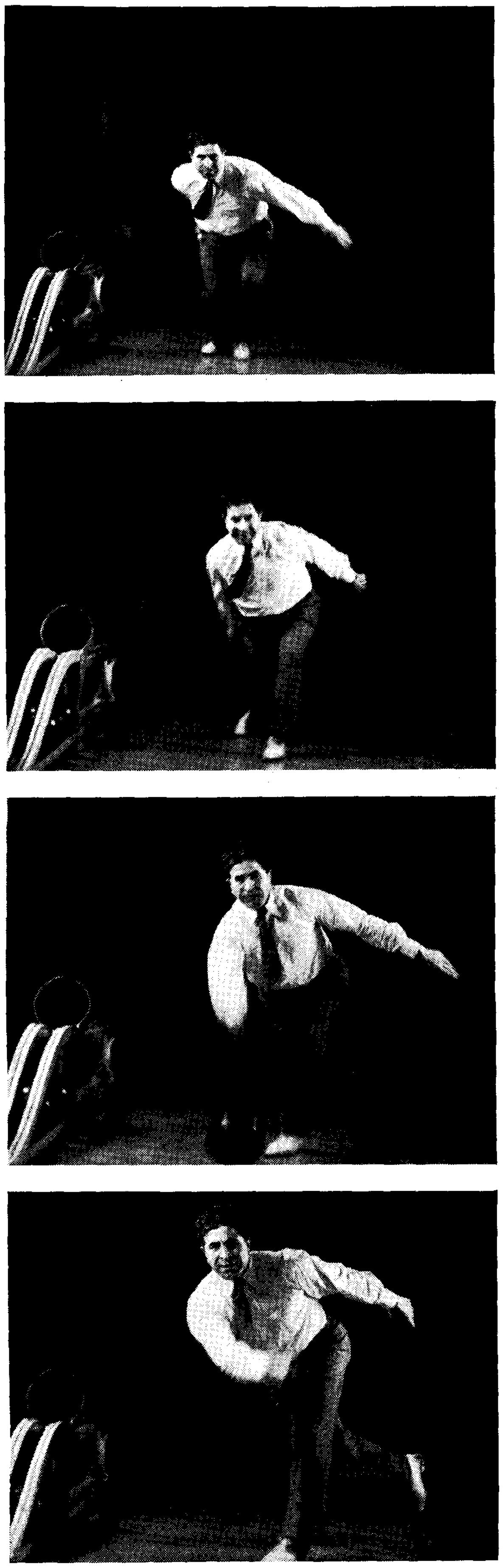
First of all, a word about Mr. Miller, who was born Joe Obuszkiewicz. At an early age he decided that was too many syllables to carry around, so he changed it to Miller. Miller knows a lot about strikes. Not long ago, while playing an exhibition match in St. Louis, he rolled 29 strikes in a row, was stopped by a two-eight split and then continued to roll ten more strikes. In that exhibition he rolled four games for scores of 288-300-300-233 for a grand average of 281, which at the moment is something of a world's record.

"It is really very easy," Miller confesses. "I mean, it's easy to learn how. But then a lot of things enter into it. All of us who play in tournaments know how to roll strikes—theoretically we should roll one every time. But sometimes you can hit the pins perfectly and two of them will remain standing. Why? I don't know. They just get cantankerous.

"Now, people throw either a straight fast ball or a hook. Most bowlers toss hooks. That means that the ball starts down the alley on the right side of it, then curves into what bowlers call the 1-3 pocket. If you are a hooker and many people just roll a hook naturally like some ballplayers throw a curve without consciously trying, your ball should leave your hand six inches in from the right-hand corner of the foul line. If you aren't a natural hooker, you can learn by rolling a few dozen balls.

"First of all, pick up the ball as though you were shaking hands with it. Then drop your arm and the

(Continued on page 38)



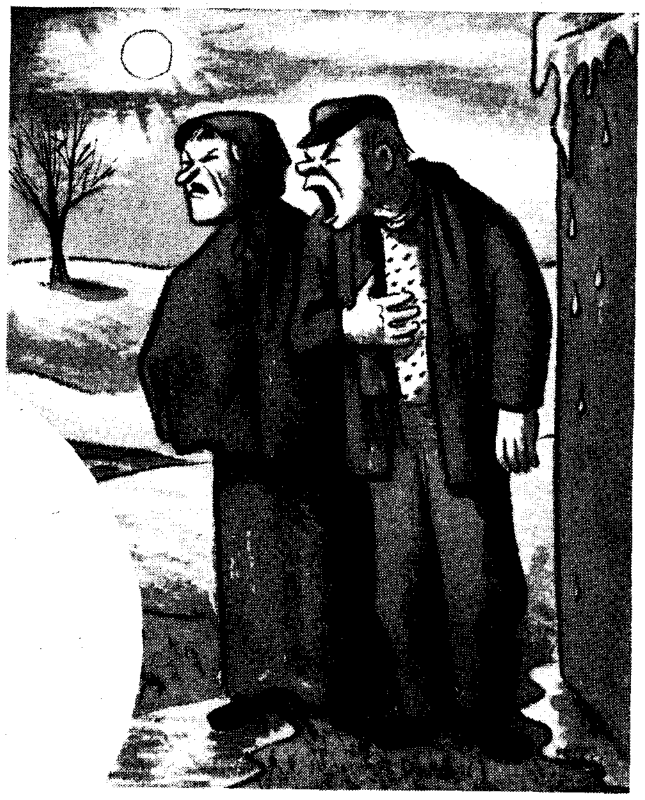
Andy Varipapa shows what Joe Miller means when he says the swing is very simple. Holding the ball as though shaking hands with it, his swing is a synchronized unit, and his arm follows through after release

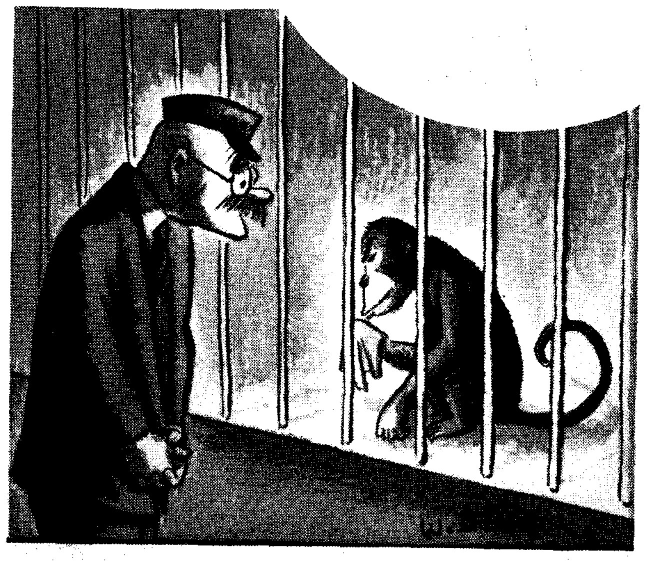
Take Care of That Cold

By Victor G. Heiser, M. D.

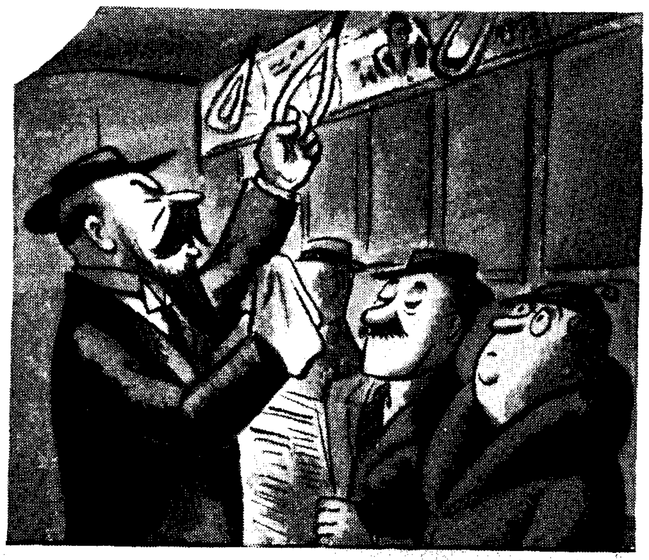
The time is in sight when science will completely eliminate from our lives colds, influenza and pneumonia. Dr. Heiser tells about this happy prospect

When the snow vanished, the Spitsbergers coughed and blew their noses unceasingly





Every zoo-keeper prepares for the "Monday colds" in the monkey cages, following Sunday's visitors



In New York, strangers to the city come down in large numbers with the "subway cold"

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM STEIG

FAR up in the Arctic Ocean, Norway's glacial islands of the Svalbard archipelago, formerly Spitsbergen, reach icy fingers toward the Pole. Summer is brief in this land of frost and snow, and the fiords are closed to ships for half the year; the thousand or so inhabitants are cut off from all contact with their fellow men. The common opinion is that colds are intimately associated with cold because these flourish when the snow flies and the gales howl. Yet among the Spitsbergers the phenomenon was reversed. They suffered from no catarrh, no sore throats, no bronchitis, no pneumonia during the winter when the mercury shivered in the bulb of the thermometer. But when the snow vanished they coughed and blew their noses unceasingly.

No more ideal opportunity for scrutinizing the common cold could have been offered, because the smallness of the population would make it possible for investigators to go into every home and chart the health curve of every individual. Under a grant made by the Rockefeller Foundation, Dr. Paul of Harvard, with an associate, went to study the situation at firsthand. They discovered that forty-eight hours after the first ship of the season made port in May the local mailmen showed signs of sore throats, began to sneeze and sniffle. Soon colds were affecting every member of the community, and during the summer when ships arrived frequently the colds continued. But with the departure of the last vessel in October, when ice closed the harbors, all coughs and colds soon disappeared, and were no more until the following spring.

The Doubting Dr. Johnson

Back in the mid-eighteenth century a Scottish physician had noted that on the Island of St. Kilda in the Outer Hebrides, whenever strangers arrived, the natives all had come down with what they called the "boat cold." His observation was derided at the time by no less a person than Dr. Johnson because no proof could be adduced. In the Philippines, the Tagbanuas, the most primitive of all the tribes, drove off anyone who appeared in their midst with a cold. In Spitsbergen, after a year's study, beyond confirming the fact that respiratory diseases disappeared in the winter, only an assumption could be drawn from the data gathered—the population was apparently too scattered and too small to keep the cold infection alive and traveling.

The common cold is an uncommonly fine mystery. Work toward its solution is being carried on all over the world. Facts are being gathered, laboratories are busy, deductions are being drawn, theories offered. Scientists, for example, offered evidence that one way of conveying the infection was by the hands. A person with a cold blows his nose and shakes hands with you. You may pick up a piece of bread or an apple and swallow the infection which has been conveyed to your hands. Dr. Cummings of the University of Michigan, after extensive research, believed that knives, forks and dishes were important conveyors. The fork turned out to be the chief villain among table implements because it comes into direct contact with the lips. If the person with a cold happens to be in a restaurant where the tableware is not properly sterilized, the next eater may soon be suffering from a similar complaint. For the same reason, cups, glasses and other utensils are often guilty. It was found that five minutes at boiling temperature would provide adequate sterilization of tableware.

As yet most of the conclusions from the enormous amount of research that is being carried on lie in the realm of guesswork rather than of scientific truth. Droplet infection, through exhaling, coughing or spitting, has been under deep suspicion. Our knowledge of colds has been brought to its present state of development largely by a process of elimination. One by one the suspects are being exonerated. Some ten years ago in the Netherlands a particular survey was begun with the object of accumulating statistical evidence as to the incidence of colds in widely varying places. Amsterdam, Boston, Pittsburgh and Los Angeles were chosen for the tests. The facts showed a remarkable correlation; almost simultaneously epidemics flared up in these geographically

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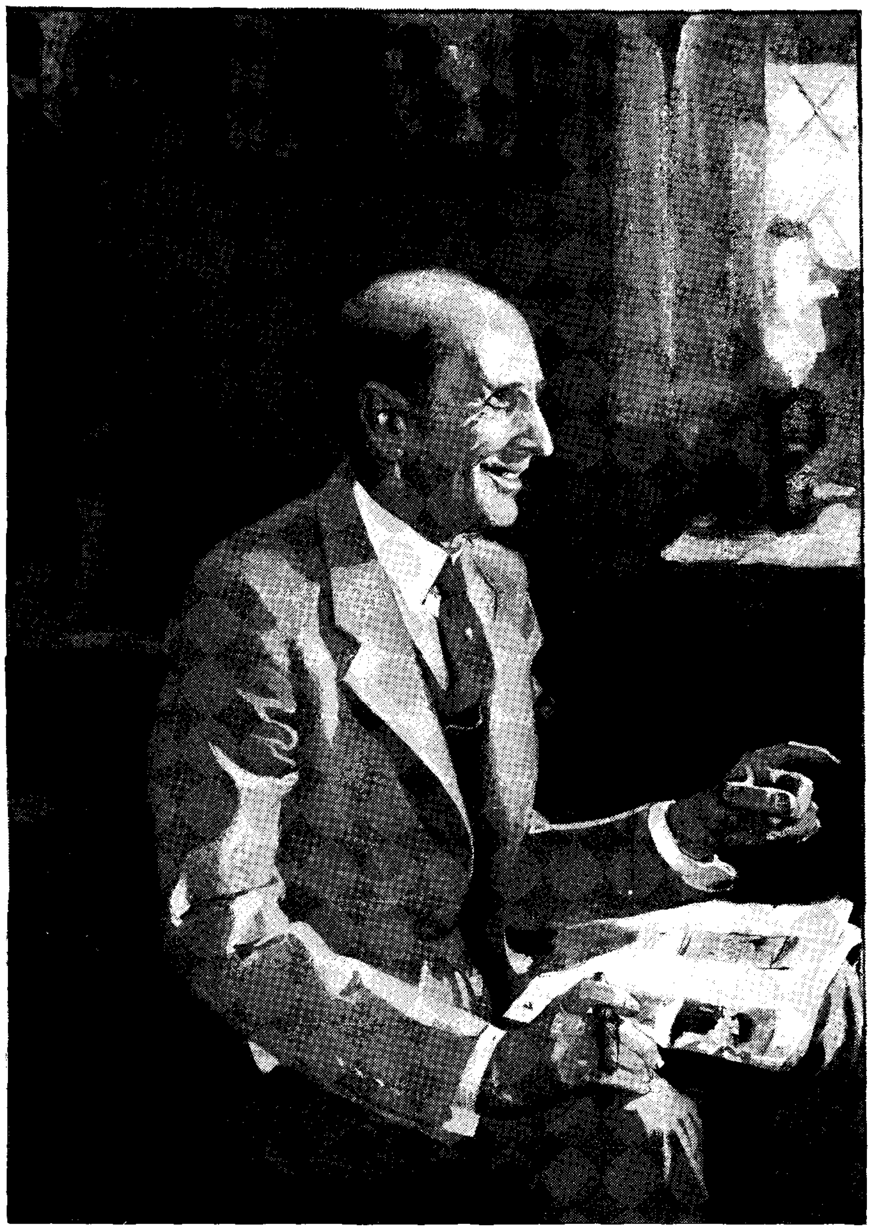
Do You Remember?

By Duncan Norton-Taylor

Will Smith, generous provider, pillar of the community, but a man with a past. He never mentioned it. Much better if he had



AND just to complicate things, Helen Smith reflected, Fred Fischer, of all people, had written that he was going to be in the East and would like to come out for the week end!

She eyed her husband, who was cutting up a chop and eating it in his usual silence.

Peter, their son, who was due to arrive home this week end for his Easter vacation, had written:

"I'm in a terrible jam. I got in a poker game with some sharps here and they took me for six hundred dollars. I gave them I O U's and if I don't pay they're going to squawk to the dean, and he'll expel me as sure as God made little apples. What shall I do? Please don't tell Dad until we've talked it over. I know how Dad would immediately bear down and probably say I had to quit college to teach me a lesson. Well, he would probably be right. . . ."

Poor Pete had gone on in this vein for four pages—generally a single page was his maximum length for letters. But they would have to tell Will, because how could she send Pete six hundred dollars without her husband knowing it? She had thrown the letter away with the morning's batch of circulars, so Will wouldn't see it.

Will was now methodically eating his salad. She wished he would not be so everlastingly silent, but no one in the family ever thought to include him in the conversation, and he always sat there busy with some business problem. She wondered if he ever felt lonely at his own dinner table. She had the fantastic notion that he was beginning to resemble the granite portal of his investment banking company.

Oh, it certainly never rains but it pours—with this crisis over Pete, and now the note from Fred Fischer, whom they had neither seen nor heard of in years. They would have to have him.

His letter gave no indication of what he was doing. She thought of a good-looking, pale young man who wore his hair like David Warfield's twenty-five years ago. She remembered how Fred had impressed her one night, back in that year when the Progressive Party sang, "Mine eyes have seen the glory—" nominating Roosevelt. Fred had vowed he was going to devote himself to public life, or become a social worker, or be a missionary. "I want to be of service to my fellows—not just devote myself to making money." She could recall a night a quarter of a century ago and Fred, inspired and earnest, walking beside her under the elms and talking about his ambitions. It had been a prom night and she had worn a long-skirted, ruffly peach silk dress that was still upstairs in a trunk, and she remembered the strains of "You Great Big Beautiful Doll." But she hadn't married Fred; she'd married Will, after Fred had introduced them.

There came to Helen a sudden ray of hope. Wouldn't Fred be a good influence to have around in this crisis? In the years of negotiating settlements to the advantage of her children she had learned to capitalize anything.

Not that she didn't love her husband. She loved him dearly. But as she confided to a friend once during a similar, though lesser, crisis, "I suppose it will always be this way. It's my duty to see that the children do not distract Will from his business. When something comes up which he *has* to deal with, then he's remote and unsympathetic, and I have to do my subtle best to keep peace and harmony."

WILL had probably been wondering at her protracted silence. She said quickly, eagerly, "Why, of course, Will—tell Fred to come. Pete will be home, but that won't make any difference." She smiled and raised her beautiful and strongly marked eyebrows, already feeling better.

She thought that Will looked surprised, and then glassily knowing, as though he had an instinctive premonition of some plot. She sighed to herself. It seemed she was always plotting.

Will said, "Then I'll drop him a line saying we'll expect him."

Will—William DeWitt Smith—had more than an instinctive premonition. He had definite knowledge.

He had found Peter's letter among the bills, where Helen in what he thought of as her flibbertigibbet way had put it, evidently believing she had destroyed it. He had read it and torn it up, deciding to say nothing. The thing was a shock to him—not the fact of Peter's poker playing, nor even the size of his losses, but Peter's attitude.

Now he gazed around his dinner table, from Martha, their daughter, to Robert, their youngest, whose conversation was being directed exclusively toward their mother, and he thought to himself, "I'm all alone in the middle of my family. I don't exist, except when I 'bear down' for something." He did not yet see the whole portrait of his family; he was just realizing the single fact that his children bore him no affection. And he sat there with a growing yearning.

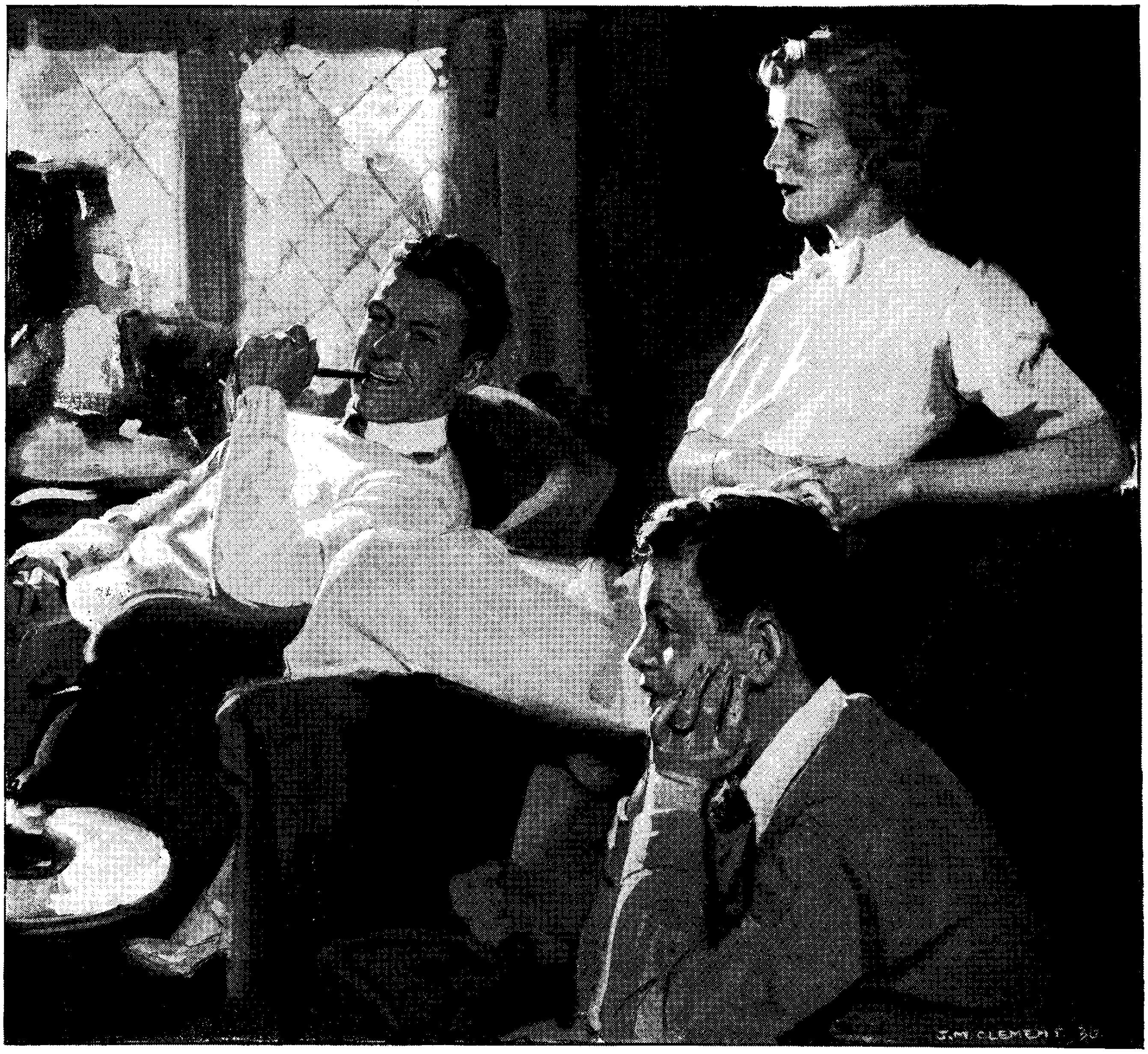
He carried it to business with him the next morning, walking to his suburban railroad station. He always walked, rather than have his chauffeur drive him, for his health's sake. He strode along the platform, a large, heavy-set man in a derby and a black overcoat, hair graying at the temples, stern, serious. He habitually kept to himself, being reserved and not caring for the incessant friendliness among suburbanites. "Mr. Smith," everyone called him. This was remarkable, considering he had a nickname as common as "Bill."

He sat in the train, unfolded his newspaper and stared at it unseeingly. He never had sentimentalized anything or anyone

He sat in the train, unfolded his newspaper and stared at it unseeingly. He never sentimentalized anything or anyone, least of all himself. He had provided his children with everything that money could buy them, but he supposed he had never given them any reason to feel affectionate. How many men, taking it for granted that they have the affection of their children, really do? he wondered.

He arrived at his office, where there were tangible things for which a man struggled, and was rewarded. He was self-made and successful. He could say that his years of fierce concentration had borne fruit, for now he was financially independent, even wealthy.

Henry Garfield came humbly into his office and laid a newspaper clipping on his desk. The clipping said that Henry Garfield, Jr., would stroke his college



ILLUSTRATED BY JOSEPH M. CLEMENT

Peter was sprawled in a chair, Martha and Bobby sat upon the lounge. Bobby was asking, "Can you really hypnotize a hen?" She heard her husband's name, often, as Fred talked in his flat, unhurried voice. Bill did this. Bill did that

crew, and was an encomium of his prowess.

"I brought him up on a rowing machine in our basement," Garfield explained. "He's often said to me, 'Pop, Coach takes all the credit for making an oarsman out of me but, Pop, you're the one who did it.' I used to be an oarsman myself."

SMITH had been told a hundred times about Garfield, Jr. This was probably the first time he had ever listened. He even read the clipping through, and said, "You must have spent a lot of time on him."

"All during his high school. I put him through a regular course of training. Worked him out every summer in a single scull—"

"There's a lot of satisfaction, eh?" Smith said, waving the clipping.

"More than just in making an oarsman out of him," Garfield said seriously. "Being together, you win something."

"What do you win?"

"Why—confidence—a kind of intimacy—affection."

Smith frowned as Garfield pocketed the clipping and flatfooted across his thick carpet. "By heaven," he thought, "there is the answer. A man has to take an interest in his children's interests."

So that evening when Martha came into the living room before dinner, tossing the blond hair back from her face, he said to her, "How did school go today, Martha?"

She sauntered across the room and dumped a pile of books in a chair. She had good height, good shoulders for her sixteen years. "Oh, the same old thing," she said with elaborate weariness.

If she would only come closer to me, he thought wistfully. Why does she stand there on the other side of the room? Aloud he asked, "Have you much studying to do tonight?"

"Quite a lot of history." She was waiting for him to finish questioning her, hands folded behind her. He lowered his head so she might not see the bewilderment, the embarrassment in his eyes, but she took it as the signal of her dismissal. He looked up and she was gone.

When he went upstairs he saw her in the doorway to his and Helen's room, and he paused.

"Playing hockey," she was saying.

And Helen, inside the room, must have asked her also about her studying, for Martha's voice, now indignant, came to him: "*Only* twelve pages of history and a five-hundred-word theme to write based on the questions at the end of the chapter—on the struggle between Athens and Sparta! Honest, this Mitchell will drive us to drink with her assignments, but Lucille says she's positively not going to do it. Did I tell you Lucille has decided to be a man-hater? She's not half as wrecky-looking either since she bobbed her hair. . . ." Martha sidled on into the room and her voice, muffled, chattered on to her mother. Smith went softly down the hall, a solitary figure.

J.M. CLEMENT 36

HIS black, thick hair was turning gray, but so was Helen's, though neither of them was old—under fifty. Her figure was tall and graceful, rounded, and her skin was clear and pink, but her chestnut hair was touched with silver and around her eyes were faint lines. He noticed them at dinner—deeper tonight. Ah, that was on account of Peter. Well, he himself had by no means forgotten Peter. Something drifted through his mind—a thought that touched another part of the picture of his family—Helen. But the thought was too vague to be illuminating.

Robert roused him. He was asking him something—might he go to a basketball game at the academy?

"When?"

"Tonight—the academy's playing St. George in the state prep finals."

Smith looked at his youngest child, who was twelve. "I'd like to go with you."

"Why—swell."

His chauffeur dropped Smith and his son at the gymnasium door and they mingled with the tumultuous groups of youngsters going in. Some colleagues spotted Robert and yelled, "Hey, Smitty, here's the cheering section. Where you going?"

Robert said constrainedly, "Oh, hi, Red."

And Smith heard someone whisper, "Smitty's with his old man."

Since the home team's side of the gymnasium was almost filled, Smith was heading for the St. George bleachers. They sat there, Robert in comparative silence watching the fellows on the academy side waving their arms and screaming in fits of insanity.

The academy won. "Say, that's splendid," said Smith.

The chauffeur picked them up and drove them home, and Smith lit a cigar and took his hat off because his head ached after all the din. "Thanks for taking me," he said.

"Oh, that's okay," said young Robert with a look of martyrdom.

"We should have sat on the academy

(Continued on page 73)

Jungle Gold

Most of the world's output of rubber goes into American tires and hot-water bottles and garden hose; we don't produce enough to hold up our own socks. But when the nations ganged up against us, we found an answer. Henry Ford started growing his own. This is the story of the rubber battle

By Edward Tomlinson

ANOTHER long, torrid day had finally dragged itself into night when I joined those two grizzled Yankee veterans of the Brazilian tropics, John Jamison and Gordon Moore, at the terrace bar of the Grand Hotel down in Belém, Pará.

Every Saturday evening John and Gordon meet to discuss the news and rumors that trickle into this old jungle metropolis by steamer, airplane, cable and radio, and incidentally to meet any visitor from back home who may have arrived on the regular Pan-American Clipper from the States.

"The jungle boys," the natives call them. And with good reason, too. Off and on for thirty years they have bought and sold half the coconuts, Brazil nuts, cacao, dyewood, mahogany logs and wild rubber that find their way from the Amazonian wilds into the markets of the world. Weary of trading and trafficking up and down the river, Jamison has settled down to the lucrative life of a manufacturer. At so much a gallon he is squeezing poisonous juices from the roots of tropical bushes, juices that bring instantaneous paralysis to any bug, beetle, fly or mosquito that encounters them.

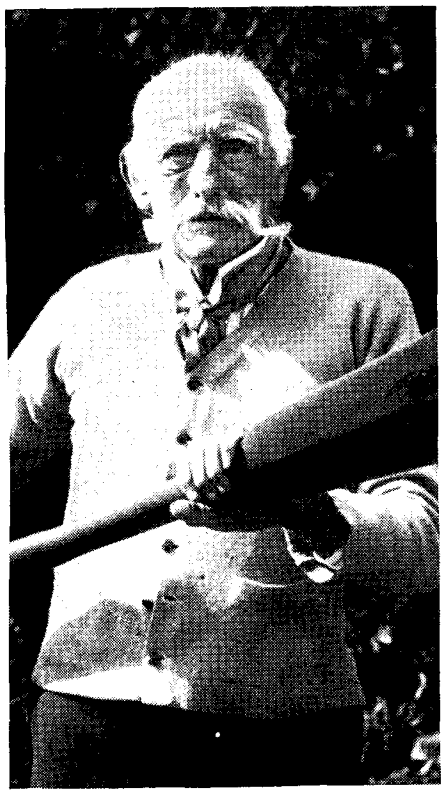
"I had an order from St. Louis today for five hundred gallons of the Jamison Root Extracts," he said. "And that reminds me that cockroaches must be laying siege to Fordlandia. A radiogram from up there asked for twenty-five gallons by the next boat up the Tapajós River."

"Let's hope, John," Gordon chuckled, "that they aren't attacking Henry's rubber trees."

Thus maneuvering the conversation into a direct head-on with rubber and the plantations which Henry Ford has established in the heart of Amazonia. In fact it is impossible for any old-timer in Belém to avoid these two topics. Especially now that the Ford activities inspire the hope of a revival of the boom times that went into eclipse just after the turn of the century.

"Those were the days," John reflected, "when millionaires were as common as coconuts in Belém, when the old Pará Club over there was jammed with brokers, buyers and grandiloquent gamblers, their shirt fronts studded with pearls and their fingers glittering with diamonds as big as alligators' eyes. People paid fifty dollars a seat to hear the songbirds of Europe trill and twitter in the opera house across the Plaza there.

Above: Grafting new buds onto a rubber tree to develop a more productive plant. Below, left: Sir Henry Wickham who, by evading embargo laws on rubber seeds, wrecked Brazil's rubber trade. Below, right: Fordlandia, on the lower Tapajós, where the Brazilian rubber industry has again come to life



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"But into the midst of those tumultuous times," he hurried on, a lot more gravely than before, "came Henry the First, Henry Wickham, faithful son of his Britannic Majesty, and the scourge of the Amazon. By disobeying or evading the embargo laws of the Brazilian republic against the exportation of rubber seeds, he wrecked an industry, bankrupted a country and transferred an economic empire from the Americas to the Far East.

"You see, the Brazilian tropics were the original home of the only rubber tree that's ever seriously figured in commerce, the *Hevea brasiliensis*. Before Wickham's time it existed nowhere outside of the Western hemisphere.

"Stealthily this devout Briton crept through the tangled mass of vines and creepers along the Tapajós, carefully selecting the wild seeds that had floated down from the highlands. Finally, one dark night in 1876, his pockets bulging with the priceless contraband, he rowed down to Santarém on the Amazon, stole aboard an English freighter and sailed for home.

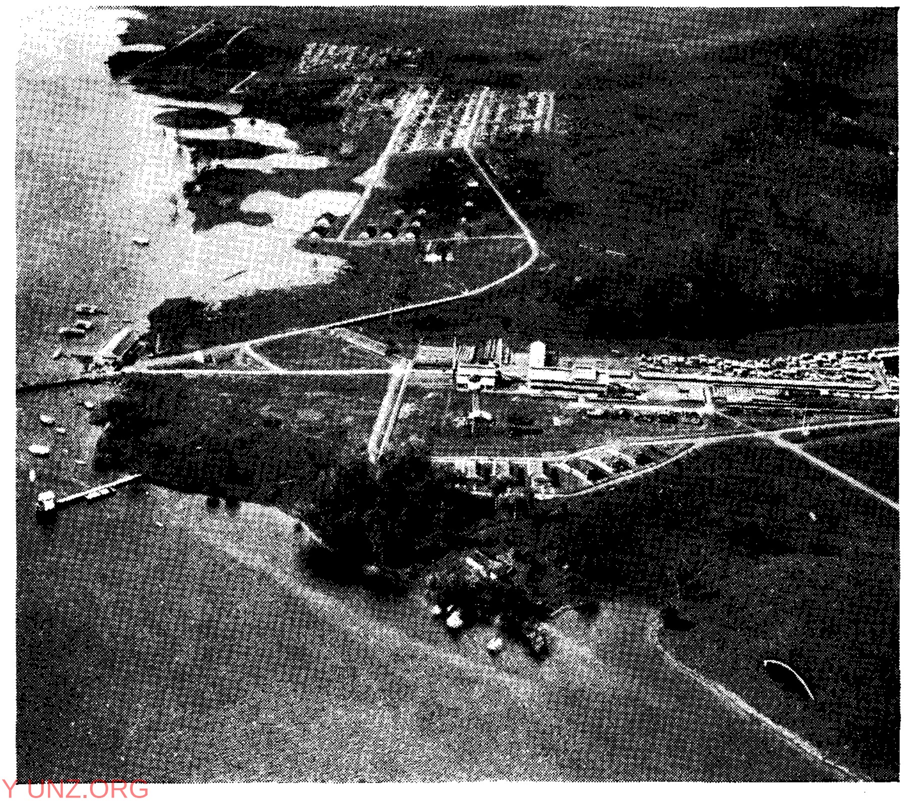
"The moment he reached London he rushed to Kew Gardens, dropped the prized seeds into some specially prepared soil and waited for nature to take its course. The tiny green buds had no sooner pushed up into the hazy light than Henry scooped them up and set sail once again, this time for Malaya and the East Indies. In a garden in Ceylon he set them out in rows, watched them develop into towering specimens. As the years passed he grafted and crossbred them until they yielded twice as much sap as their wild ancestors back in the Amazon country. In short, they became the parents of the progeny which today constitutes the great rubber plantations of the Far East and the source of ninety per cent of all of the rubber tires, tubes, garden hose and ink erasers from Alaska to Afghanistan. His reward was a knighthood from a grateful sovereign.

"Whereupon the old cities of the Amazon began developing sleeping sickness," he raced along, his eloquence slightly aided and abetted by another bottle of tepid, watery beer. "Within a few years the Exchange in Belém here was deserted. The old Pará Club became a hollow cavern with seldom enough people in it to drown out the echoes of past revelry. The rubber capital of the world became almost a deserted village baking in the equatorial sun."

"But now look at it!" Gordon broke in, flourishing his glass as if to propose a toast. "It is taking on new life!"

"Yes," said John, "just like an old broken-down fire horse, when he sniffs

(*Continued on page* 54)

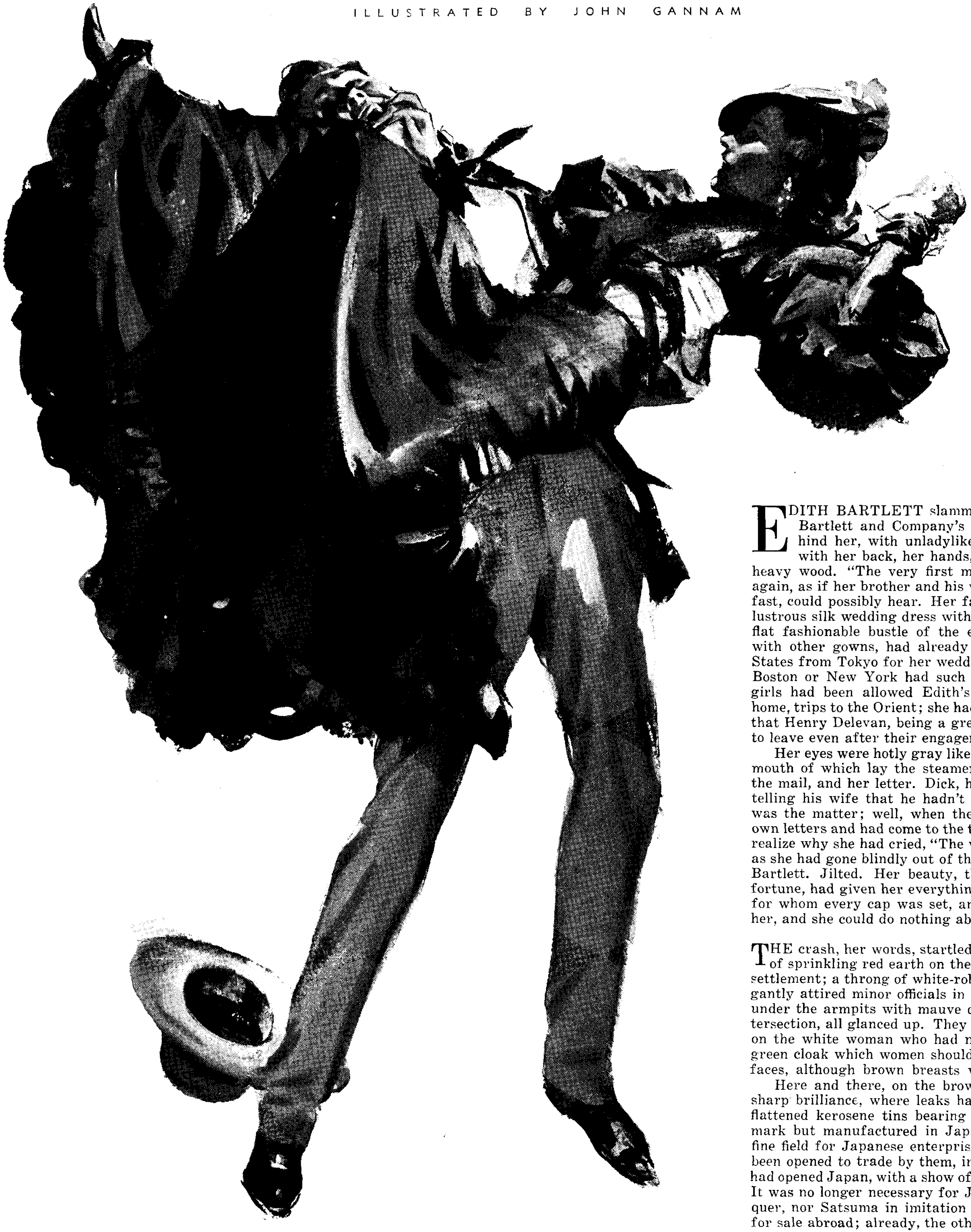


The Very First Man

Edith Bartlett proposes to a stranger—another story of the Far East in a day when Uncle Sam wasn't quite so tall as he is today

By Sidney Herschel Small

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN GANNAM



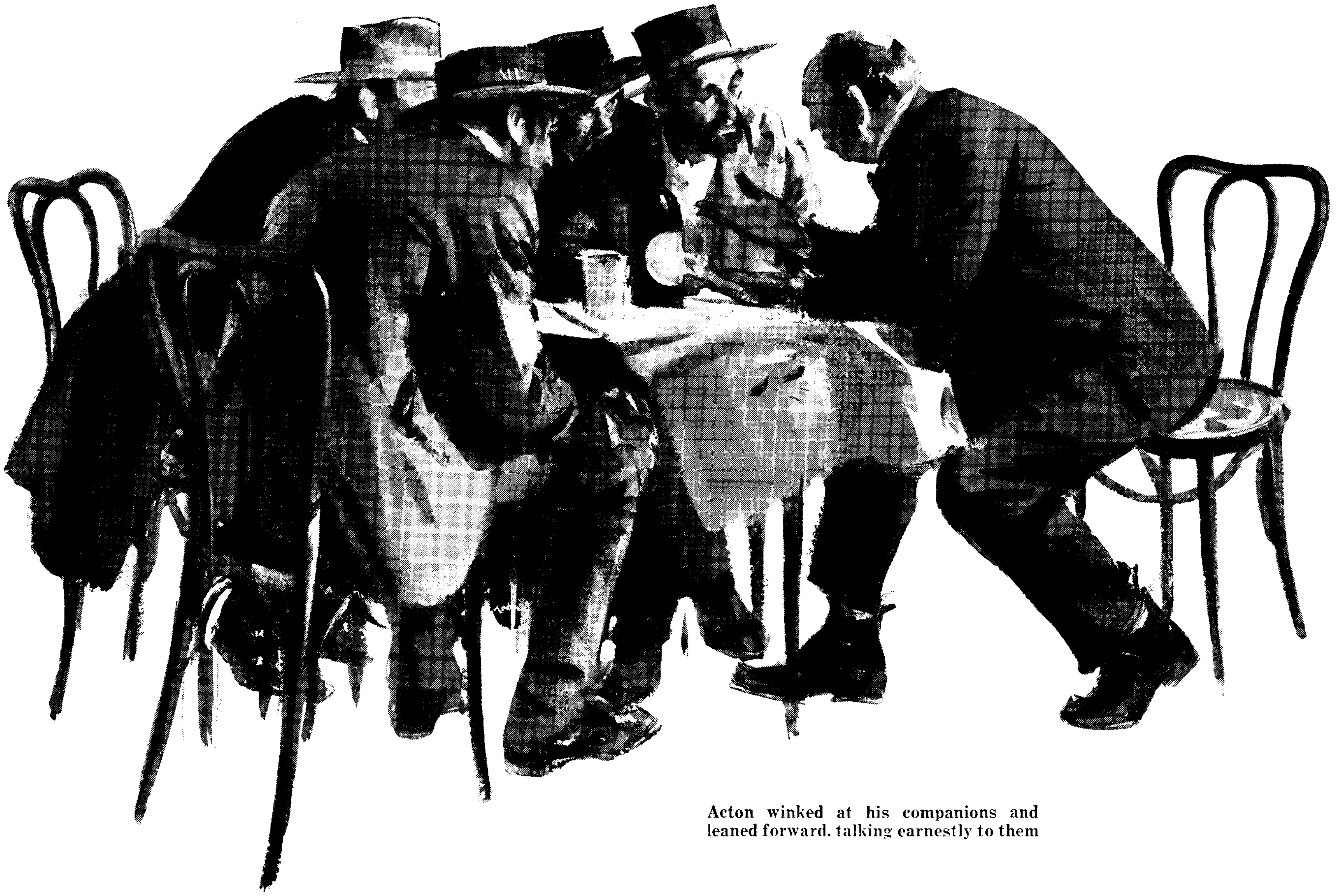
Edith struggled to free herself, found that it was not possible

EDITH BARTLETT slammed the outer door of Bartlett and Company's godown in Seoul behind her, with unladylike violence, and stood with her back, her hands, pressed against the heavy wood. "The very first man I see," she cried again, as if her brother and his wife, inside at breakfast, could possibly hear. Her face was white as the lustrous silk wedding dress with its tight sleeves and flat fashionable bustle of the early eighties which, with other gowns, had already been shipped to the States from Tokyo for her wedding. No other girl in Boston or New York had such dresses, just as few girls had been allowed Edith's freedom; school at home, trips to the Orient; she had indeed been warned that Henry Delevan, being a great catch, was unsafe to leave even after their engagement. . . .

Her eyes were hotly gray like the river Han, at the mouth of which lay the steamer which had brought the mail, and her letter. Dick, her brother, would be telling his wife that he hadn't a notion as to what was the matter; well, when they had finished their own letters and had come to the transcript they would realize why she had cried, "The very first man I see," as she had gone blindly out of the room. Jilted! Edie Bartlett. Jilted. Her beauty, the Bartlett position, fortune, had given her everything, including the man for whom every cap was set, and now he had jilted her, and she could do nothing about it.

THE crash, her words, startled coolies at their task of sprinkling red earth on the street of the foreign settlement; a throng of white-robed Koreans, and elegantly attired minor officials in creamy lawn girdled under the armpits with mauve cords, at the first intersection, all glanced up. They commented instantly on the white woman who had no *chang-ot*, the thin green cloak which women should use to conceal their faces, although brown breasts were freely exposed.

Here and there, on the brown-tiled roofs, was a sharp brilliance, where leaks had been patched with flattened kerosene tins bearing an American trademark but manufactured in Japan; Korea offered a fine field for Japanese enterprise since the land had been opened to trade by them, in the way that Perry had opened Japan, with a show of overwhelming force. It was no longer necessary for Japan to produce lacquer, nor Satsuma in imitation of old Korean ware, for sale abroad; already, the other nations were feeling competition. In Dick Bartlett's mail, cause of his failure to see Edith's trembling hands, was a warn-



Acton winked at his companions and leaned forward, talking earnestly to them

ing of new counterfeits, packaged and trademarked exactly—cloth, drugs, wines, matches, firearms, needles—to be traded Koreans for wheat, rice, gold, fish, hides, timber. So, in the early days, the Japanese might have seen ginseng sold in Canton as if it had really been the medicinal-magical root dug in the Cold Lands.

Sun flashed from one of the tins and into Edith's eyes. Somewhere in the Japanese quarter a geisha, steaming contentedly in the tub, began to sing, "Love is the brief night melting and the long caress," and the white girl, who had lived in both Japan and America, put her hands over her ears. Jilted. Oh, Henry Delevan's letter had been abjectly apologetic, and he had fairly groveled, but into his word "unsuited" Edith had read more than was intended. Unsuited! Her mother was a Warren. She herself, in America, had gone to the best of schools; in the Orient, her schoolmates had been the daughters of diplomats, officers, officials . . . and she had been the loveliest, possibly the wealthiest, of them all.

DELEVAN'S engagement, marriage by now (according to the letter), would be in the papers; everyone would say that he had thrown over Edie Bartlett, and that only the lure of Bartlett money had caught him. "I'll come home married," Edith's thoughts stormed as she stood in the street. She *had* been hurt in her pride, in her pride of family; not only she herself would be laughed at, but her father, mother. It came to her that Bartlett men, one after another, had married strange women and been happy; she did not want happiness, but she was going to do the same thing. Any man. The boy at the English compound. Mr. Rennolds at the mission; she'd wear a Mother Hubbard and play the organ, and everyone would say it was a love match and that she'd jilted Henry Delevan. Her head was high, crowned, like Agathea's in gold; she was, and looked, proud. "I'll be married before the sun goes down," her lips formed.

Sparrows dashed at the roofs above her, trying to dislodge fat snakes sunning themselves there, snakes allowed in the houses to keep down the rats. A snake, she supposed, would have terrified Henry Delevan. In her anger she was given an instant of clear sight, in which she supposed that she had wanted Henry because every other girl wanted him; then this was gone, and she walked swiftly ahead, intent on hurting him as he had hurt her.

There was a solid mass of Koreans at the intersection, men in baggy white coats and crinoline hats, boy-bridegrooms in yellow and salmon-pink, children in maroon, heliotrope. As she pushed forward a horn wailed, and plumed palace attendants beat on kettle-drums as foot-soldiers in rusty black advanced; chairs followed the advance guard of the monthly procession, in which reclined officials, mazarine-blue robes slit to show orange under-robes, crimson trousers tied about the ankles with sky-blue ribbons. Bannermen marched, carrying flags. Wave on wave rolled by, with Edith unable to move, drummers, fifers, arrowmen, tiger-hunters of the king's guard, who had fought against the unsuccessful American expedition . . . an expedition forgotten save in the Naval Academy, where a medallion with sword, belt, anchor and glory wreath remembered the dead. The Japanese had been wiser; instead of antiquated corvettes, they had sent a powerful fleet to open the Hermit Kingdom. . . .

As Edith stood hemmed about, a pony dashed out of line. She had one glimpse of a glittering breastplate, and, before she could move, was thrown to the ground. When at last she managed to scramble to her feet, her skirt was torn, buttons gone from the neck of her dress; there were smears of dirt on her face, where, before, tears had wet it. She thrust about her furiously and the Koreans laughingly gave back, but when she came to the lines of marching men, palace servants shoved her away. To cross was not possible; the accident may have prevented her from thinking that a return might be advisable. She struggled ahead, this way and that, and her anger, her determination to carry out what she had recklessly planned, grew each time she took a forward step. The very first man she saw. . . .

She reached the palace gate, skirted the high wall; the street, if she kept to her right, and doubled back, must take her to the concession quarter; she watched for the tower of the foreign missions. She did not see the last of the procession, Korean troops armed with rifles made in Tokyo, similar to Snyders but improved upon by Colonel Murata, she did not hear the hoots of the throng as the Japanese military instructors paraded with the men.

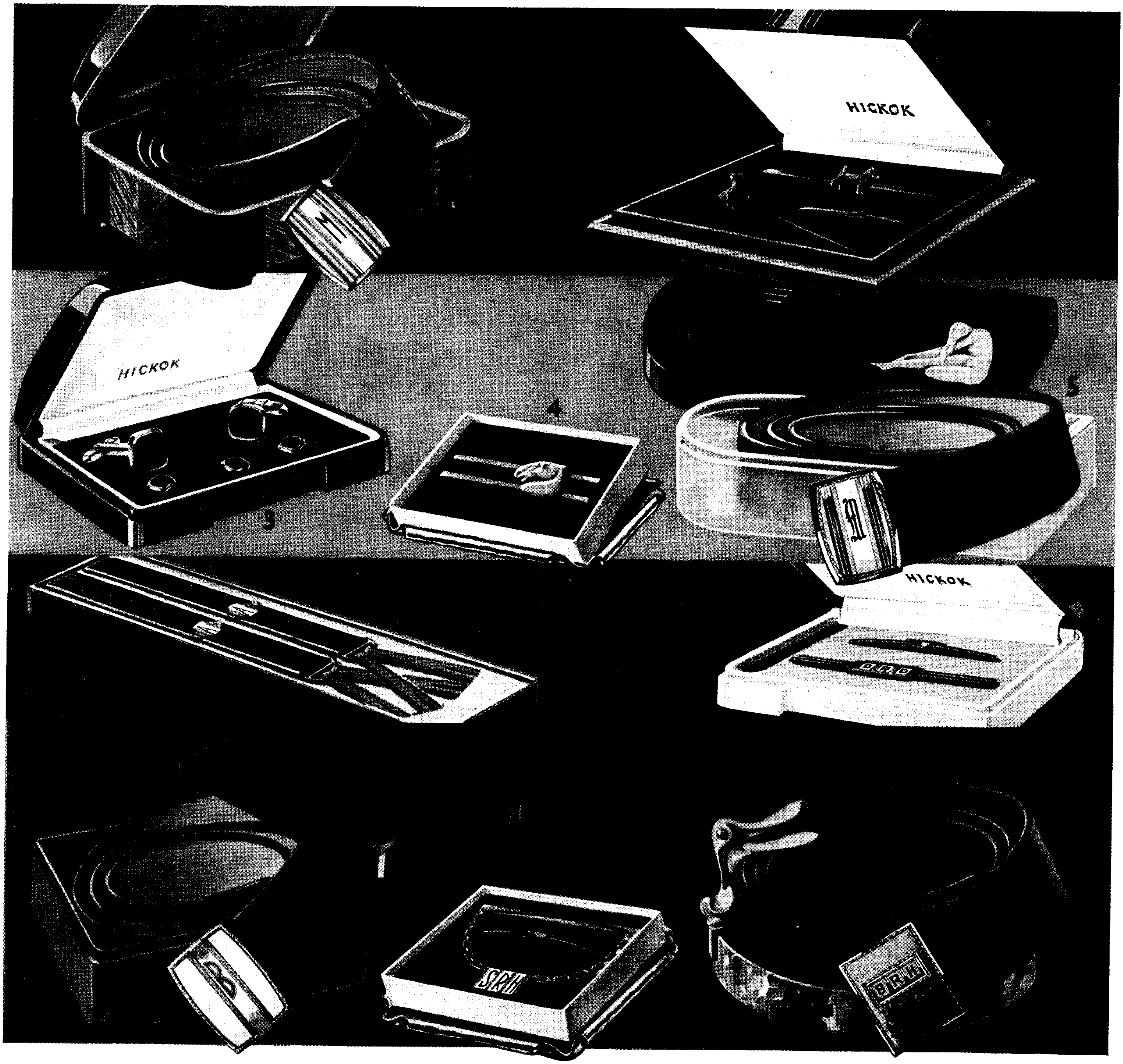
In a stall a merchant inscribed his drafts on paper, halved them, so that they became payable only when the pieces were fitted together; in shops were displayed sesamum sweets, masses of dried seaweed, wooden saddles embossed with metal, fans, chests of peachwood, capsicum, amber, boxes made in Korea and decorated with gold, or Japan manufactured, gilded. There was gold here; every nation desired mining rights, but did not know where to dig. Nor would the natives tell.

If, as Edith walked, she had examined the change in the wares about her, she might have retraced her steps; tortoise-shell combs for male topknots, samshu, tobacco, Chinese love philters. A native maid minced out of a house, hands and lips painted the red of her gauzy sleeves, red shoes embroidered with chrysanthemums, and crossed before the white girl. A transplanted geisha, experienced and fat, leaned from a window, and called down, and Edith knew where she was. Her head remained high, but the attitude was without force, since her hair was disarranged, her face streaked with dirt, her dress dusty and with dangling buttons. The geisha had visible reason for her comradely greeting.

EDITH knew where she was. Her eyes pulled away from the round Japanese face at the window, and, instead of staring straight ahead as she had before, went from side to side; she saw the door to a drinking shop, heard voices inside, and began to walk quickly, to pass before anyone might come out. Suppose a white man emerged? But that was impossible; there wouldn't be any here. Even if there were, she was almost past the door. . . .

Inside, six men had been sitting at a table; five of them had been talking not about Korea, but about Macao, Paris, Lisbon, about food and wine, as if they expected shortly to leave the Orient and enjoy those things of which they spoke. There was one man named Acton, and he, short, bullet-headed, dominated the others; he paused once and said to the sixth man, "Go ahead and sleep, Bob," and the other, picking up his glass, said blurringly that he wanted liquor and wasn't sleepy. He seemed barely able to set the glass against his lips when his head drooped to the table. Then, in short sentences, in whispers, the five men talked, and there was wealth in their words, and the

(Continued on page 76)



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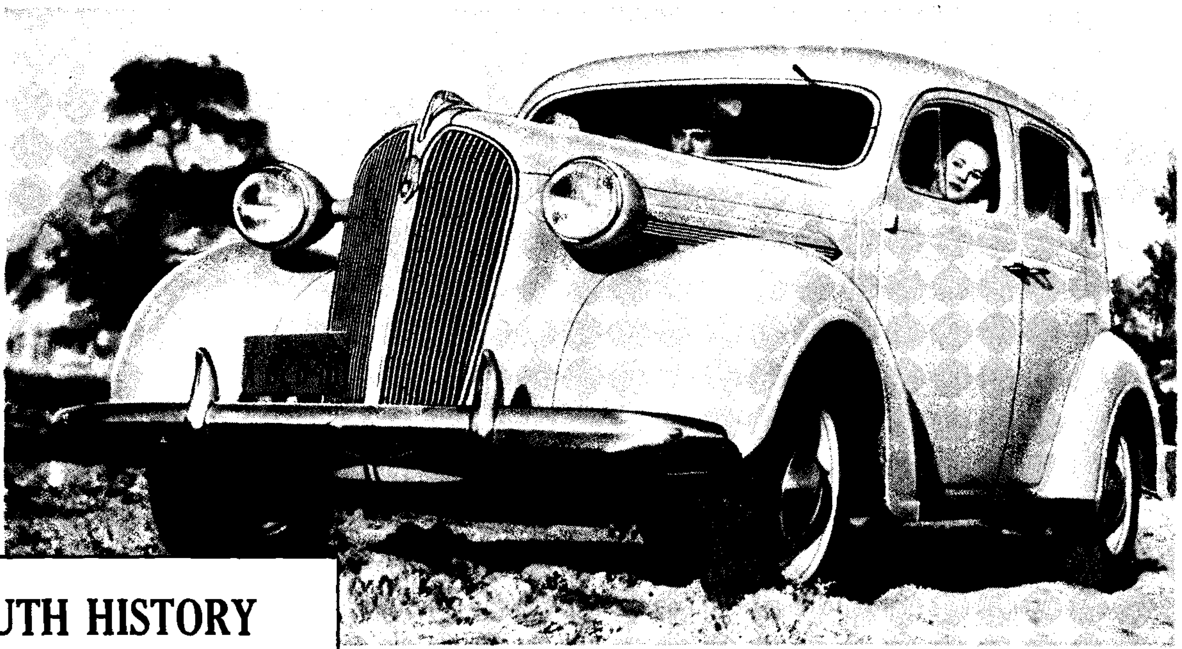

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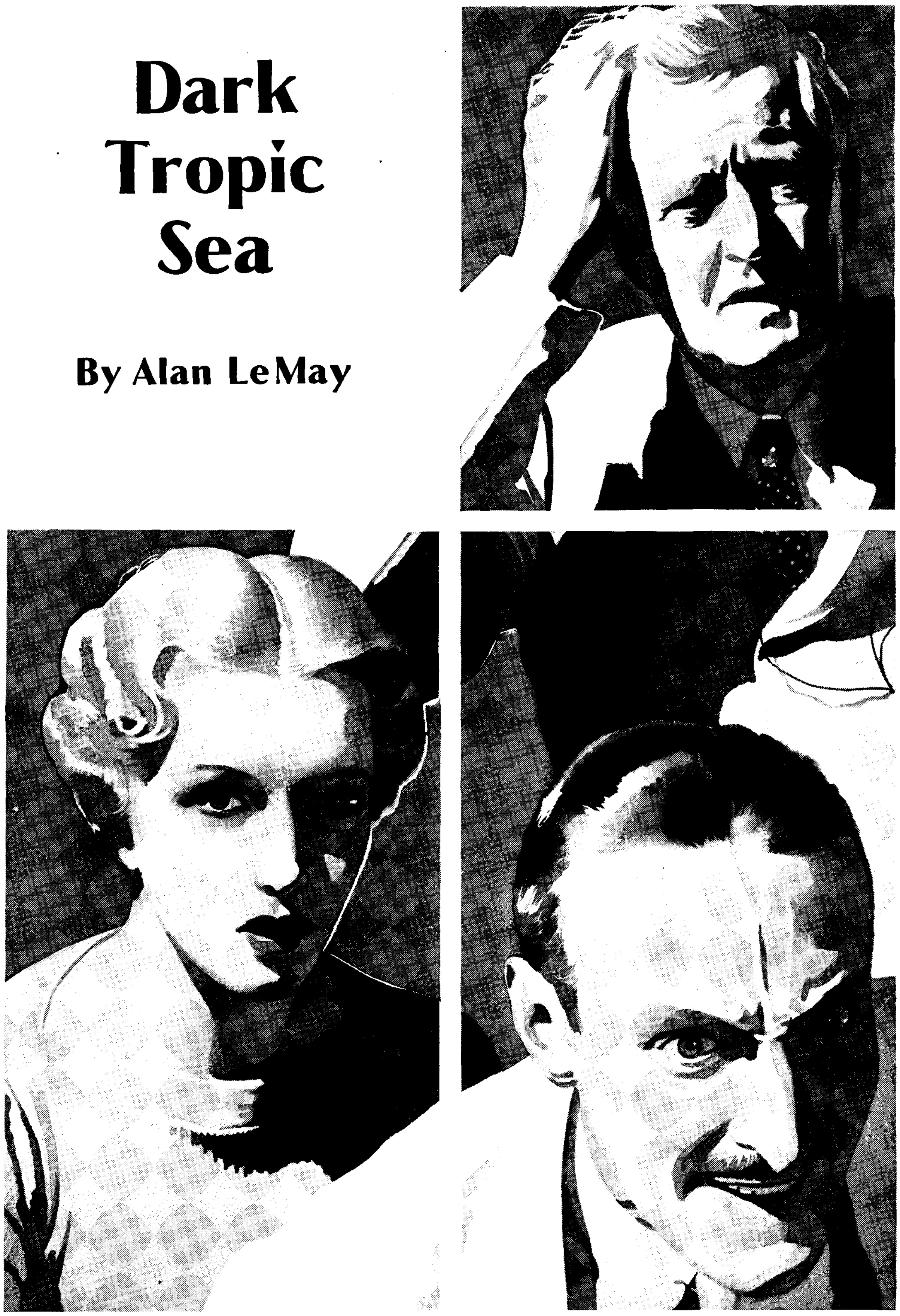
Dark Tropic Sea

By Alan LeMay



"This," Captain Norse demanded with frank astonishment—"you think this is the man?"

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

The Story Thus Far:

HAVING befriended a beautiful young woman—Tonai Merriam, wife of Neal Merriam, a coconut grower—whom he finds, weak and incoherent, wandering aimlessly about, John Barrett, a planter, takes her to his home on Malangai, one of the Philippine Islands. He already has three house guests: Justin Lowry, wealthy American who is backing him financially; Lowry's daughter, Marise, to whom Barrett is engaged; and the middle-aged Mrs. Holderness, Marise's chaperone. They accord Mrs. Merriam a chilling reception.

Unperturbed, the new arrival goes to her room; and there, in that room—*and in her presence*—Henry Shane, Barrett's right-hand man, is murdered, stabbed to death!

Asked to tell what happened, the woman amazes everyone with a story so incredible that even Barrett, who believes in her, trusts her, wonders if she can be telling the truth. A few hours later, in the compound surrounding the house, Barrett finds himself gazing at the body of Gagahan, a houseboy, whom the killer has also knifed. Led to the body by Nural Hakim, a young Mohammedan servant, who has found it, Barrett examines it carefully. Beneath it, he finds the heel print *of a white man's shoe.*

Captain Norse, of the Philippine Constabulary, arrives to investigate. His suspicions center upon Tonai Merriam, whose husband has been missing for several weeks; he evolves the theory that, co-operating with some lover, she has played a prominent role in the murder of Shane, Gagahan *and Neal Merriam.*

But who is the lover? Norse finds three suspects: Lon Llewellyn, one of Barrett's aides, who admits that he has been in love with Mrs. Merriam for several years; James ("Suva Jim") Cooper, a trader with a sinister reputation; *and John Barrett.* He is reluctant to believe that Barrett is a murderer, for John Barrett's life is an open book in the islands. But when Nural Hakim, questioned, calmly denies that he had led Barrett to Gagahan's body (thus giving the lie to Barrett's story) he is forced to include him in the list of those to be investigated. Then, to get the truth from Nural Hakim, he has him sworn on the Koran. The Imam, a Moro Mohammedan priest, hears the boy swear. Then: "Captain, ask what questions you wish. This man will tell the truth."

VIII

THE crisp voice of Captain Norse cut into the murky atmosphere of candlelight like a shell dropping into a muddy pool.

"Is it true," Norse came directly to the point, "that you were walking in the compound in the rain, the night that Mr. Shane was killed?"

Nural Hakim's eyes were averted, but his face was stolid and grim. "Yes, Captain."

"Why were you walking in the rain?"

"Captain," said the Moro, "from my quarters I can see the compound. I saw a man walking in the compound. I went out to see what he did."

"Pretty dark, wasn't it, to see a man?"

"Captain, there was a little light from a window that let me see."

"Could the man you saw," Captain Norse said, "have been one of the Filipino houseboys?"

"No, Captain."

"You're sure the man you saw was not a Filipino?"

"He was not a Filipino, Captain."

"What was he, then? A Moro?"

"Not a Moro, Captain."

"What was he then?"

"Captain, a white man."

"Was the man Mr. Barrett, searching the compound with his friend?"

"I saw Mr. Barrett, too; but that was much later, Captain."

Norse hesitated, and all along the walls where the others stood a little rustle of movement ran. Unquestionably, Norse had come sharply upon something he did not expect.

"After you went out into the compound," Norse went on after a moment, "did you see this man again?"

"Yes, Captain."

"Where did you see him?"

"When I came around the corner of the house there was a light in a window. It was in the room Mrs. Merriam was in then. The man I saw was turning away from that window, in the rain."

"Outside the window?"

"Yes, Captain. The window was being shut."

"Did you see where he went then?"

"He went into the bamboo. I lost sight of him there, but I wait and watch. After much time, Mr. Barrett and Mr. Vaughn come out and look all around. When they are done, I too look around. I look where I see the other man go. I find Gagahan then. Beneath him is a white man's heel print. When I can speak to Mr. Barrett alone, I show him these things."

"But you didn't tell Mr. Barrett anything else?"

"No, Captain. I do not want to get mixed in a foolishness."

"Who," said Captain Norse without any emphasis other than a slight quickening of his words, "who was this white man you saw?"

Nural Hakim was silent for several moments. "Captain, I was not sure."

"But you think you know?"

AGAIN the long hesitation. "Captain," Hakim said at last, "I have made a covenant on the Koran. It is said a man's life hangs on what I say. If I say now something that is a mistake, that will be very grave, for me."

"Yet you have your own opinion of what man you saw?"

"Yes, Captain."

"Then you must tell me what your opinion is."

"Captain, that I do not want."

"You mean you refuse to answer me?"

Nural Hakim dropped into a stubborn silence; but presently he raised his hard eyes to the Imam.

Very deliberately the Imam answered the unspoken question. Evidently he answered it in full, for his statement, which remained untranslated, was long.

Hakim turned back to Captain Norse. "Very well. I will answer. But I tell you I am not sure. The night was very dark, and very heavy with rain."

"Who was the man?" Norse pressed him.

Nural Hakim pivoted upon his heels so that he faced those others who stood along the wall. His eyes found a single face, then was fixed. Silently he pointed with a twisting of the lips, in the Moro way.

For the first time Captain Norse plainly showed a repressed excitement; it was in the hardening of his eyes, the twitch of one flat cheek. *"Which?"*

Hakim glanced at him; then turned and walked across the room to stand directly in front of a single man. His animal-like eyes did not falter, but held steadily upon the man's face.

"This," Captain Norse demanded with frank astonishment—"you think this is the man?"

"This is the man."

Nural Hakim was confronting Charley Vaughn.

(Continued on page 68)

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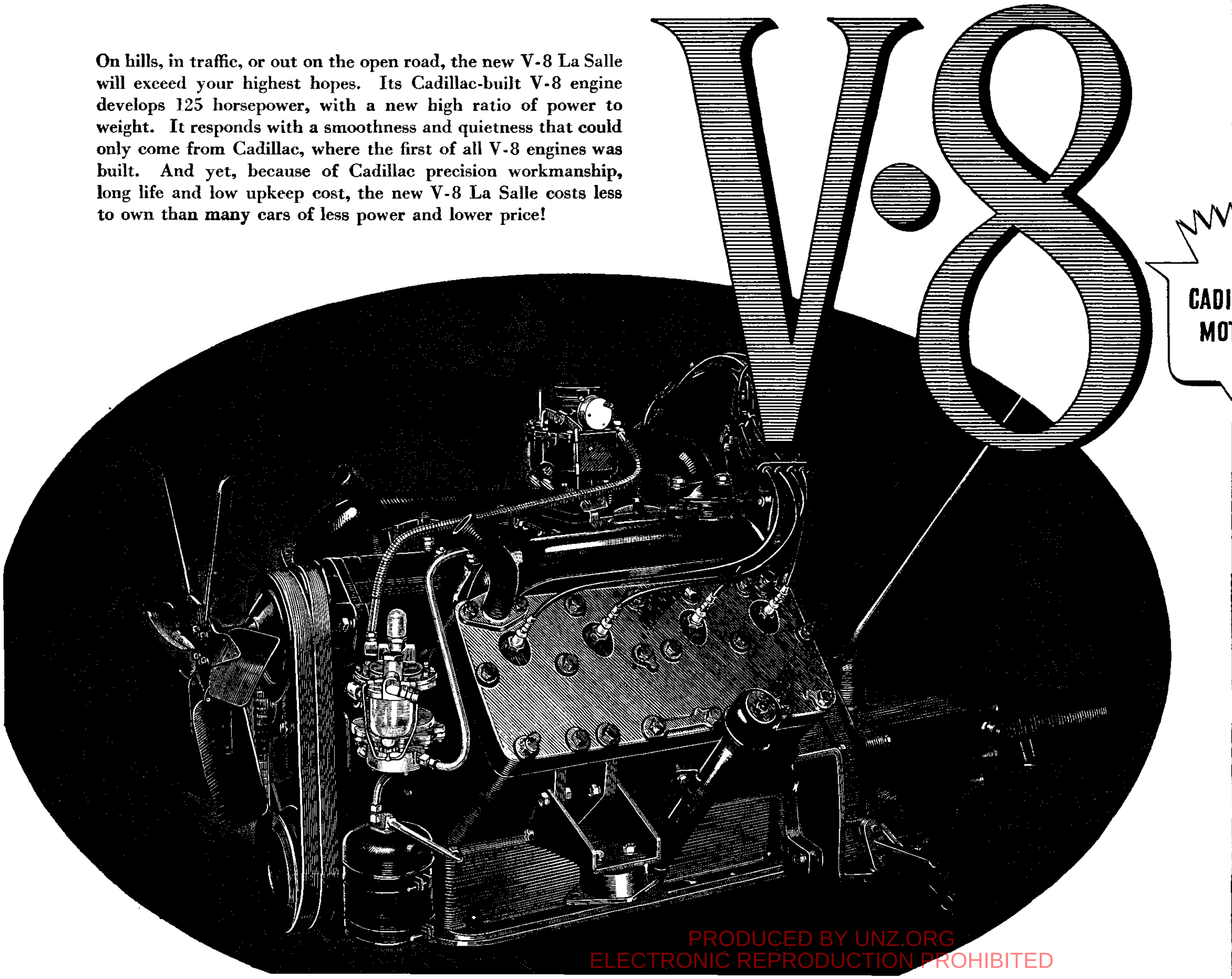

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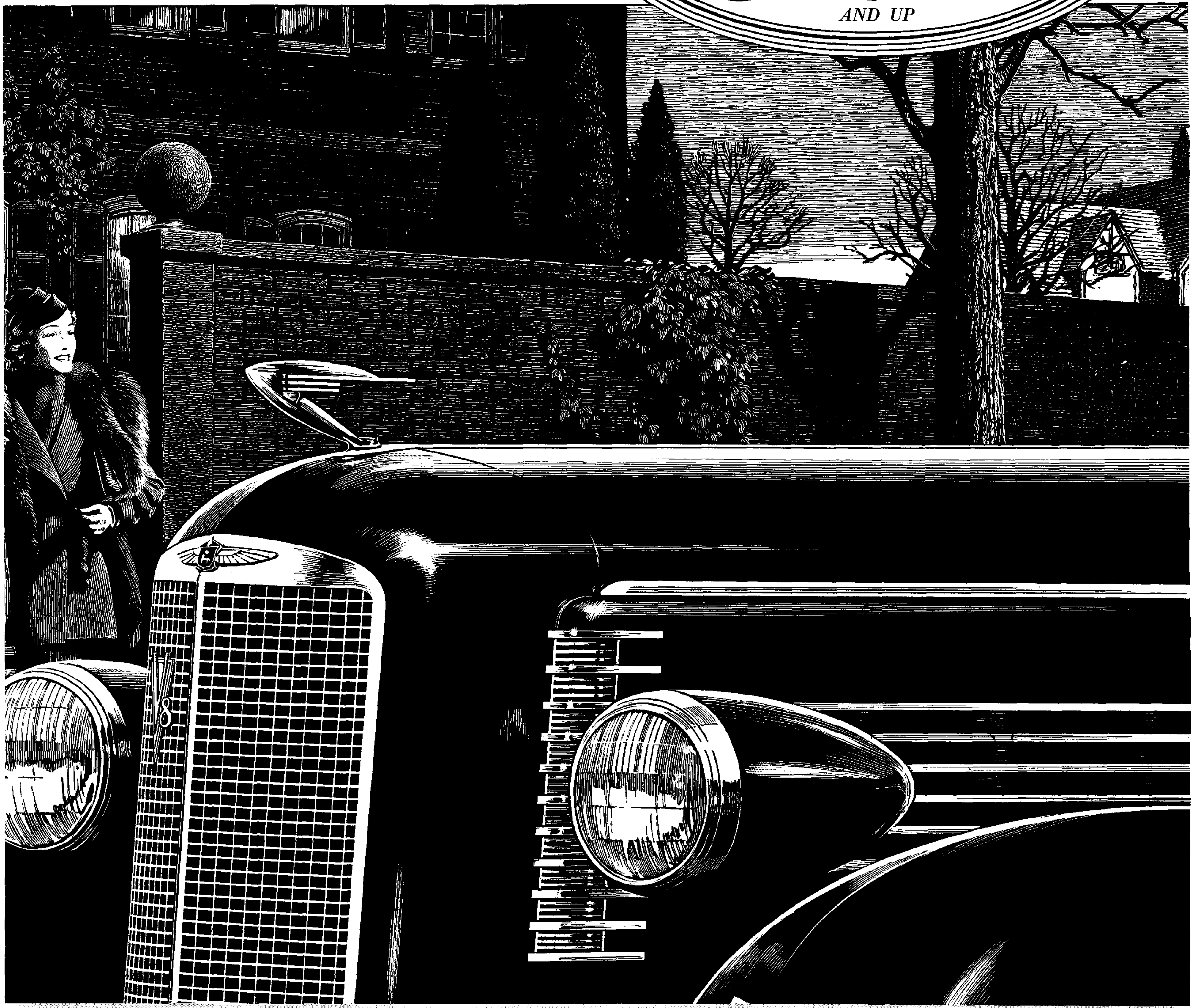
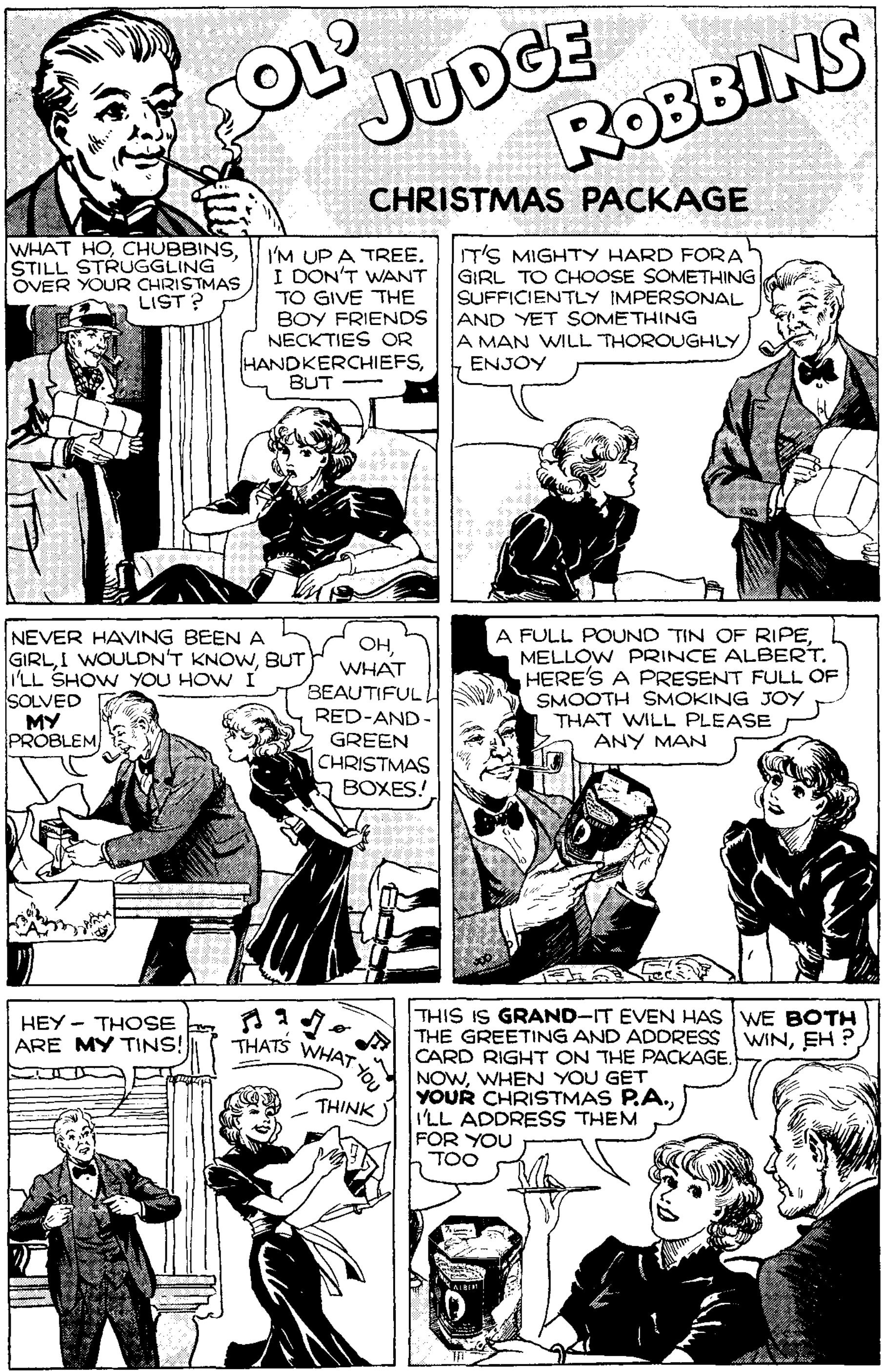
$995*
AND UP



SALLE EVER BUILT . . . NEW UNISTEEL FISHER BODIES WITH "TURRET-TOP" . . . LONGER, WIDER, MORE LUXURIOUS INTERIORS . . . MORE WERFUL HYDRAULIC BRAKES . . . IMPROVED KNEE-ACTION RIDE . . . BUILT TO THE TRADITIONAL HIGH STANDARDS OF CADILLAC.


OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
CHRISTMAS PACKAGE
WHAT HO, CHUBBINS, STILL STRUGGLING OVER YOUR CHRISTMAS LIST?
I'M UP A TREE. I DON'T WANT TO GIVE THE BOY FRIENDS NECKTIES OR HANDKERCHIEFS, BUT —
IT'S MIGHTY HARD FOR A GIRL TO CHOOSE SOMETHING SUFFICIENTLY IMPERSONAL AND YET SOMETHING A MAN WILL THOROUGHLY ENJOY
NEVER HAVING BEEN A GIRL, I WOULDN'T KNOW, BUT I'LL SHOW YOU HOW I SOLVED MY PROBLEM
OH, WHAT BEAUTIFUL RED-AND-GREEN CHRISTMAS BOXES!
A FULL POUND TIN OF RIPE, MELLOW PRINCE ALBERT. HERE'S A PRESENT FULL OF SMOOTH SMOKING JOY THAT WILL PLEASE ANY MAN
HEY – THOSE ARE MY TINS!
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK
THIS IS GRAND—IT EVEN HAS THE GREETING AND ADDRESS CARD RIGHT ON THE PACKAGE. NOW, WHEN YOU GET YOUR CHRISTMAS P.A., I'LL ADDRESS THEM FOR YOU TOO
WE BOTH WIN, EH?

Copyright, 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

The answer to your gift problem—P. A.!

MAKE this a *happy* Christmas for all the pipe smokers on your list. Give them a bright red-and-green Christmas package of Prince Albert—the National Joy Smoke. Here's a gift that's sure to be appreciated *and enjoyed!* P. A. is the prince of pipe tobaccos—as mild and tasty a smoke as ever delighted a man. And it doesn't "bite" the tongue! The Prince Albert you give on Christmas Day will say "Merry Christmas" for a long time afterwards. The special Christmas packages of mild, mellow Prince Albert are on display at dealers now. Get *yours* today.

One full pound of mellow Prince Albert—the "biteless" tobacco—packed in the cheerful red tin and placed in an attractive Christmas gift package.

PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

PRINCE ALBERT

A full pound of Prince Albert in a glass humidor. Keeps the tobacco prime. Becomes a welcome possession.

Spanish Crazy Quilt

Continued from page 11

engineering school in Madrid. First of all, he had been ordered to repair locomotives, then sent out with the locomotive of this armored train because it was in bad shape and the driver was not competent to make repairs.

"'What will you do to him?' I asked the lieutenant as we walked off to supper?

"'Put him on one of our trains, I suppose,' was the answer. 'We captured a lot of rolling stock at Talavera.'

"The next morning I went for a stroll under the walls of the fort, and there I found the engineer lying dead in a pool of blood. He looked so small and lonely huddled there by himself that I was sorry for him, and when I got back to breakfast I said to the Legion lieutenant, 'What the hell did you mean by shooting that poor devil? You said yourself he was probably all right.'

"The Legionnaire shrugged his shoulders. 'I know,' he said, 'but the fact of the matter is, it's not enough for them to say they're Whites, they have to prove it, and . . . this one had no proof.' "

When Confusion Reigned

That kind of thing is not hard to understand, but there was a more curious instance of confusion or unreadiness, whatever you care to call it, which occurred on the front in Aragon. It sounds incredible but it happens to be true.

A force of Barcelona Anarchists, five hundred strong, routed a rebel detachment and took a town. The Anarchists had no officers or leaders, but their "directing committee" (the Russian word is Soviet)—had been elected by the rank and file. All seven members of this committee had given deep thought to social problems and had reached the unanimous conclusion that prostitution of women was the archetype or apex of the economic servitude and degradation inherent in the capitalist system. Their victory, they felt, called for a symbolic gesture, so they went in a body to the local *bordello*—in Spain, as in France, such institutions are licensed by the government—and announced to the inmates that henceforth they were free to lead a better life. Perhaps the Anarchist spokesman expressed himself tactlessly, because after an acrimonious discussion one of the liberated "slaves" flung herself upon him and scratched his face from forehead to chin. With some difficulty the angry creature was seized and bound, whereupon the committee retired to sit in judgment. At first the majority wished to shoot her and the rest of the gals as the simplest way out of a difficult situation, but no mere scratches could destroy their spokesman's ideal. "No," he said, "she and her comrades do not understand. The poor things are still under the influence of obsolete capitalist mentality. Anarchism postulates freedom of action according to principle, and if the action is wrong or antisocial it is because the principles are antisocial. Our duty is to correct the antisocial principles rather than to punish the action which they motivate."

And so, believe it or not, the Anarchist Committee in all temperance, soberness and chastity spent the night in exhortation of their erring sisters and converted them by argument. At dawn the Whites counterattacked. No sentries had been posted, no preparations made for defense. The Anarchist detachment was massacred to a man, and its committee were among the first to die. Their converts, one presumes, became the prey of a brutal, licentious soldiery.

That incident might be described as a case of psychological or ideological uncertainty, but I know another story, in a somewhat different category, which gives a more direct and practical illustration of confusion.

About an hour's run from Barcelona there is a coast resort called Sitjes, much frequented by the wealthier bourgeois. One such prosperous Spaniard, local manager of a foreign firm, found no reason to interrupt his usual summer practice of spending the week end with his wife and daughters at the seaside. His automobile had been requisitioned, but the trains were running, and he claimed that the half-mile walk from Sitjes station to his villa on the sea front was excellent for his health. The militia authorities, however, both in Sitjes and Barcelona, looked askance at these recurrent journeys. They had been informed that a nest of Fascists was hidden somewhere in Sitjes and jumped to the conclusion that Señor X was the go-between for them and their friends in Barcelona. A strong factor in the case against him was his constant dispatch of telegrams couched in the simplest form, "Coming four-thirty train. Love" or "Arrive five-fifty. Please meet," and so forth. These messages reeked of code to suspicious eyes. Finally, Señor X in turn received a message, "Don't come this week end as we planning go Barcelona. Meet us three o'clock tomorrow."

Then the authorities acted. Señor X was called before the Investigation Department of the Central Committee of the United Militias. That investigation committee is already a name of dread in Barcelona, a sapling of the same seed from which grew the Russian Che-ka. Señor X maintained that his telegrams were innocent, that his wife and daughters were coming to Barcelona the following day, and that was all.

"All right," they told him, "you will go to the station, but we have reason to believe that the people who want you to meet them are not members of your family but Fascist spies. If it is your wife and daughters, well and good, but if they are not there we shall shoot you on the spot."

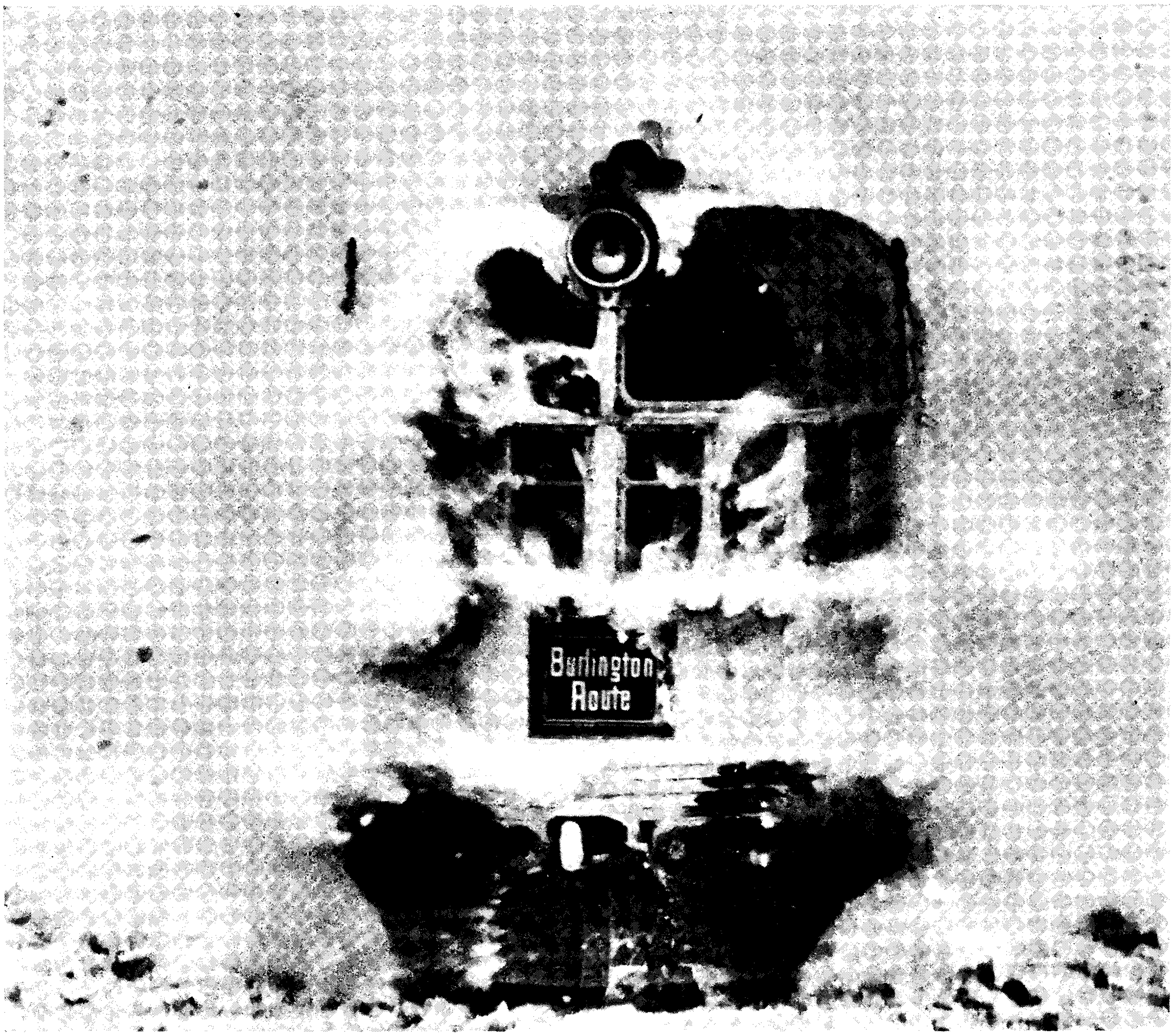
Cannon Without Shells

Guards slept in Señor X's house that night, his telephone was cut, and all next day they watched him like hawks. They went with him to the station and stood behind him on the platform in an open space they had cleared with their drawn revolvers. Señor X could hardly stand. In twenty years of married life he had learned that his wife was the most changeable of women. Because she had said she was coming, it was all too probable that she would not come. But she did come and his daughters too, and all three of them were surprised by the warmth of his embrace.

This Spanish habit of making mountains out of molehills finds further expression in exaggeration of figures. It is like the old story of the small boy who ran to his mother crying excitedly, "Mummy, come quick, there are millions of cats fighting in the cellar," and after cross-examination admitted, "Well, I know there's our cat and another, and they're fighting like demons." Indeed there is much that is childish in the Spanish character, with its swift alternations of fury and indifference, cruelty and kindness, frankness and deceit.

When the military rebellion failed in Málaga, the workers wrought vengeance. According to the newspapers and

(Continued on page 31)



Head-on photograph of a Twin Zephyr of the Burlington Route bursting through a snow-drift at high speed

WHEN A ZEPHYR MEETS A BLIZZARD

WHAT happens when a Zephyr, traveling at high speed, slams into a snow-drift? Nothing, so far as any passenger can tell! Simply, there is a soft explosion of fluffy whiteness as the Zephyr flashes on its way. At seventy miles an hour there is neither shock nor vibration Built of stainless steel by the Budd "Shotweld" process, it is a homogeneous shell of virtually indestructible metal having four times the elastic strength of ordinary steel Streamlined, it slips like a bullet through drifted snow. And the faster it goes the closer it seems to cling to the rails.

There is nothing faster—nothing safer—and certainly nothing more comfortable upon wheels than a Budd-built train.

The bruising test of long experience has now proved all that Budd engineers claimed for this revolutionary type. In over two million miles of practical and profitable service, Budd-built trains have operated under every sort of condition—from the fog-bound coast of New England to the blazing shores of the Rio Grande. From the Great Lakes to the Colorado Rockies. Floods. Blizzards. Scorching twisters of blinding dust. All have merely been opportunities to prove the striking superiority of light-weight stainless-steel construction over conventional structures that depend upon massiveness for strength.

There are waiting-lists for almost every Budd-built train now in operation. Equally important to both management and investors, these popular trains have shown a remarkable ability to reduce operating costs and increase revenues in comparison with standard trains of equal capacity.

Originator of all-steel bodies for automobiles, now used almost universally, the Edw. G. Budd Manufacturing Co. has been for many years a leader in the design and fabrication of steel products.

EDW. G. BUDD MANUFACTURING COMPANY

PHILADELPHIA AND DETROIT

BUDD METHODS SAFELY ELIMINATE DEAD-WEIGHT

Best wishes for
a Merry Christmas
— Anne

(Gift Idea!) AN EVERSHARP – THE PEN THAT CAN'T LEAK!

THIS CHRISTMAS, give this exquisite new Eversharp Pen—and be blessed by glowing words from the grateful! It is the one and only pen of its kind—*the pen that can't leak!* The pen that overcomes forever the stigma of ink-stained fingers, the nuisance of ink-stained clothing, purses, gloves . . .

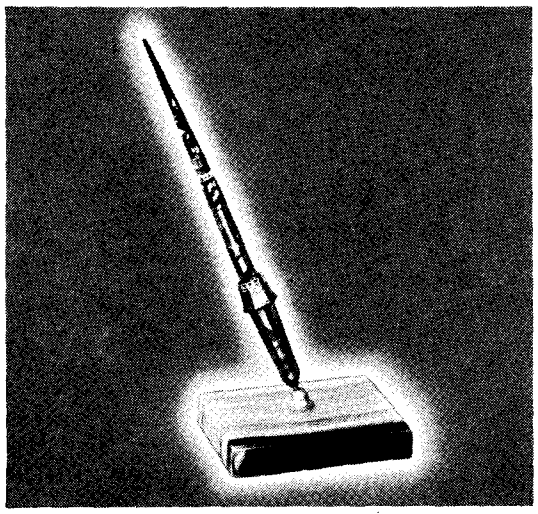
The one pen that *can't* do what the ordinary pen *can* do—it can't leak when capped. Carry it upside down, in your pocket, brief case or purse—*it can't leak.* Screw on the cap and its *Safety Ink Shut-Off**—an exclusive Eversharp feature—seals the ink in the pen-barrel like a cork seals a bottle!

And it is the one pen that has the *Adjustable Point*—the point *anyone can adjust* to suit his own writing style—the one gift pen that *can't* be wrong! Sold at stationers, jewelers, pen shops, department and drug stores. $7.50 and $10 with guarantee for life. Other models $5. Pencils to match, $3 to $5. Slightly higher in Canada. The Wahl Company, Chicago, New York, San Francisco, and Toronto.

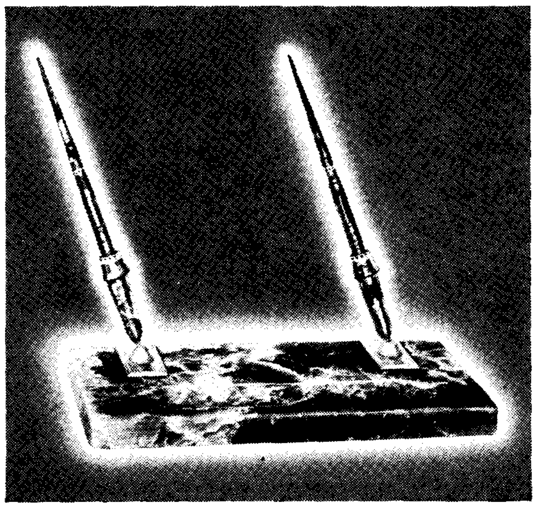
No More
Ink-Stained
Fingers!

A tiny valve—the Safety Ink Shut-Off*—makes Eversharp the one pen that can't leak. When you screw the cap into place, this little valve automatically shuts off the ink in the pen-barrel. It ends forever the annoyance of ink-stained fingers, purses, clothing, gloves—yet it lets the ink flow smoothly the instant you start to write. Only Eversharp offers you this stain-preventing feature!

*U. S. PATENT APPLIED FOR



A GIFT SOMEONE WILL BLESS YOU FOR! This handsome desk set consists of a pen in black and silver shell pyralin with white gold-filled trim, carried on a base of the rarest and most beautiful onyx in the world—grey Aragonite. Price $10.00. Other desk sets, $5.00 to $70.00.



ANOTHER EXQUISITE CHRISTMAS GIFT! Give him this beautiful Eversharp Desk Set. The two Adjustable Point pens are of shell pyralin, with yellow gold-filled banding. Their gold and silver lustre is perfectly set off by a heavy base of Green Argentine Onyx. Price $50.00.

EVERSHARP

THE ONLY PEN WITH THE
SAFETY INK SHUT-OFF

(Continued from page 28)

"eyewitness reports" they burned every house in the chief residential street of the city and made a wilderness of the gardens. Not content with this they then lined up a hundred and fifty automobiles in the street between the rows of mansions and set fire to them, wantonly, so bitter was their hatred of the Fascist cause.

In Barcelona I met an Anarchist who had seen and shared the wrath of the Málaga proletariat.

"What happened," I asked him, "in Málaga when you burned the houses?"

"We went to house after house, gave the people living there ten minutes to get out with what they could carry, then threw everything out of the windows into the garden, made a bonfire and set it all on fire."

"Were you there yourself when this was done?"

"No, but I saw it a few days afterward."

"Were all the houses burned?"

"Oh, no, most of the fires were in the gardens, but some houses were burned, three or four at least."

"And how many had their furniture burned?"

"At least twenty-five. Anyway, I'm sure it was twenty."

Yet the newspaper reports had given a picture as of Park Avenue all aflame from Grand Central Station to the upper Eighties.

"And now about the automobiles. How many did they burn?"

"A hundred and fifty, so I heard."

"Did you count them?"

"I counted thirty-seven."

Curiously enough this equation, 150=37, gives a fairly exact measure of Spanish exaggerations. You divide everything by five and in most cases the result is accurate.

After the relief of the Alcazar an American reporter with Franco's army told me that he had seen in a Toledo street the corpses of a hundred and fifty Red prisoners who had been roped together and mowed down by machine-gun fire.

"How did you know there were a hundred and fifty?" I asked him.

"Everyone said so."

"How much space did they occupy?"

"They were lying along the pavement in a row, forty yards at least."

Again the answer must come to thirty-seven or thereabouts.

Finally, General Franco himself announced to the world that he would attack Madrid with 150,000 men. There weren't that many White troops in all of Spain, and Franco's force which took Talavera, Torrijos and Toledo numbered less than 15,000. Combined with Mola's army he perhaps had 40,000 men for the drive against Madrid . . . or, say, 37,000.

The fatal weakness of the government troops was their lack of coherence, discipline and military organization. They were also short of guns and ammunition, and one of the reasons why the loyal warships were so ineffective was the absence of shells for their cannon.

Shell Holes in Miniature

How the Anarchists waged war became patent to me in a little town called Pina on the river Ebro about twenty miles from Saragossa. The local commander received me with a surly grumble, although my documents were impeccable and bore, moreover, the stamp of his immediate chief and column leader, Durruti.

"What's this?" he said gruffly. "I don't want you here."

"I come with Durruti's pass," I said deliberately.

"Durruti, who is Durruti? I'm in charge here and I'm an Anarchist; I take no orders from anyone."

"Do you think I took Durruti's orders?" I asked indignantly. "I'm a reporter, and why should I take his orders? I came here to see your front because I was told that you were holding the most dangerous position of all."

That soothed him, and it was true. The town itself was less than three miles from the Rebel fortress of Quinto, which was well equipped with artillery and a strong force of troops. The mollified Anarchist sent me out to his front line a hundred and fifty yards—to me it seemed like thirty-seven—from the enemy. I saw a score of militiamen and some militiawomen taking their siesta in rifle pits and machine-gun dugouts. At one point a group was busy putting bamboo shoots and branches of trees over the top of a pit.

"Camouflage," I said to the boy who was taking me around, "that's good."

He looked at me bewildered, then replied heartily, "Yes, the weather's been fine so far, but it might rain any day, and they don't want to get wet."

If I know anything about war, this was one of the most dangerous places in which I have ever been, but no shot was fired in anger and nothing more dangerous than a mosquito disturbed the siesta of the rival lines of troops. When I got back to the town, they took me to see the shell holes which had been inflicted or caused or perpetrated by the enemy. There were five of them, three from shells and two from air bombs, the biggest a foot deep and a yard in diameter. I have been to many fronts, from Switzerland to the sea in the World War, in the Baltic and Central Asia, in Manchuria and South-Central China. Some of them were "hot" and others were quiet as mice with no roar of shellfire nor even a corpse to bear witness to the fact that this was war. But never anywhere before have I been shown shell holes as an object of interest or a sign of battle.

Another significant indication was given me on the front south of Madrid, which then was not far north of Talavera. I drove out with Karl von Wiegand, the dean of American war correspondents, and found him unexpectedly cautious. I have campaigned with Karl in Russia, China and elsewhere, and my only complaint against him has been that he was apt to take chances when my inner mentor counseled prudence.

"We must be back in Madrid before dark," he kept repeating. "Come on, you've seen enough. They won't take it tonight"—we were then watching the bombardment of Toledo's Alcazar from a near-by hill—"come on, we've got to get back before dark."

"What's the matter, Karl?" I asked finally. "Why the Cinderella act, or have you a date in town?"

The Deadly Side of It

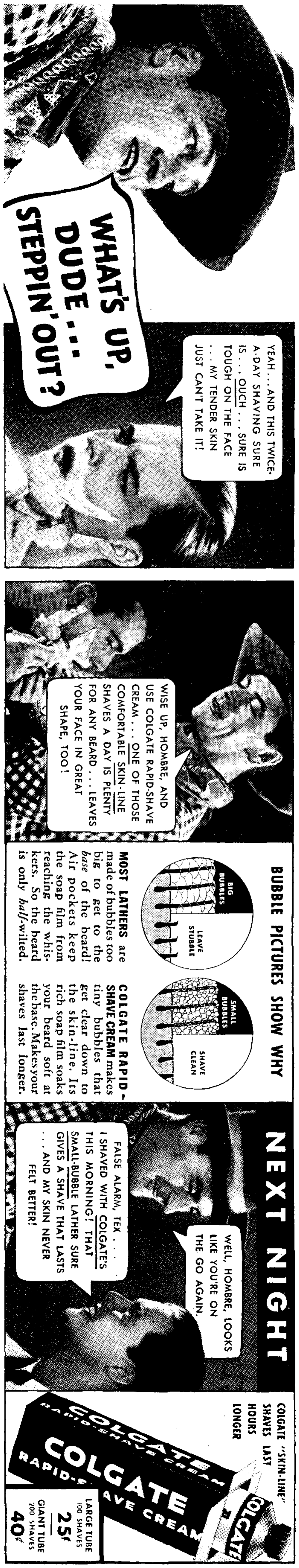
He eyed me seriously. "It's no joke, I tell you—you don't know these people. A week ago I was riding back from Toledo about nine o'clock when two columns, one from Valencia and one from Madrid, met at a crossroad about halfway from here to the city. At that time the enemy were fifty miles away, but the columns didn't seem to know it. Or perhaps they were tired and thought they'd reached the front. Anyway, they began a battle there and then, and our cars—there were three, of which mine was the third—ran right plumb in between them. You don't need to laugh; it was no joking matter. They killed three people in the first two cars and wounded two of the others, and if we hadn't stopped and waited I wouldn't be talking to you now. Of course everyone was very sorry afterward, and the two columns went on together the best of friends, but just the same I want to be back in Madrid before it gets dark tonight."

The most deadly and dreadful feature of the war in Spain is that it is not merely a civil war like that in the United States in the nineteenth century, or the rivalry of King and Commons in England in the seventeenth century, but a class war and a religious war as well. Since the days of the Albigenses and the grim fight between Protestants and Catholics in the Netherlands, religious wars in Europe have a record of unparalleled ferocity, while Spanish history bears witness to the extremes which fanatic bigotry can attain. Modern Russia, in turn, provides examples of the internecine ruthlessness of a class struggle fought out to the bitter end. The divisions of any civil war make shocking wounds in the body of a nation, but the dagger of class conflict and the sword of religious strife cut deep to a nation's heart.

Spain today is being torn in pieces, and there is little chance for a speedy issue from the orgy of hate and bloodshed which is destroying the memories and monuments of the past, the achievements of the present, and the prospects of the future.

"Hold it, a lightning is due any minute now!"

BERT KIRCHHEIMER



WHAT'S UP, DUDE... STEPPIN' OUT?
YEAH... AND THIS TWICE-A-DAY SHAVING SURE IS... OUCH... SURE IS TOUGH ON THE FACE... MY TENDER SKIN JUST CAN'T TAKE IT!
WISE UP, HOMBRE, AND USE COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM... ONE OF THOSE COMFORTABLE SKIN-LINE SHAVES A DAY IS PLENTY FOR ANY BEARD... LEAVES YOUR FACE IN GREAT SHAPE, TOO!
BIG BUBBLES LEAVE STUBBLE
SMALL BUBBLES SHAVE CLEAN
NEXT NIGHT
WELL, HOMBRE, LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE ON THE GO AGAIN.
FALSE ALARM, TEX... I SHAVED WITH COLGATE'S THIS MORNING! THAT SMALL-BUBBLE LATHER SURE GIVES A SHAVE THAT LASTS... AND MY SKIN NEVER FELT BETTER!
COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM

BUBBLE PICTURES SHOW WHY

MOST LATHERS are made of bubbles too big to get to the *base* of the beard! Air pockets keep the soap film from reaching the whiskers. So the beard is only *half*-wilted.

COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM makes tiny bubbles that get clear down to the skin-line. Its rich soap film soaks your beard soft at the base. Makes your shaves last longer.

COLGATE "SKIN-LINE" SHAVES LAST HOURS LONGER

LARGE TUBE 100 SHAVES 25¢
GIANT TUBE 200 SHAVES 40¢

Cemetery Bait

Continued from page 9

Tomaso," she says, "be very careful the colonel does not see you on the trip, as he has been hearing things here, and he is terribly jealous, and has a violent temper, and, furthermore, he always has deadly weapons around, and he claims he is a wonderful marksman.

"Oh, Tomaso," she says, "is it not awful to be yoked to an old character who thinks of nothing but hunting, and fishing, and business, when I love you so much?"

Well, Tomaso says it is, indeed, and does she have a few dibs on her to tide him over the week end, and it seems she has, and then there is a little offhand billing and cooing that I consider very bad taste in her under her own roof, and finally they go out of the boudoir.

AS SOON as they depart, I turn to my own business of opening the little can and removing the jewelry, which I deliver to Tommy Entrata, who gives it to Lou Adolia, and this is the time that Lou Adolia gets eighty thousand dollars from the insurance companies for the return of the goods, and then disappears with all the sugar, and without as much as saying aye, yes or no to anybody.

But I am getting ahead of my story.

A couple of days later, I am reclining on the beach with Tommy Entrata, taking a little sun for my complexion, when who comes along in a bathing suit which displays a really remarkable shape but Mrs. Colonel Samuel B. Venus, and who is with her but the stern-looking character who doctors me up on the train, and at first I have half a notion to jump up and say hello to him and thank him for his kindness to me about the fish, but he looks right through me as if he never sees me before in his life, and I can see that he does not remember me, or if he does, he does not care to make anything of it.

So I do not give him a blow, because the way I look at it, the fewer people you know in this world, the better you are off. But I ask Tommy Entrata who the stern-looking character is, and I am somewhat surprised when Tommy says:

"Why," he says, "he is Colonel Samuel B. Venus, the party you knock off the other night, but," Tommy says, "let us not speak of that now. Colonel Samuel B. Venus is a most irascible character, and he is making quite a chirp about matters, and it is very fortunate for us that he and his wife are sailing for New York, because the stout fellow is getting nervous about the outcry.

"By the way," Tommy says, "I do not wish to seem inhospitable in suggesting your departure from these pleasant scenes, but it may be a good idea for you to take it on the Jesse Owens until the beef is chilled. There are many nightingales in these parts," he says, "and they will sing to the law on very slight provocation, for instance such a character as Count Tomaso. I notice him around here nuzzling up to Mrs. Colonel Samuel B. Venus, and while the chances are he is on a business mission of his own, Count Tomaso knows you, and it is always my opinion that he is a singer, at heart."

Well, I do not mention the incident in Mrs. Colonel Samuel B. Venus' boudoir to Tommy Entrata, because in the first place I do not consider it any of his business, and in the second place I know Tommy is not apt to be interested in such a matter, but I get to thinking about the conversation between Mrs. Colonel Samuel B. Venus and Count Tomaso, and I also get to thinking about Colonel Samuel B. Venus being so nice to me in connection with the bad fish.

And thinks I, as long as I must take my departure anyway, a little sea voyage may be beneficial to my health, and I will go on the Castilla myself, and will look up Count Tomaso and admonish him that I will hold him personally responsible if any accident happens to Colonel Samuel B. Venus, as I feel that it is only fair to do what I can to discharge my debt of gratitude to Colonel Samuel B. Venus concerning the fish.

So when the Castilla sails a few days later, I am a passenger, and, furthermore, I have a nice cabin on the same deck as Colonel Samuel B. Venus and his ever-loving wife, because I always believe in traveling with the best people, no matter what.

I see Colonel Samuel B. Venus, and I also see Mrs. Colonel Samuel B. Venus on the first day out, and I observe that Colonel Samuel B. Venus is looking sterner than ever, and also that Mrs. Colonel Samuel B. Venus is growing lovelier by the hour, but never do I see Count Tomaso, although I am pretty sure he does not miss the boat.

I figure that he is taking Mrs. Colonel Samuel B. Venus' advice about keeping out of sight of Colonel Samuel B. Venus.

I do not bother to go looking for Count Tomaso on the Castilla to admonish him about Colonel Samuel B. Venus, because I figure I am bound to catch up with him getting off the boat in New York, and that in the meantime Colonel Samuel B. Venus is safe from accident, especially as it comes up stormy at sea after we are a few hours out, and Colonel Samuel B. Venus and his ever-loving wife seem to be keeping close to their cabin, and in fact so is everybody else.

Well, the storm keeps getting worse, and it is sleety and cold all around and about, and the sea is running higher than somewhat, and now one night off the Jersey coast when I am sleeping as peacefully as anything, I am awakened by a great to-do and it seems that the Castilla is on fire.

Naturally, I do not care to be toasted in my cabin, so I don my clothes, and pop out into the passageway and start for the nearest exit, when I remember that in moments of confusion many characters, male and female, are apt to forget articles of one kind and another that may come in handy to somebody such as me later on, for instance bits of jewelry, and other portable merchandise.

So I try various doors as I go along the passageway, and all of them are open and unoccupied, as the Castilla is an old-time vessel with cabin doors that lock with keys, and not with snap locks, and, just as I suspect, I find numerous odds and ends in the way of finger rings, and bracelets and clips and pins and necklaces, and watches, and gold cigarette cases, and even a few loose bundles of ready scratch, so I am very glad, indeed, that I am gifted with foresight.

Finally I come to one door that seems to be locked, and I remember that this is the cabin occupied by Colonel Samuel B. Venus and his ever-loving wife, and after first knocking at the door and receiving no reply, I figure they hastily depart and carelessly lock the door after them, and I also figure that I am bound to garner something of more than ordinary value there.

So I kick the door in, and who is in the cabin on a bed, all trussed up like a goose, with a towel tied across his mouth to keep him from hollering out loud, but Colonel Samuel B. Venus, in person.

Naturally, I am somewhat surprised at this spectacle, and also somewhat embarrassed to have Colonel Samuel B. Venus find me kicking in his door, but of course this is no time for apologies, so I take a quick swivel about the cabin to see if there are any articles lying around that I may be able to use. I am slightly disappointed to note that there appears to be nothing, and I am about to take my departure, when all of a sudden I remember my debt of gratitude to Colonel Samuel B. Venus, and I realize that it will be most unkind to leave him in this predicament to be barbecued like a steer without being able to move hand or foot.

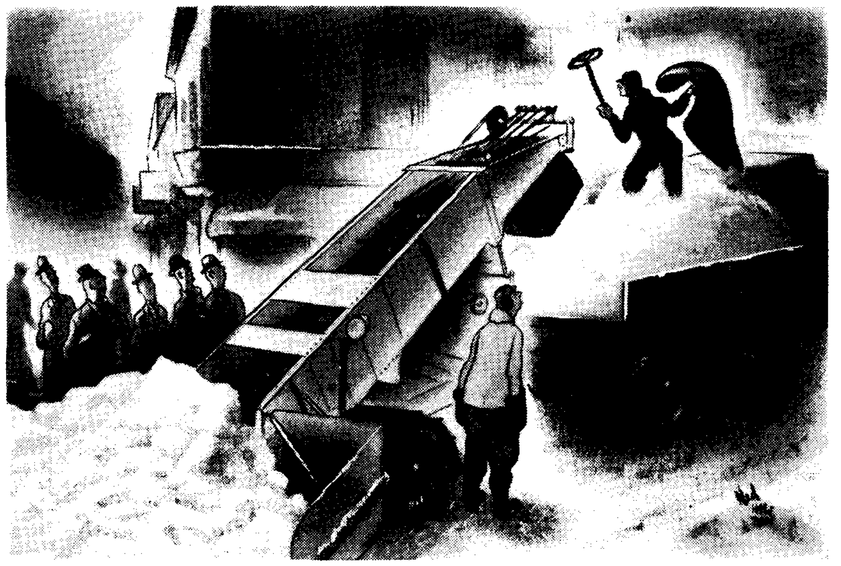
SO I out with my pocket chiv, and cut him loose, and I also remove the towel, and as soon as he can talk, Colonel Samuel B. Venus issues a statement to me in a most severe tone of voice, as follows:

"They try to murder me," he says. "My own wife, Cora, and a character in a white polo coat with a little cap to match. When the alarm of fire is sounded," Colonel Samuel B. Venus says, "she starts screaming, and he comes banging up against our door, and she unlocks it and lets him in before I have time to think, and then he knocks me down with something, I do not know what."

"The chances are," I say, "it is a blunt instrument."

"You may be right," Colonel Samuel B. Venus says. "Anyway, after he knocks me down, my own wife, Cora,

(Continued on page 35)



"Did anybody have a car parked here?"

NED HILTON

Give Your Car Simoniz

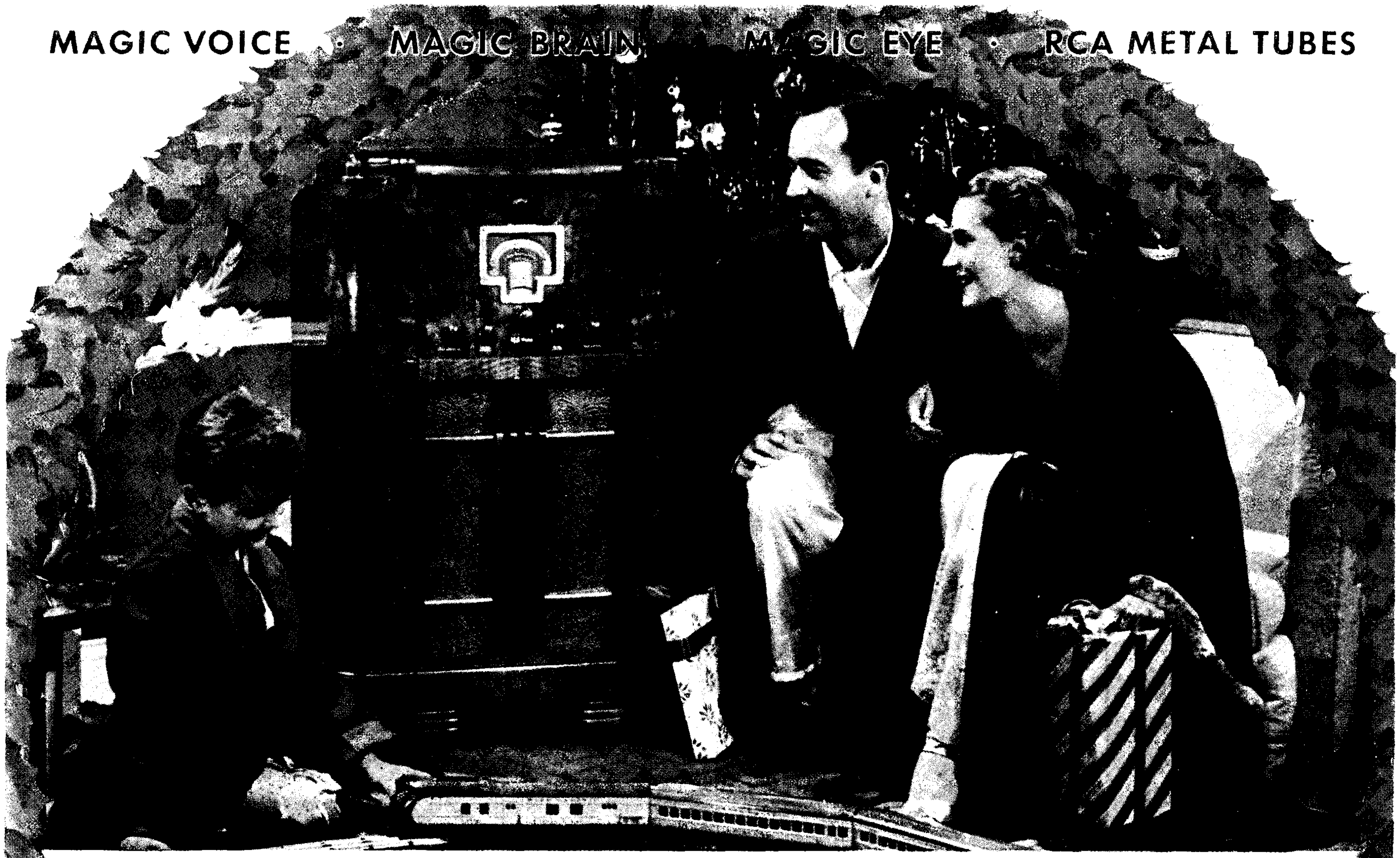
Simoniz is a timely Christmas gift for your car . . . something it needs right now. Snow, sleet, and grime are tough on its beauty. So winter-proof the finish with Simoniz. It gives perfect protection in all weather, makes the finish last longer, and keeps your car always beautiful.

You'll find Simonizing easy to do yourself. If your car is already dull, first use the wonderful Simoniz Kleener to restore the lustre. Then apply Simoniz for lasting beauty and protection. But, be sure to always insist on Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener for your car. There's nothing else like them!

Motorists Wise SIMONIZ

These world-famous products are sold at hardware and auto accessory stores, filling stations and garages everywhere. Get them today!

MAGIC VOICE · MAGIC BRAIN · MAGIC EYE · RCA METAL TUBES



Give the living enchantment of the Magic Voice

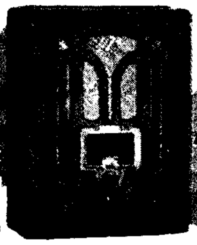
or choose from RCA Victor's many other radios... all built to give you extra value... all offering radio magic

The perfect Christmas gift is an RCA Victor with radio's newest miracle, the Magic Voice. The living beauty of the Magic Voice will bring countless hours of enchantment to your family. To select any RCA Victor radio is to be assured of the extra value made possible by RCA Victor's unmatched skill and experience. Ask your RCA Victor dealer to prove this. Ask him about the new, and exclusive, features built into all of these new models... Not only do these 1937 RCA Victor radios offer you extra value, but they also permit you to select from a great variety of sets. Of these 28 sell for less than $100. At your own price you can find exactly the radio you want... designed and built by RCA Victor, to give you more for your money.

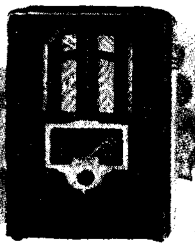
SHOWN IN MAIN ILLUSTRATION IS MAGIC VOICE MODEL 9K-2, $129.95

RCA METAL TUBES
Sign of a Modern Radio

Has Magic Voice, Magic Brain, Magic Eye, Metal Tubes. Tunes in world-wide programs. Model 15K $199.50*

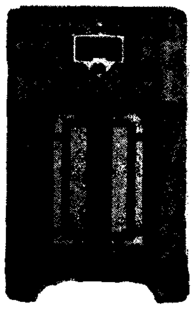


Model 5T... RCA Victor quality reception at the low price of $29.95*

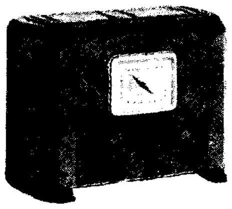


Foreign and U. S. broadcasts, with clear-cut RCA Victor quality—table model 6T-2 that costs but $49.95*

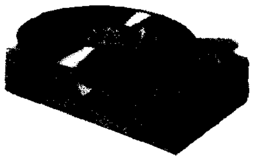
RCA Victor Model 9U—Radio programs or recorded music. Automatic Record Changer . . $250*



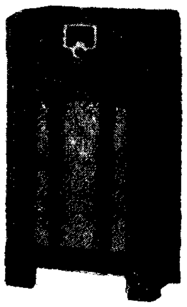
Magic Eye Console Model 8K, outstanding RCA Victor value at . . $89.95*



"Jewel Box"—Model 5X, last word in midget sets only $32.95*



RCA Victor Record Player makes your radio an electric phonograph. Only $16.50*



6K is a full size console. Only RCA Victor can offer such a fine radio at $49.95*

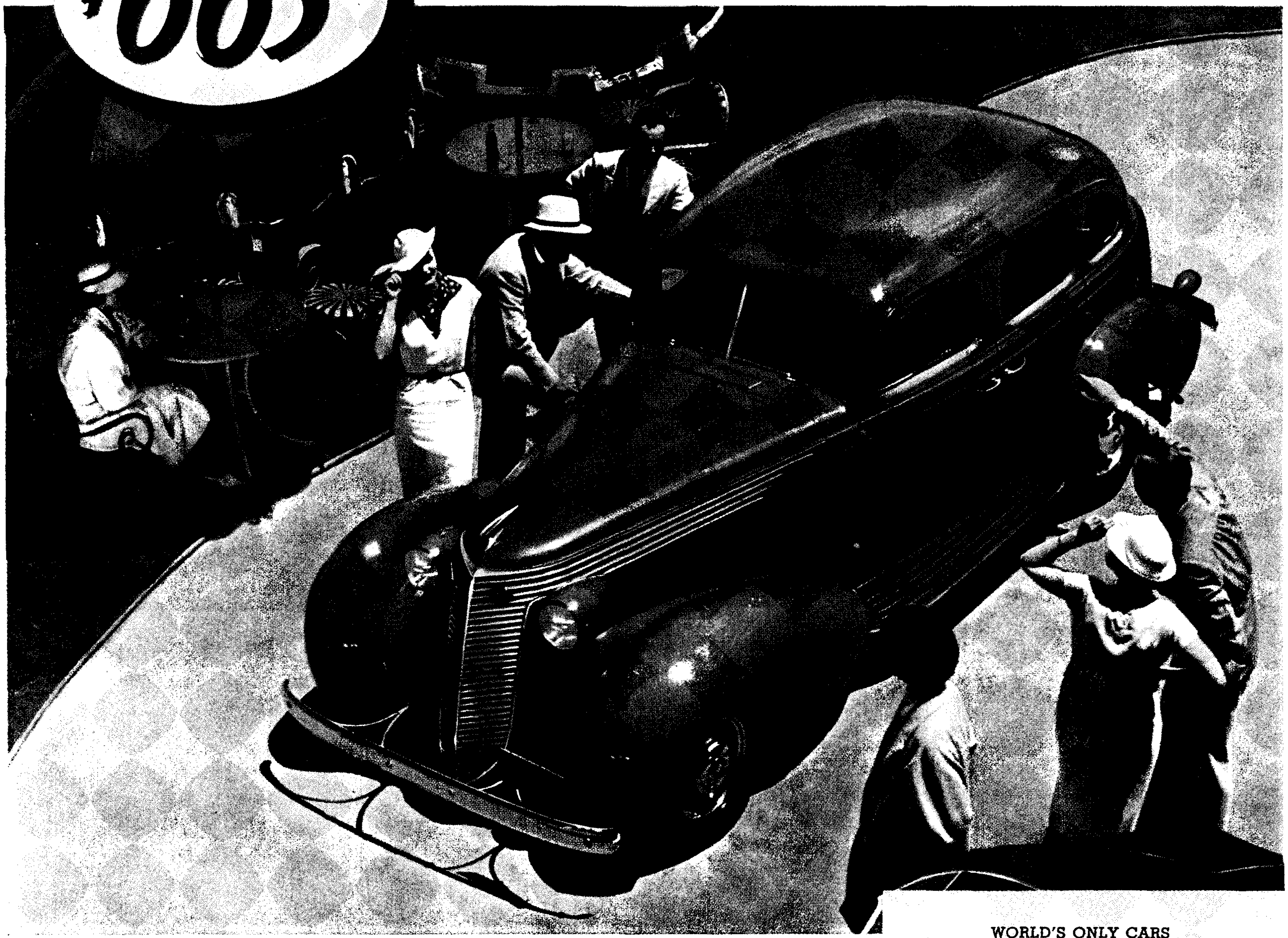
RCA Victor

A SERVICE OF THE RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

*All prices f. o. b. Camden, New Jersey, subject to change without notice. You can buy RCA Victor Radios on C. I. T. Easy Payment Plan! Put new life into your present radio—use RCA Radio Tubes! Remember, any radio works better with an RCA Antenna System. Listen to the "Magic Key" every Sunday, 2 to 3 p. m., E. S. T. on NBC Blue Network.

THIS NEW 1937 STUDEBAKER IS AMERICA'S SPOTLIGHT CAR IN *Beauty!*

$665*



ACTUAL COLOR PHOTOGRAPH

IT'S AMERICA'S HEADLINER IN GAS SAVING

WORLD'S SAFEST DOORS! STAY TIGHTLY CLOSED IF ONLY LIGHTLY SHUT—*No other car has anything like Studebaker's revolutionary new rattle-proof rotary door latches. They end all need for slamming doors. A gentle push from the outside or pull from the inside and the latch engages so securely the door simply cannot swing open even on the roughest of roads.*

THAT big, handsome, smartly contoured Studebaker pictured in the photograph above may not look like one of America's most economical cars.

But the fact is that probably only three 1937 cars—all of lower price—can equal it in day after day gas economy.

With an expert driver at the wheel, a stock 1937 Studebaker Dictator Six made the almost incredible average of 27.46 miles per gallon on Utah's Bonneville Salt Flats course under A.A.A. supervision.

In your average driving you won't equal that showing, of course—any more than you will match the 1937 Studebaker President Eight's Bonneville record of 23.17 miles per gallon.

But what a satisfaction it is to know that such capabilities of economy are built into every 1937 Studebaker above and beyond its innovations in body styling, roominess, luggage capacity and brilliant performance. *Dictator prices begin as low as $665—President prices as low as $965 list at factory, South Bend. And Studebaker's C. I. T. budget plan assures low-cost time payments.

WORLD'S ONLY CARS
WITH DUAL ECONOMY OF FRAM OIL
CLEANER AND GAS-SAVING
AUTOMATIC OVERDRIVE

★

EXTRA ROOMY INTERIORS
WITH LOWERED FLOORS AND SMART
HELEN DRYDEN STYLING

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ENORMOUSLY SPACIOUS
NEW LUGGAGE COMPARTMENTS
CONCEALED OR EXTENDED

★

WORLD'S ONLY CARS WITH
AUTOMATIC HILL HOLDER PLUS
HYDRAULIC BRAKES

Exciting new Studebakers

(Continued from page 32)

picks up one of my shoes and starts belting me over the head with the heel, and then she helps the character in the polo coat and the little cap to match tie me up as you find me."

"It is a scurvy trick," I say.

"I am half unconscious," Colonel Samuel B. Venus says, "but I remember hearing my own wife, Cora, remark that the fire is a wonderful break for them, and will save them a lot of bother in New York. And then before they leave, she hits me another belt on the head with the shoe. I fear," Colonel Samuel B. Venus says, "that my own wife, Cora, is by no means the ever-loving helpmeet I think. In fact," he says, "I am now wondering about the overdose of sleeping powders she gives me in London, England, in 1931, and about the bomb in my automobile in Los Angeles, Cal., in 1933."

"WELL, well, well," I say, "let us let bygones be bygones, and get off this tub, as it seems to be getting hotter than a ninth-inning finish around here."

But Colonel Samuel B. Venus remains very testy about the incident he just describes, and he fumbles around under a pillow on the bed on which I find him, and outs with that thing, and opens the cylinder as if to make sure it is loaded, and says to me like this:

"I will shoot him down like a dog," he says. "I mean the character in the white polo coat and the little cap to match. He undoubtedly leads my poor little wife, Cora, astray in this, although," he says, "I do not seem to recall him anywhere in the background of the overdose and the bomb matters. But she is scarcely more than a child and does not know right from wrong. He is the one who must die," Colonel Samuel B. Venus says. "I wonder who he is?" he says.

Well, of course I know Colonel Samuel B. Venus must be talking about Count Tomaso, but I can see that Count Tomaso is a total stranger to him, and while I am by no means opposed to Colonel Samuel B. Venus' sentiments with reference to Count Tomaso, I do not approve of his spirit of forgiveness toward Mrs. Colonel Samuel B. Venus, because I figure that as long as she is around and about, Colonel Samuel B. Venus will always be in danger of accidents.

But I do not feel that this is a time for argument, so I finally get him to go up on the deck with me, and as soon as we are on deck, Colonel Samuel B. Venus leaves me and starts running every which way as if he is looking for somebody.

There seems to be some little agitation on deck, what with smoke and flame coming out of the Castilla amidships, and many characters, male and female, running up and down, and around and about, and small children crying.

Some of the crew are launching lifeboats, and then getting into these boats themselves, and pulling away from the burning ship without waiting for any passengers, which strikes me as most discourteous on the part of the sailors and which alarms many passengers so they start chucking themselves over the rail into the sea trying to catch up with the boats.

Well, this scene is most distasteful to me, so I retire from the general melee, and go looking elsewhere about the ship, figuring I may find an opportunity to ease myself quietly into a boat before all the seats are taken by sailors, and finally I come upon a group trying to launch a big life raft over the rail, and about this time I observe Colonel Samuel B. Venus standing against the rail with that thing in his hand, and peering this way and that.

And then I notice a boat pulling away from the ship, and in the stern of the boat I see a character in a white polo coat, and a little cap to match, and I call the attention of Colonel Samuel B. Venus to same.

The boat is so overcrowded that it is far down in the water, but the waves, which are running very high, are carrying it away in long lunges, and it is fully 100 yards off, and is really visible to the naked eye by the light of the flames from the Castilla only when it rises a moment to the top of a wave, and Colonel Samuel B. Venus looks for some time before he sees what I wish him to see.

"I spot him now," he says. "I recognize the white polo coat and the little cap to match."

And with this, he ups with that thing and goes rooty-toot-toot out across the water three times, and the last I see of the white polo coat and the little cap to match they are folding up together very gently just as a big wave washes the boat off into the darkness beyond the light of the burning ship.

By this time the raft is in the water, and I take Colonel Samuel B. Venus and chuck him down onto the raft, and then I jump after him, and as the raft is soon overcrowded, I give the foot to a female character who is on the raft before anybody else and ease her off into the water.

As this female character disappears in the raging sea, I am not surprised to observe that she is really nobody but Count Tomaso, as I seem to remember seeing Count Tomaso making Mrs. Colonel Samuel B. Venus change clothes with him at the point of a knife.

Well, some of the boats get ashore, and some do not, and in one that does arrive, they find the late Mrs. Colonel Samuel B. Venus, and everybody is somewhat surprised to note that she is in male garments with a white polo coat and a little cap to match.

I wish to call attention to the public service I render in easing Count Tomaso off the raft, because here is a character who is undoubtedly a menace to the sanctity of the American home.

And I take pride in the fact that I discharge my debt of gratitude to Colonel Samuel B. Venus, and it is not my fault that he permits himself to be so overcome by his experience on the ship and on the raft that he turns out to be a raving nut, and never has the pleasure of learning that his aim is still so good that he can put three slugs in a moving target within the span of a baby's hand.

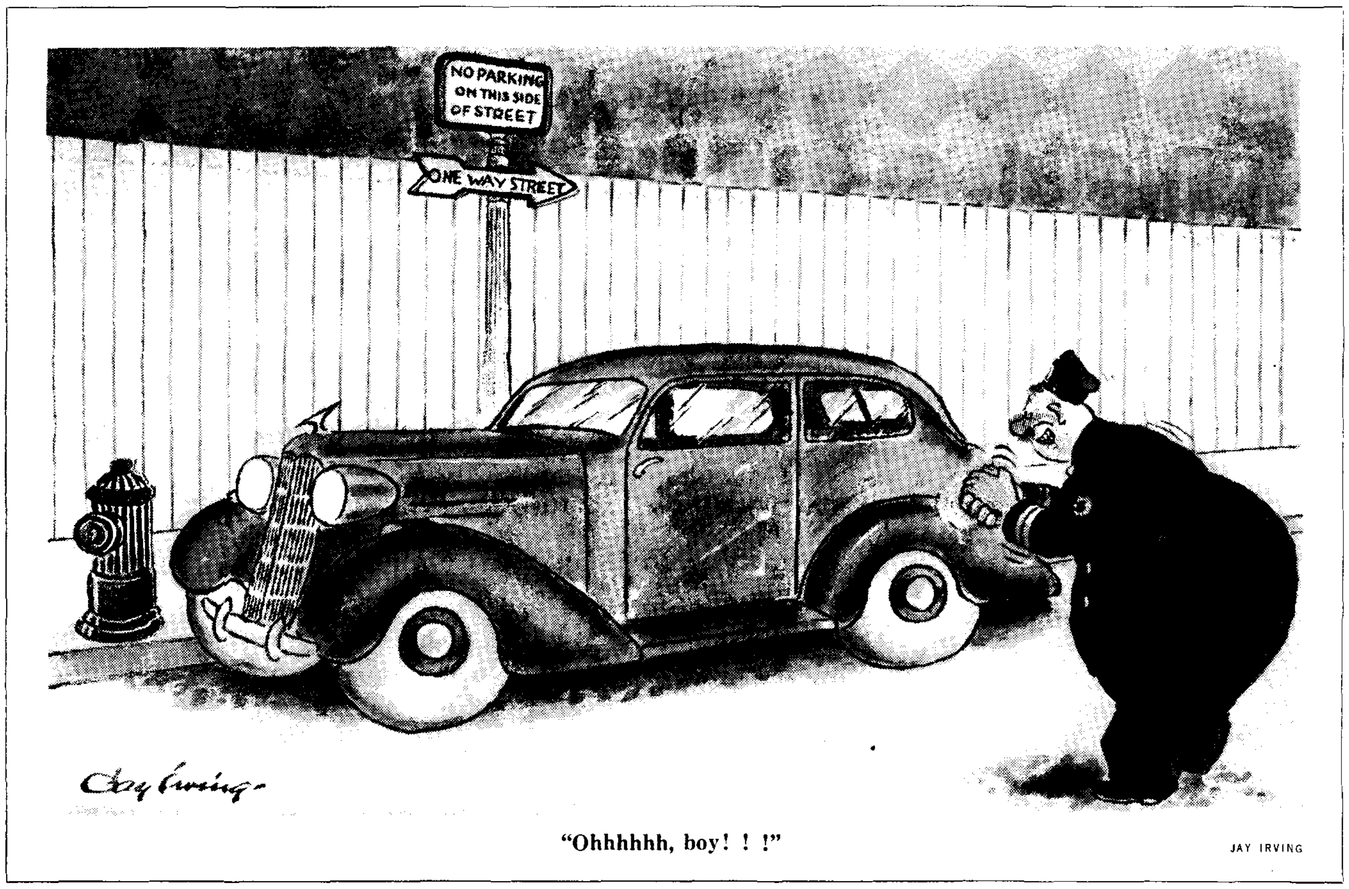
"WHY, George," I say to Gentleman George, "then you are the victim of a great wrong, and I will see the governor, or somebody, in your behalf at once. They cannot do this to you, when, according to your own story, you are not directly connected with the matter of Mrs Colonel Samuel B. Venus, and it is only a case of mistaken identity, at best."

"Oh, pshaw!" Gentleman George says. "They are not taking the severe measures they contemplate with me because of anything that happens to Mrs. Colonel Samuel B. Venus.

"They are vexed with me," George says, "because one night I take Lou Adolia's automobile out on the salt meadows near Secaucus, N. J., and burn it to a crisp, and it seems that I forget to remove Lou Adolia first from same."

"Well, George," I say, "bon voyage."

"The same to you," George says, "and many of them."


NO PARKING ON THIS SIDE OF STREET
ONE WAY STREET
Jay Irving

"Ohhhhhh, boy! ! !"

JAY IRVING

Fire Insurance at Lower Cost for Careful People

FIRE INSURANCE values are determined by two factors: fire *losses* suffered by insurance buyers and *expenses* incurred by insurance companies in conducting their business.

When a fire insurance company selects policyholders with great care it will have fewer fire *losses* to pay. By dealing direct with its policyholders its *expenses* will be lower.

When a fire insurance company has low *losses* and *expenses* it becomes a strong institution — can give unquestionable protection. If it is a strictly *mutual* company, it can also reduce the cost of insurance by returning its savings to its policyholders in cash dividends.

United Mutual — "The Company of Careful People" — is this kind of company . . . On June 30, 1936, it had assets of $5,220,708; liabilities of $2,963,969; and net surplus of $2,256,739. In addition, it has returned more than $8,000,000 in cash dividends to its policyholders. In this way policyholders have saved from 25% to 35% of the cost of ordinary insurance, the exact amount depending upon the class of property. Dividends to home owners have always been 35%.

Send the coupon below for a free copy of an illustrated booklet which explains how you may save money on your household insurance. No obligation.

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FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY
Home Office: BOSTON
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United Mutual writes fire insurance for manufacturers, merchants, and individuals; also compensation, automobile and general liability insurance through Liberty Mutual Insurance Company

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Name ____
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AMAZING NEW AUTO HEATER!

IMAGINE! IT WORKS ON THE SAME PRINCIPLE AS THE HOT-WATER HEATER IN YOUR HOME

YOU GET MORE HEAT—QUICKER HEAT—AND THIS NEW PATENTED UNIVERSAL DEFLECTOR THROWS THE WARM AIR IN ANY DIRECTION

AND JUST THINK OF GETTING A HEATER LIKE THIS FOR ONLY $13.45 (PLUS INSTALLATION)

"SHIVER-PROOF" YOUR CAR NOW —and Save Money!

NEVER mind if the thermometer flirts with zero. This new Goodrich De Luxe "Boiler Type" Heater has a special "heat trap" that stores hot water *in* the heater instead of allowing it to be sucked back into the cooling system before it gives out all its heat. Thus you not only get MORE HEAT but you get it QUICKER!

Don't suffer with the cold when driving this winter. Now is the time to have your Goodrich Tire dealer install a new Goodrich De Luxe Hot Water Heater in your car. And at its new low price it's the greatest heater value ever offered to American motorists! Buy now!

SPECIAL WIND-SHIELD DEFROSTER ATTACHMENT

Melts snow and ice and clears away mist, thus giving you safe, clear vision in winter.

THE GREATEST HEATER VALUE IN AMERICA

Priced at only $13.45

PLUS INSTALLATION CHARGE

Price subject to change without notice

Goodrich De Luxe HOT WATER HEATER

ANOTHER B. F. GOODRICH PRODUCT

IFOR THOMAS

Joe Jackson, master of pantomime and professor of the laugh, rode to success on a dilapidated bicycle as an actor in bum's clothing

The Same Old Wow

By Kyle Crichton

An act that can go on unchanged for forty years must be a good act. Mr. Joe Jackson's has and is

YOU'RE sitting there in your seat minding your own business when out on the stage comes a bum. Not an ordinary bum, but a hobo, and he begins monkeying around with a bicycle. It is then that you get over your youthful ideas about originality, novelty and the modern spirit.

"Great merciful heavens!" you cry to yourself. "That's old Joe Jackson, as I live and breathe. I saw him doing that act on the night Lieutenant Richmond Pearson Hobson sank the Merrimac in Santiago Harbor."

This will be a slight exaggeration, but only insofar as you are concerned. You may not have been around when Teddy was climbing up the wrong hill in Cuba, but Joe undoubtedly was and if he's changed a gesture in that act in all those years it isn't discernible to the layman.

And what an act! Joe comes out in his hobo costume and spies the bike, which he decides to steal. He wanders up to it casually and then turns and shooshes the audience when it starts to laugh. He backs away fearfully, looks around, returns to the bike and finally takes hold of it. The horn comes off. It's an old honk-honk horn with a bulb. Joe's difficulties begin. He gets all tangled up with the horn, with his ambition to get on the bike, with his desire to return the horn to the handle bars, and with his inability to keep his pants from catching on various parts of the machine. The horn honks at an inopportune time, the handle bars come off, the pants are now snagging everything in sight. When all seems lost, Joe seizes himself by the rear and hoists himself onto the bike and starts gaily off. After one turn, he falls in a heap as the bike collapses. There is additional business with a cuff which gets in the way; with his hat, which insists on falling off; with the horn; with his pants and coat, which catch on everything, and with the bike which suffers disintegration. That's the act. That's how it's been for upward of forty years, one of the great pantomimic triumphs in the history of the stage.

He was doing it back in the great days of the New York Hippodrome. That must have been around 1915. Joe's memory is hazy about it.

But Joe was officially over here as long ago as 1906. We say officially because Joe is not too accurate about dates.

"If I tell you," he says cagily, being proud of his youth, "you'll figure out how old I am."

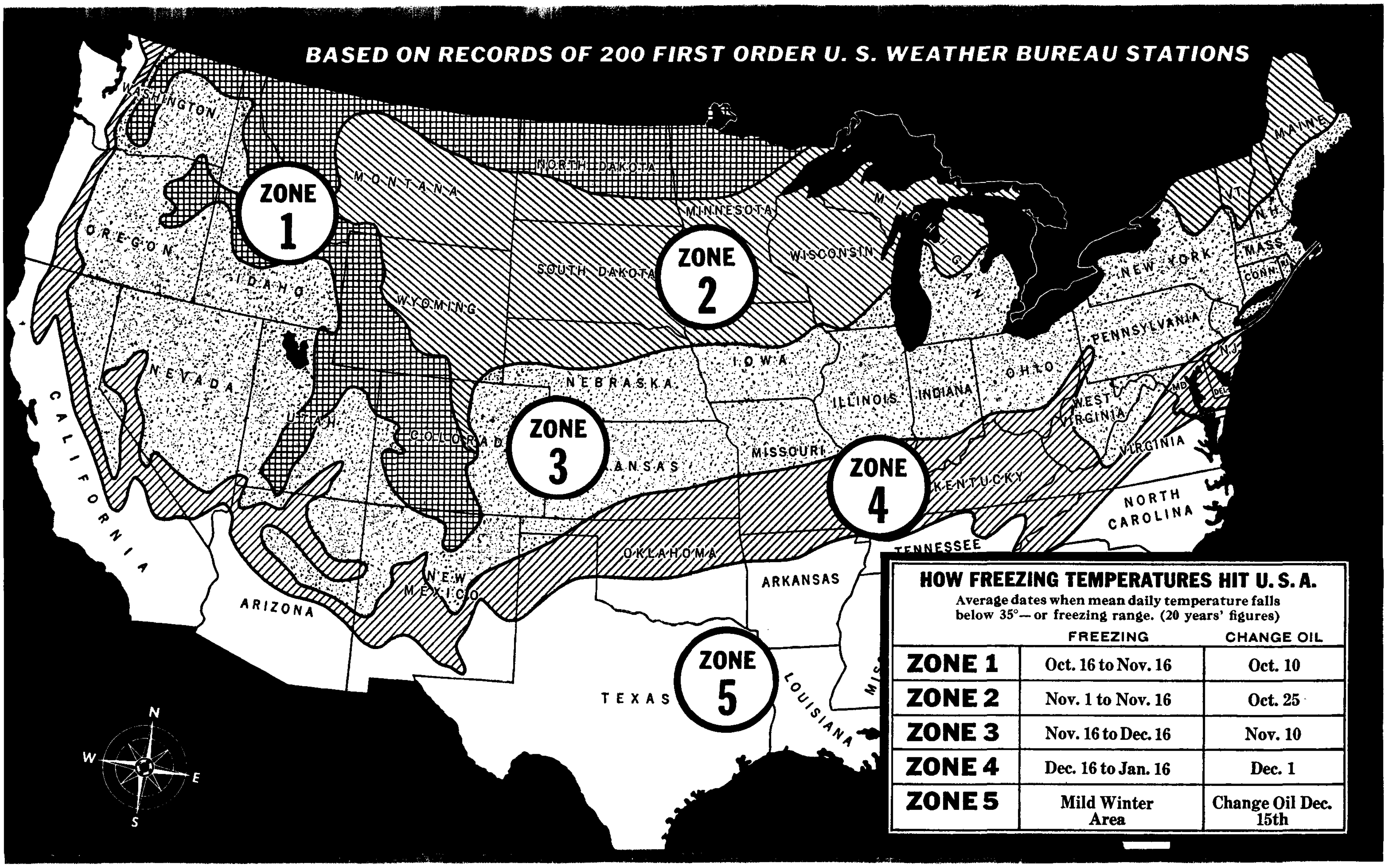
Polo on a Bike

In any event he took the name of Joe Jackson in 1896. That much he will confess. Before that he had been Josef Jirane, a native of Vienna. He worked for his father, who had a dried-fruit store, and got his start as a bike rider in the Christmas race in Vienna. According to Joe, he was twelve years old at the time, the race was at a distance of 4½ miles and he became champion of Austria by winning it. That got him into the Wunderrad Club, where he became a trick rider and a great cutup at

(Continued on page 52)

A WARNING TO MOTORISTS!

MAP SHOWS WINTER OIL-CHANGE PAST DUE IN 40 STATES


ZONE 1
ZONE 2
ZONE 3
ZONE 4
ZONE 5
WASHINGTON
OREGON
CALIFORNIA
NEVADA
IDAHO
MONTANA
WYOMING
UTAH
COLORADO
ARIZONA
NEW MEXICO
NORTH DAKOTA
SOUTH DAKOTA
NEBRASKA
KANSAS
OKLAHOMA
TEXAS
MINNESOTA
IOWA
MISSOURI
ARKANSAS
LOUISIANA
WISCONSIN
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MICHIGAN
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OHIO
KENTUCKY
TENNESSEE
WEST VIRGINIA
VIRGINIA
NORTH CAROLINA
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MASS.
CONN.
R.I.
N.J.
MD.
DEL.
N
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S
W

BASED ON RECORDS OF 200 FIRST ORDER U. S. WEATHER BUREAU STATIONS

HOW FREEZING TEMPERATURES HIT U. S. A.

Average dates when mean daily temperature falls below 35°—or freezing range. (20 years' figures)

	FREEZING	CHANGE OIL
ZONE 1	Oct. 16 to Nov. 16	Oct. 10
ZONE 2	Nov. 1 to Nov. 16	Oct. 25
ZONE 3	Nov. 16 to Dec. 16	Nov. 10
ZONE 4	Dec. 16 to Jan. 16	Dec. 1
ZONE 5	Mild Winter Area	Change Oil Dec. 15th

YOUR CAR IS IN DANGER if you are still driving with sluggish, summer-grade oil in your engine and gears!

This is no exaggeration. It isn't said to frighten motorists—but to warn them sensibly that cold-weather protection for their cars is already past due.

Millions of motorists know that Mobiloil dealers do this job best—with two great, double-range oils to give engines full protection... and a special winter lubricant to keep gears safe and easy-shifting.

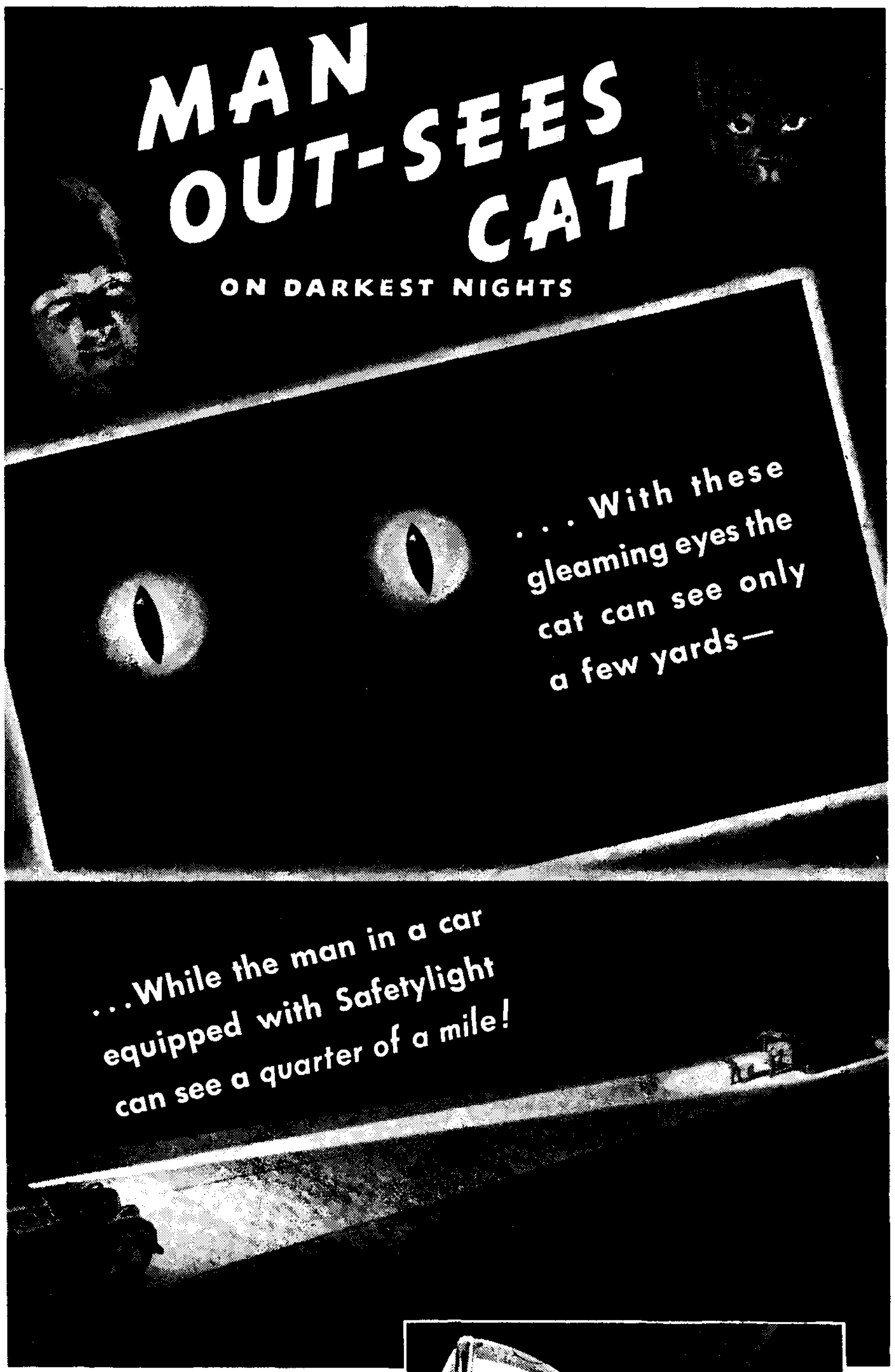
Through two of the hardest winters on record, these car owners have proved that Mobiloil Arctic, made by Socony-Vacuum's famous Clearosol Process—starts engines quicker—protects them better at all operating speeds—gives longer mileage.

They've found that Mobiloil Arctic Special, recommended for *extreme* cold conditions, is the finest starting winter oil money can buy.

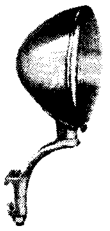
If you want to avoid stalling, dangerous wear and costly repair bills...if *you* want the proved savings these specially-made winter lubricants can give...drive in *today* at the familiar Mobiloil sign, or the Sign of the Flying Red Horse. Change to Mobiloil Arctic for complete engine protection, and to Mobiloil Winter Gear Oil for safe, easy-shifting gears!

SOCONY-VACUUM OIL COMPANY, INC.

CHANGE TODAY Mobiloil Arctic


MAN OUT-SEES CAT
ON DARKEST NIGHTS
. . . With these gleaming eyes the cat can see only a few yards—
. . . While the man in a car equipped with Safetylight can see a quarter of a mile!

AFRAID OF NIGHT DRIVING? FORGET IT!



This is the 143,000 candlepower Safetylight as installed on your car. It makes night driving as easy as in the daytime.

Another Great Light

UNITY DELUXE ROAD LAMP

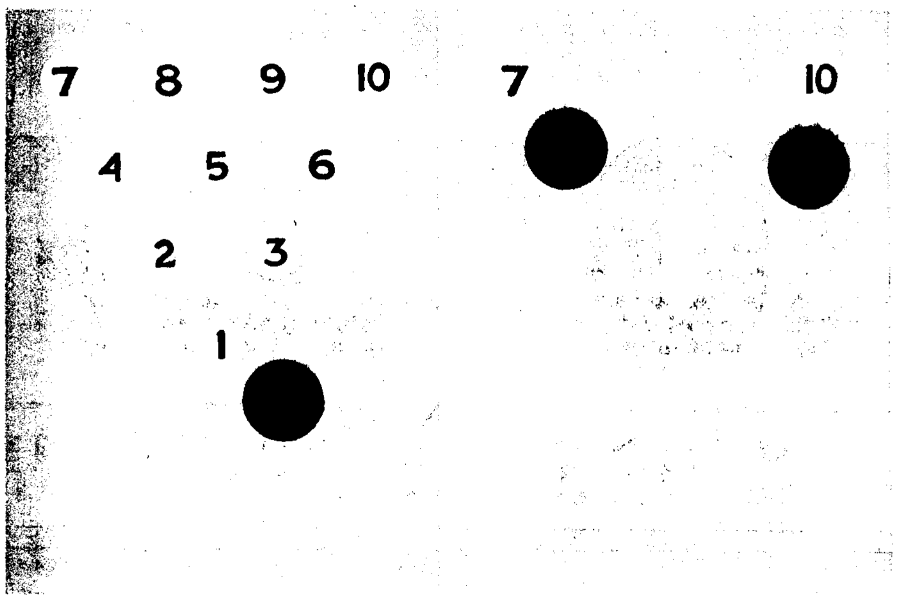
For Fog, Mist and All Night Driving—Fits securely on bumper arm and illuminates edge of road at all times. A beautiful, effective auxiliary light. Supplied with amber or crystal lens. Write for complete information.

● Any motorist who has a Safetylight can forget about night-driving fears. Hazards on the road are revealed long before you reach them. Oncoming lights do not bother you, because the Safetylight beam penetrates the glare and prevents blinding. You drive steadily and easily without strain or annoyance. You see and you are safe . . . Finger-tip pressure sends the Safetylight beam in any desired direction . . . Safetylight is approved by leading automobile manufacturers and sold by their dealers. Installs on any car, new or old. The cost ($16) can be included in new car finance plan. Order Safetylight *with* your new car or *for* your present car.

UNITY MANUFACTURING COMPANY • CHICAGO

Safetylight

WORLD'S MOST POWERFUL DRIVING LIGHT



Set 'em Up Again!

Continued from page 16

ball will hang there at the proper angle. Now all you have to do is to roll it down the alley. As the ball leaves your hand follow through with your arm just as you would playing golf, or as if you were hitting a forehand shot in tennis. As your arm swings to the left across your body your wrist will turn over slightly, probably without any effort on your part at all. This puts the necessary dipsy-do, or 'English,' on the ball.

"Of course," Miller says, "if you turn your wrist over too much the ball will merely go down the alley spinning. You just have to practice until you find that you're holding the ball right, with the thumb at a slight angle to the other finger, and letting it go correctly. You know the weight of that heavy ball overbalances you a bit, so counteract that with your left arm."

That "English" we've mentioned is the stock in trade of trick bowlers. There are those who can do everything with the ball up to and including making it add and subtract. Andy Varipapa of Brooklyn, for instance, is, in addition to being a top-flight tournament player, perhaps the best trick bowler in the world. He can roll a hook ball down the alley and make it change its course in midstream.

The tricks, however, are surprisingly easy to learn, Miller says, but first you have to attain complete control over the ball. Then it's time enough to take up the tricks.

Well, now we know how to roll the ball with a hook. That is, we'll know after we practice a few months, maybe. I still prefer the overhand method, but Miller frowns sternly on this as being unorthodox. He takes his bowling very seriously.

"You always aim at the 1-3 pocket," he says. "The ball should hit between them. Now, when you make a strike you actually hit only four pins with your ball. You hit the 1, 3, 5 and 9 pins. Those four then knock the others down. That is, they are supposed to knock them down."

"And that," I asked Mr. Miller, "is all there is to making a strike?"

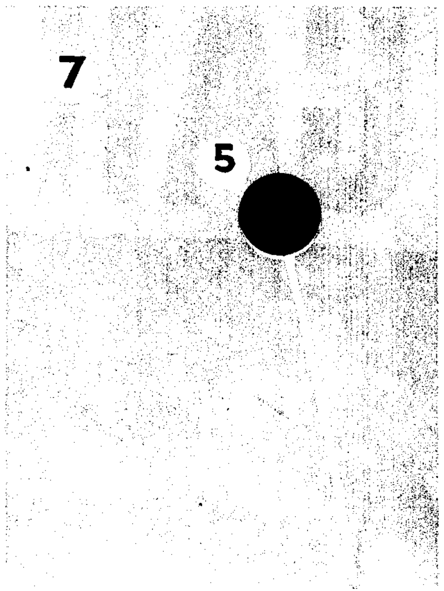
"Sure, that's all," he nodded. "It's a cinch. But it takes a few years of practice for you to get your roll into a groove—that is, so you'll always or nearly always drop that ball in the 1-3 pocket. Now after you've practiced some, here's a tip. The alley is sixty feet long. You are aiming down there at that pocket sixty feet away. That's a long way to aim. Instead, pick out a spot about ten feet down the alley from the foul line and aim at that. If your roll is correct for those first ten feet, it'll be correct all the way down the alley. That's what we call spot bowling. Now, we come to the matter of spares."

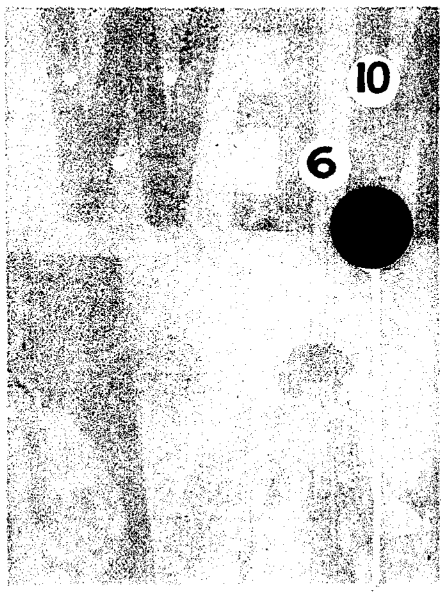
"Let's not bother with those," I suggested. "There's no reason why we shouldn't make a strike every time we roll the ball down there."

Mr. Miller turned an icy stare on me. "Men like Hank Marino, Frank Caruana, Andy Varipapa, and the other top-notchers practice on spares all the time. There's an old adage in bowling, 'Ability to pick spares makes a bowler.' There are many fairly good players who make as many strikes as the champions. The champions, however, can pick off those spares. That's the real test. Now take

Bowlers toss either a straight fast ball or a hook. Most bowlers toss hooks. The ball starts down the alley on the right side, then curves into what bowlers call the 1-3 pocket. A hook should leave your hands six inches in from the right-hand corner

It is very easy to miss a spare when only the No. 10 or the No. 7 pin remains. A straight-ball bowler simply sights and lets go. But if you are a hooker, and nine tenths of all bowlers are, you must allow the ball to roll cross-alley for a spare





the rather common situation where all of the pins are knocked down except the No. 10 pin, or the No. 7 pin. There it stands sixty feet away from you. It seems very far away when you have to knock it down in a close game. That's a very easy spare to miss, especially for the non-expert.

"If a bowler uses a straight ball all he has to do is to go over to the left side of the alley, wait until he can see the whites of the pin boy's eyes, and let go. But if a player is a hooker, and perhaps nine tenths of all players do hook or acquire a hook, then it may not be so easy. It takes practically no effort at all to drop that curving ball into the gutter on the side of the alley. What you must do is to allow the ball to roll cross-alley for the spare.

"Remember, every time you miss a spare you are losing from eight to eleven points," Mr. Miller sagely reminds. "And that is a lot of points in a close game."

An interesting spare occurs when the No. 7 and the No. 5 remain standing.

Now on the diagram this looks tough, but Mr. Miller says it should be picked off eight times out of ten. All you have to do is to kiss the front pin on the side and it should oblige by scurrying quickly across to where its mate is waiting to be knocked down. A much tougher spare is set up for you when the No. 4 and No. 7 remain standing to the left, while the No. 6 and No. 10 stand up on the right. This is a situation every bowler is confronted with frequently.

"Often a man will try for a spare in this setup," Miller says. "But he shouldn't. Not even the champions try to get all four pins here. If you do get them all, it's strictly an accident. It's silly to attempt to turn impossible splits into spares. You're apt to lose them all. We call this one the 'double pinochle' and, no, I don't know why we call it that and what difference does it make, anyhow? You absolutely have to play this one safe and try for two. If you go after the pins on the right side of the alley, hit the front pin on its right side. Then your ball will keep on going and knock the back pin down.

"Very often," Miller said moodily, "a bowler will get what seems to be a perfect pocket hit and yet wind up with an 8-10 split. You wonder where those pins went and how they dropped into the pit without taking off the No. 8 pin. It means, of course, that your ball lost its 'stuff' before hitting the pins. The ball probably 'backed up.' That means, it faded and kind of died just before getting down there. That is very annoying and it happens to the best and the rest of us."

Slow but Sure

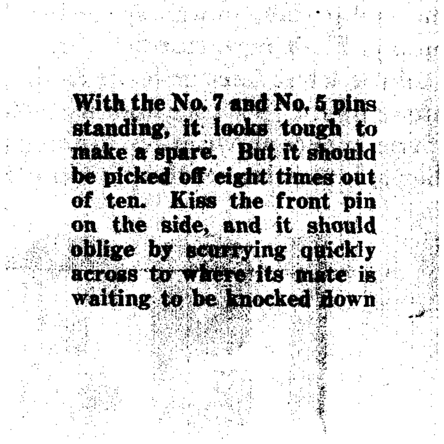
They call Miller the Man o' War of bowling, because he throws a hard fast ball; a fire ball, the bowlers call it. Yet he discounts speed in favor of control.

"I throw a fast ball because I can control a fast one better than I can a slow one," he explains. "Actually, the best delivery in bowling is a slow ball, well directed. Often bowlers using a medium-fast delivery get impatient because one ball hits a bit off the pocket. They think that adding speed will help, and then they lose the control they have. And now have you had enough for one lesson?"

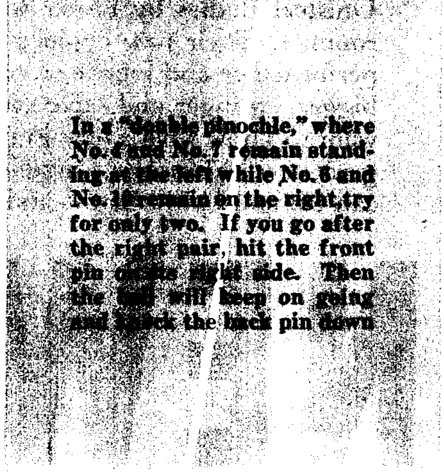
I nodded that I had. "Suppose you let me try some of these things out now on your alleys," I suggested.

Mr. Miller, with memories of my overhand bowling, shuddered but recovered in time to say, "Now that you're in Buffalo, you must run out and see Niagara Falls. In fact, my car is waiting. So let's go."

And that's why I haven't as yet had a chance to try out Mr. Miller's bowling theories.



With the No. 7 and No. 5 pins standing, it looks tough to make a spare. But it should be picked off eight times out of ten. Kiss the front pin on the side, and it should oblige by scurrying quickly across to where its mate is waiting to be knocked down



In a "double pinochle," where No. 4 and No. 7 remain standing at the left while No. 6 and No. 10 remain on the right, try for only two. If you go after the right pair, hit the front pin on its right side. Then the ball will keep on going and knock the back pin down

BRANDED
BY ONE FAULT SOCIETY NEVER FORGIVES
DOORS WERE CLOSED TO BILL WALES
MARIE SAID TO TELL YOU SHE ISN'T HOME!
EVEN OFFICE DOORS
MR. LANE IS IN CONFERENCE
ONLY HIS DENTIST'S DOOR WAS OPEN—
—AND BILL, MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH NOT PROPERLY CLEANED. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS
THEN—THANKS TO COLGATE'S
IT WAS NICE OF YOU TO ASK ME TO YOUR PARTY, MARIE
WHY BILL, IT WOULDN'T BE A PARTY WITHOUT YOU!
AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!

Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

Why let bad breath interfere with romance, success, happiness? It's so easy to be safe when you realize that by far the most common cause of bad breath is . . . *improperly cleaned teeth!*

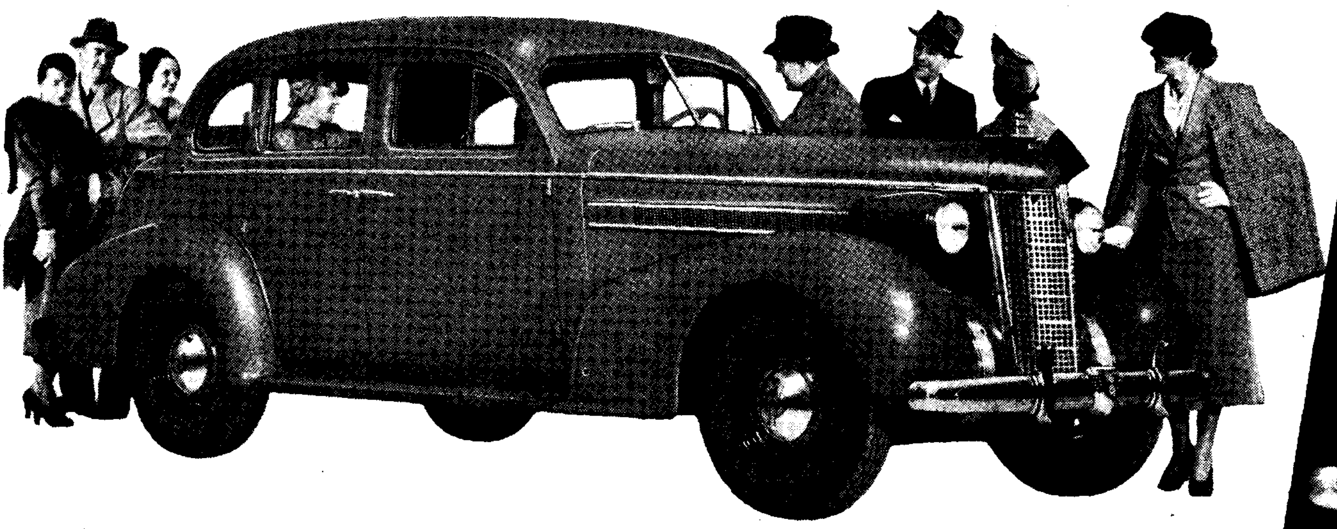
Authorities say decaying food and acid deposits, in hidden crevices between the teeth, are the source of most unpleasant mouth odors—of dull, dingy teeth—and of much tooth decay.

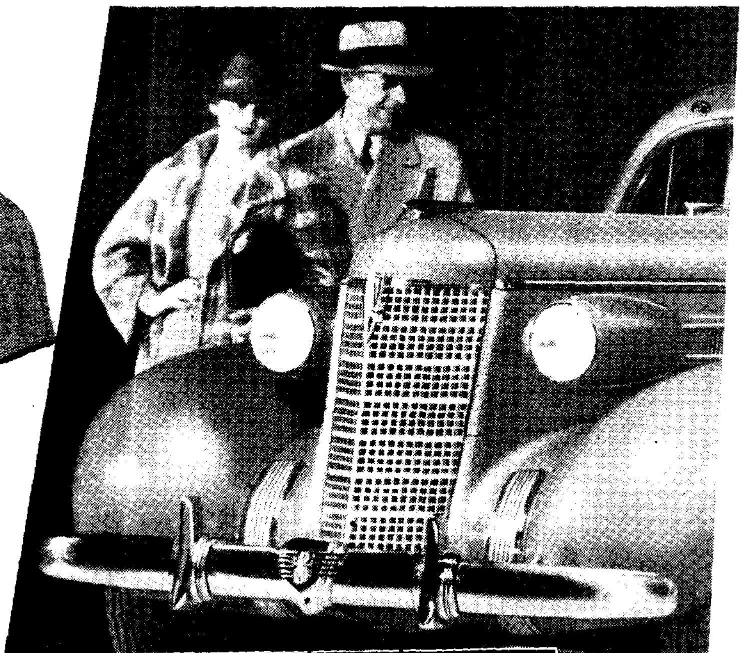
Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special *penetrating* foam removes these odor-breeding deposits that ordinary cleaning methods fail to reach. And at the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle.

Be safe—be sure! Brush your teeth . . . your gums . . . your tongue . . . with Colgate Dental Cream at least twice daily and have cleaner, brighter teeth and a sweeter, purer breath. Get a tube today!

20¢ LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over twice as much, 35¢
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Good Housekeeping Bureau

"NEWEST NEW CARS





Above, at l

NEW LENGTH, NEW WIDTH, NEW ROOMINESS!

NEW ALL-STEEL BODIES!

NEVER has the word "new" meant so much as in these two great new Oldsmobiles for 1937—acclaimed on every side as "the newest new cars of the year." The Six is smart, modern, distinctive. The Eight is distinguished for its size, luxury and beauty. Their new Unisteel Bodies by Fisher with Turret Top are bigger, wider and roomier. Their new engines combine greater power, more brilliant performance and increased economy. Their new, sturdier chassis are bigger, stronger and safer with all the latest fine-car features. If you want to know what's new in motor cars for 1937, see and drive these great new Oldsmobiles. In style, performance and features, nothing else can compare with them—and they are priced to set the pace in value!

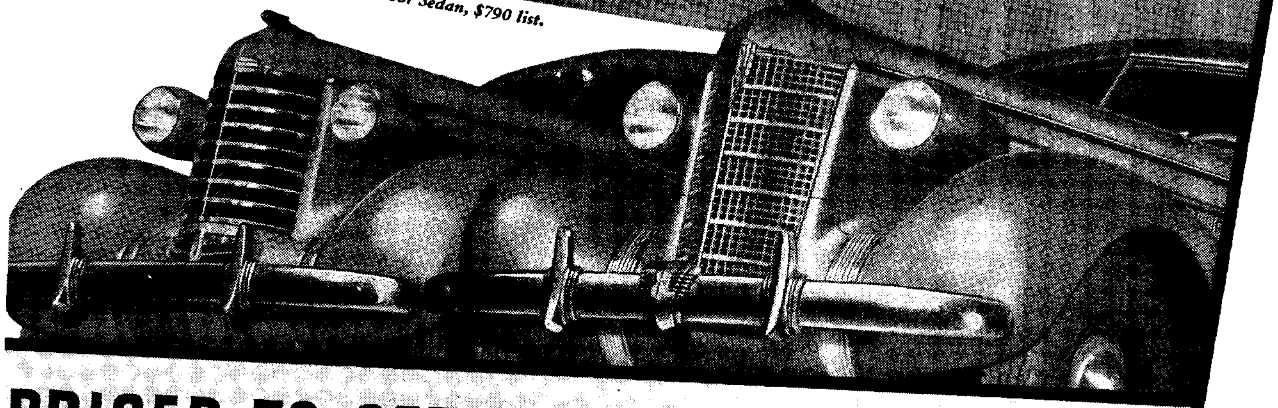
NEW 1937

BIGGE

OF THEM ALL!"

EW AND DISTINCTLY DIFFERENT STYLING!

4-Door Sedan, $890 list. At right: the Six 4-Door Sedan, $790 list.



THE CARS THAT HAVE EVERYTHING FOR 1937

LONGER WHEELBASE
LARGER SIZE
ROOMIER BODIES
LOWER FLOORS
STURDIER CHASSIS

HEAVIER FRAMES
BIGGER ENGINES
HIGHER POWER
EXTRA SAFETY
GREATER ECONOMY

New Unisteel Bodies by Fisher with Turret Top
New Triple Sealed Super-Hydraulic Brakes
Center-Control Steering
New Dual Ride Stabilizers
Proved Knee-Action Wheels
Unobstructed Floors
Electro-Hardened Aluminum Pistons
New Stabilized Propeller Shaft
Fisher No Draft Ventilation
Safety Glass Standard Throughout
Big, Low-Pressure Tires
And Many Other Fine-Car Features

TWO GREAT NEW GENERAL MOTORS VALUES

PRICED TO SET THE PACE IN VALUE!

THE SIX $685

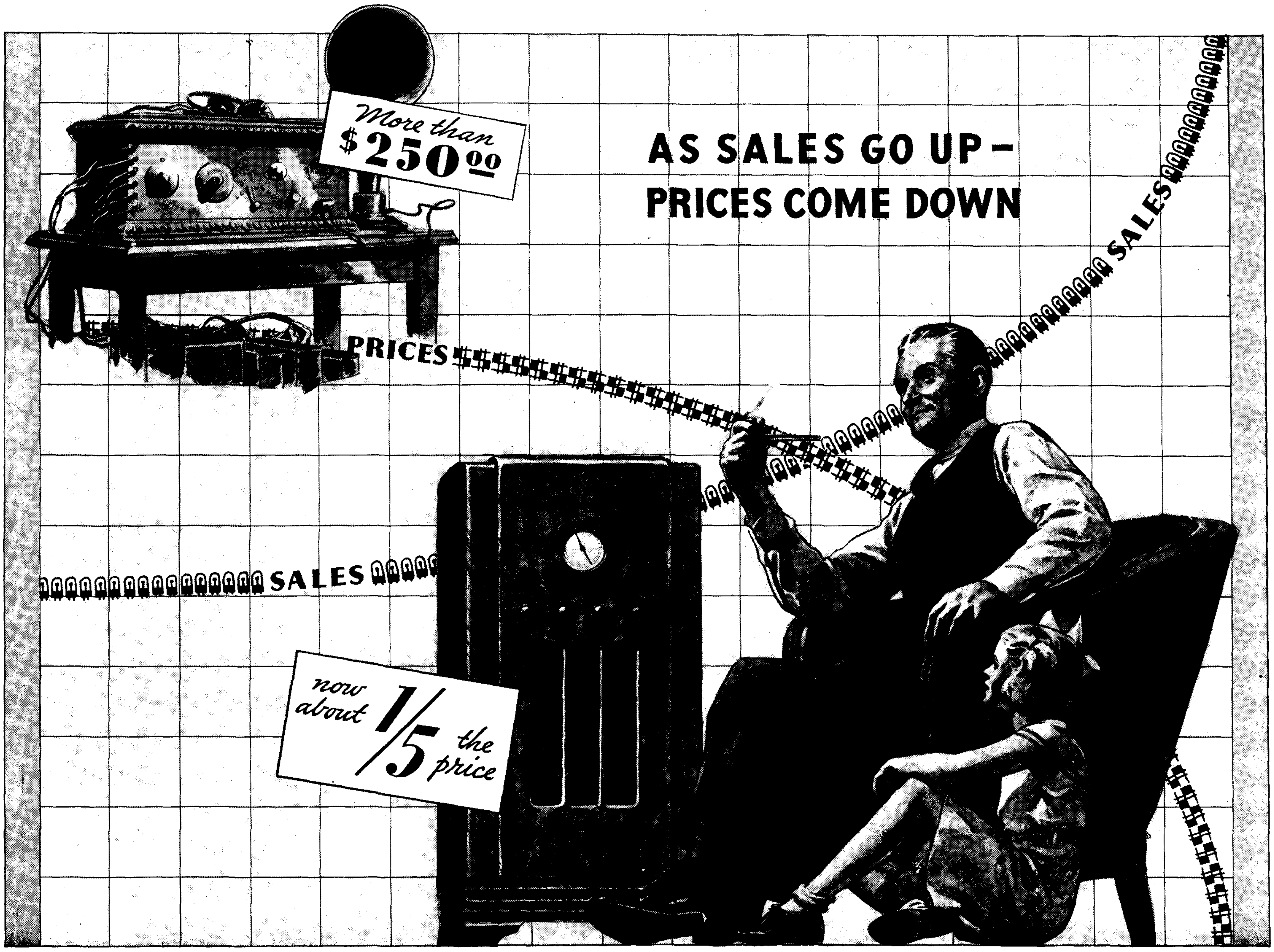
PRICES REDUCED on 4-door Sedan and Touring Sedan. Prices $685 and up, list at Lansing. Special Accessory Groups Extra. Monthly payments to suit your purse. GENERAL MOTORS INSTALMENT PLAN

$785 THE EIGHT

PRICES REDUCED on all Enclosed Models. Prices $785 and up, list at Lansing. Special Accessory Groups Extra. Monthly payments to suit your purse. GENERAL MOTORS INSTALMENT PLAN

OLDSMOBILE 6 & 8

AND FINER AND SAFER THAN EVER



Once a Luxury for the Few–Now a Pleasure to all

–with the aid of Instalment Buying

The earliest radios, whether home-made or shop-made, didn't cost very much or work very well. Later models were more efficient but expensive—luxuries obtainable only by those who could pay *cash.*

Then the industry followed the trail blazed by automobile builders—it sought the aid of instalment selling. Responsible families with small incomes could pay part cash and the balance out of earnings.

Better Sets at Lower Prices

Sales swung up and prices dropped down. Spurred on by increased sales, engineers improved radios amazingly. Today people in all walks of life enjoy superlative entertainment in their own homes, whether they buy for cash or on the C. I. T. Budget Plan.

Again and again inventive genius, mass production and instalment selling have—by placing onetime luxuries within the reach of the average pocketbook—increased payrolls, improved products and decreased prices.

C. I. T. has been privileged to take an active part in this advance. From a small beginning in 1908, C. I. T. has grown to be the largest independent sales financing institution in America. Today, the C. I. T. Budget Plan is enabling millions of families to enjoy radios, automobiles, refrigerators, and other modern household conveniences which promote health, comfort and happiness.

$10,000 in Safety Awards

If you are a school teacher, college or high school student, newspaper writer, cartoonist or photographer, you may win a C. I. T. Safety Foundation Award aimed to help reduce traffic accidents. Write for full details, stating occupation, to C. I. T. Safety Foundation, 1 Park Avenue, New York.

C.I.T.

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One Park Avenue, New York

AN INTERESTING BOOKLET, "BUYING OUT OF INCOME," WILL BE SENT TO YOU FREE ON REQUEST

The Heart Has Wings

By Faith Baldwin

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS

The Story Thus Far:

THE wealthy Peter Harrises—Peter and his charming wife, Hildreth—announce the engagement of their daughter, Dolly, to George Crosley, a young Middle Westerner. Among the guests at the announcement party (given at the Harrises' Long Island estate) is Crosley's cousin, Gail Williams, a noted girl flyer who has never before met the Harrises.

Like Gail's father, Peter is an airplane manufacturer. He finds Gail fascinating. Within a week, he is in love with her; and, struggle though she may against her emotions, Gail is in love with him.

They resolve to await what the future may bring them. . . . Another man, Bill Jones, Boston Tech graduate, is also in love with Gail. Young, daring, clever, he spends his spare time perfecting a remarkable radio device which, he believes, will be capable of bending radio beams.

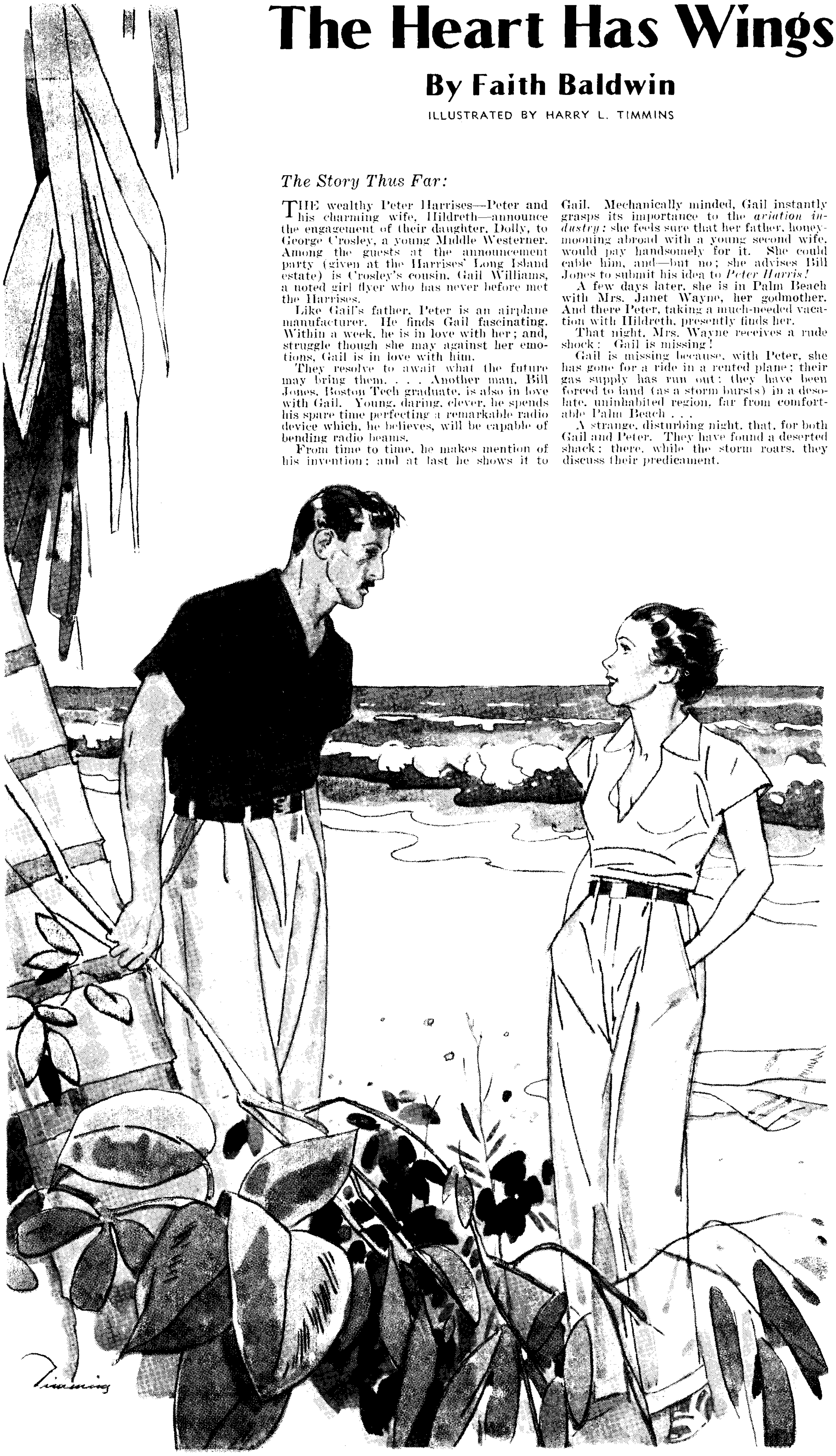
From time to time, he makes mention of his invention; and at last he shows it to Gail. Mechanically minded, Gail instantly grasps its importance to the *aviation industry*: she feels sure that her father, honeymooning abroad with a young second wife, would pay handsomely for it. She could cable him, and—but no; she advises Bill Jones to submit his idea to *Peter Harris!*

A few days later, she is in Palm Beach with Mrs. Janet Wayne, her godmother. And there Peter, taking a much-needed vacation with Hildreth, presently finds her.

That night, Mrs. Wayne receives a rude shock: Gail is missing!

Gail is missing because, with Peter, she has gone for a ride in a rented plane; their gas supply has run out: they have been forced to land (as a storm bursts) in a desolate, uninhabited region, far from comfortable Palm Beach . . .

A strange, disturbing night, that, for both Gail and Peter. They have found a deserted shack; there, while the storm roars, they discuss their predicament.



VI

DURING the night the storm increased in violence. Peter made his way to the beach, struggling against the wind, which bent the trees and took his breath. Somewhere, he reflected, without pleasure, they were getting a hurricane . . . this was the tail end of it—if not worse. The keys came in for a terrific beating during hurricane weather. To be sure, this wasn't the season. The season was autumnal, about September. But whatever the storm was, it was an excellent imitation of a bad blow.

Sand stung his eyes and the force of the wind was a tangible thing, pressing against him, legs, thighs, back, breast . . . like a wrestler striving to throw him. The water was a dark tumult. If the plane was there he could not see it.

As he returned to the camp the door flew open outward and Gail with it. He shouted at her, "Go back . . . you can't do any good out here. . . ."

She said, and the wind tore the words from her mouth so that he heard but few of them. "I had dozed off, then I woke and I knew you weren't near. . . . I—I felt it—so I came. . . ."

He shouted again. He ordered, "Get back in the camp, will you?"

He put his arm about her, took her inside and slammed, with some difficulty, the door. Then he bolted it. He said, "Just because your name is Gail!"

They laughed briefly at the feeble attempt. She said, "You needn't shout at me. It's comparatively quiet in here."

"Sorry. Wish I could see you. It's a bad storm," he reported unnecessarily, "and I have a dim idea that the plane has gone . . ."

"WHAT on earth have you been doing most of the night?" Gail asked him.

"Oh, walking around," he replied vaguely.

She said severely, "You must lie down and get some sleep. There's another blanket over there. You can't do anything now, whether the plane has gone or not, Peter."

He came to where she sat on the edge of the bunk, groping his way in the darkness. Her voice was like a disembodied spirit. He put his arms around her and leaned his head against her shoulder. He was tired, and he dared not admit it. One night, part of a night, without sleep and with more physical exercise than he had been accustomed to for years, and he was done in, washed up, sore in mind and body, feeling battered and bruised. The utterly absurd thought came to him that he was not as young as he once had been, that he couldn't afford as much exertion and emotion. But that was crazy, why, at a little over forty, he was in the prime of his life, at the height of his powers!

He felt Gail breathing quietly in his arms, vibrant with youth. He felt her slender hand on his face, his hair. She begged him, "Peter, do try to sleep."

He said remorsefully, "I'll never forgive myself for getting you into this, Gail."

"Oh, hush," she said impatiently, "it's

She was young and healthy. A bad night could not dim her vitality. Peter looked at her with a resentful envy. He felt all in

Step ahead and *Stay* a

"'Course . . . it's the prettiest car in the world!"

3 BIG STEPS AHEAD OF ALL THE REST

Hudson's 3 Big Steps Ahead for 1937 are *major* improvements! In cars that are *completely new!* They affect practically everything that has to do with your satisfaction and enjoyment as an owner.

Yet they *all* come to you in a *single* year, in popular priced Hudsons that were already far ahead in size, room, power, performance.

A big step ahead in riding and driving

The forward step in driving, for which motorists have asked and engineers have searched for years, is here in Hudson's new Selective Automatic Shift, an optional extra. *You* control the time and speed of shifting with a touch of a toe on the accelerator. *Automatic* action of the transmission and clutch does all the work.

You select the gear you want, just as you always have. But you do it with a flick of a finger, with Hudson's Electric Hand . . . tested and proved by more than a *billion* miles of owner driving. (Conventional gear shift available at no extra cost, if you prefer it.)

And Hudson's new Double-Drop "2-X" Frame gives these cars a lower center of gravity, with *same* road clearance. Even easier riding . . . greater safety.

A big step ahead in style and room

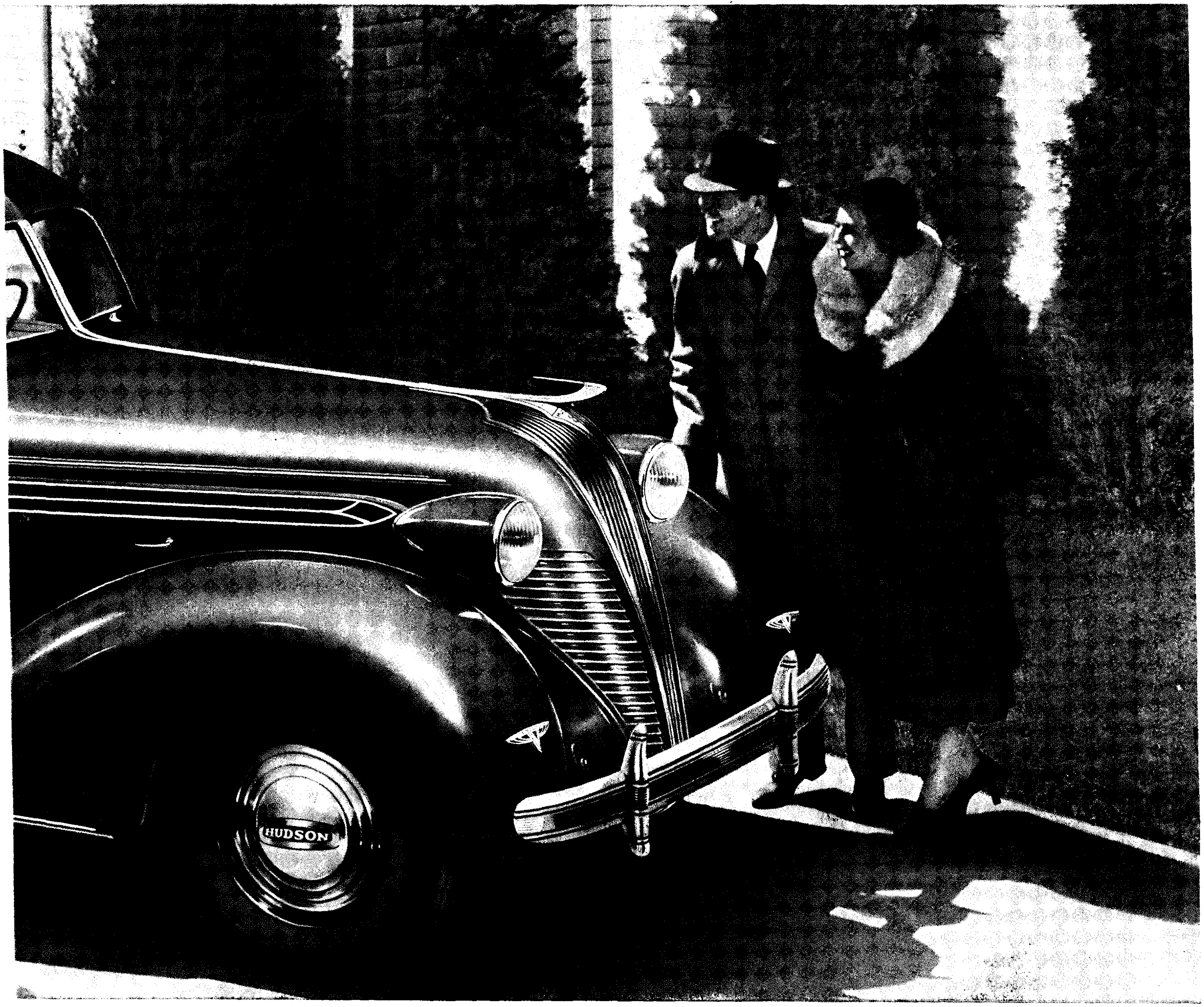
Long, low, sweeping lines . . . and under them the longest wheelbase any car under $1000 ever had! Then step inside, ready for surprises . . . in richness of fabrics, superb tailoring, quality and completeness of equipment. Front seat 5 inches wider . . . a full 55 inches of 3-passenger comfort. Front seat or back . . . three can square their shoulders and stretch their legs at ease. And note that the front floor is all clear of gear and brake levers; rear floor *level* . . . no hump.

A big step ahead in performance

The performance and endurance others are *claiming*, Hudson has already *proved!* And for the first time in history, new cars come to you with these qualities *officially certified!*

On the Utah Salt Flats just last October, under supervision of the American Automobile Association Contest Board, a 1937 stock Hudson covered 2104 miles in 24 hours at an average speed of 87.67 miles per hour. Smashed 32 official records in the most punishing stock car test of all time. Economy? The big 1937 Hudson Eight averaged

ead . . . with HUDSON



Hudson 129-inch Wheelbase Custom Eight Country Club Sedan—reproduced from an actual photograph

.02 miles per gallon of gasoline,
ıo under Contest Board super-
ıion. *Actual* mileage, not some-
e's extravagant estimate!
Your nearest Hudson dealer will
proud to show . . . and have you
ive . . . the car that is 3 Big Steps
ıead of all the rest.

DSON MOTOR CAR CO., DETROIT, MICH.
Hudson Motors of Canada, Ltd., Tilbury, Ont.

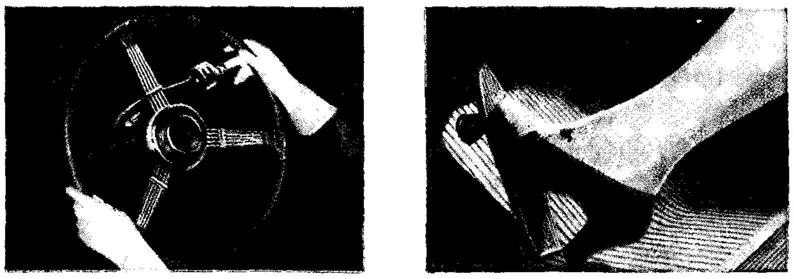
695 *and up, f. o. b. Detroit. Standard group of accessories extra.*

e with Hudson's C. I. T. Low Rate Time Payment Plan

Wheelbases increased to 122 and 129 inches • Power increased to 101 and 107 H.P. in Hudson Sixes; 122 H. P. in Hudson Eights • Double Carburetion in both Sixes and Eights (no Six ever had it before) • Bodies 6 inches wider • Lower center of gravity • New Double-Drop "2-X" Frame • Bodies all of steel with seamless steel roofs • Duo-Automatic Hydraulic Brakes • Radial Safety Control • *Hydraulic Hill-Hold* (optional extra) keeps your car from rolling back when stopped on upgrades.

A flick of a finger . . . A touch of a toe

TO SHIFT! TO STOP! TO GO!



with Hudson's New

SELECTIVE AUTOMATIC SHIFT

(An optional extra on all models)

)rive CARS BUILT BY HUDSON

RAPLANE, $595 list • HUDSON 6, $695 list • HUDSON 8, $770 list • COMMERCIAL CARS, $570 list done, isn't it? Do stop fretting. Lie down on the bunk over there. It won't be very long till daylight, Peter."

"I know."

He found her mouth in the darkness, and kissed it, wearily and with tenderness. And then the clasp of his arms was released and he rose and stretched, feeling himself stiff in every muscle, from wind and rain and trudging, and, groping his way to the bunk across the room, he fell down upon it, not bothering to draw up the blanket Gail had thrown at the foot of the bunk, and was instantly asleep.

THE semitropical dawn is swift and red. When it came and Peter woke, the camp was filled with gray light. As he lay there, staring, trying to accustom himself to his surroundings, remembering slowly and painfully where he was and why he was there, he became aware that he was alone in the room.

He swung himself from the bunk and almost shouted aloud. He was as stiff as if he had played a hard game of football. His nose and throat felt dry, his head was hot and he sneezed violently. It hurt him, but cleared his head. He shook himself and said—"Ouf!" aloud. He was certain that he was catching, had already caught, a cold.

But he must find Gail.

He got up and moved gingerly, in what was practically a goose-step, to the door, which he saw stood open. He called her from the threshold, but she did not answer. After a time he made his way to the beach.

Gail stood there, her hands in the pockets of a pair of slacks, and her hair blown back from her clear forehead. There was still wind, but a gentle wind, and the sun was now golden on water which was almost still. The white beach curved as gently as an arm, and the water ran lapping, blue, green . . . without terror, without warning.

The trees rustled, the air was clean and scented with salt, and on the surface of the water nothing stirred, not a gull, swooping, and not the little seaplane.

Peter came and stood beside her. She said, "I needn't tell you it's gone."

"Yes." He looked at the water gloomily. He said, "Paying for its loss is a simple matter, being found's another. I suppose they *will* find us."

Gail said, "Darling, you look dreadful!"

He put his hand to his unshaven chin. He knew just how he looked . . . a stubble of hair, dark red, all over his face. He felt dirty and sticky. His eyelids were as if glued together. He sneezed and she looked at him in horror.

"Don't tell me you've caught cold!"

"Of course I haven't," he denied sulkily, and sneezed again to prove it.

Gail said, hesitatingly, "If you're sure you haven't . . . ? I mean, I came down here when it was first light. And took a swim. It was glorious," she said, flushing a little, "the water's warm and just like silk." She indicated a bath towel flung on the sand. "I found towels," she said, "and so—well, I feel marvelous, and I'm starved. I'll have to find some breakfast."

She was young and healthy. A bad night, terror, a storm, a soaking in rain and water could not dim her vitality, her resilience, for long. Peter looked at her with a resentful envy and admiration. He felt all in.

He muttered that he guessed he'd just wash up.

There was, in the camp, the cracked half of a mirror. Gail looked in it later and grinned at herself. Not a smitch of make-up, her mouth its own red, her oval face faintly tanned over the creamy skin, her eyes as bright as the water beyond the beach and something of its color, blue in the depths, shifting to green in the shallows. She thought, And I haven't a bit of powder and my nose is shiny . . . and I look— She gave it up. She thought, Well, anyway, not very romantic.

Peter looked at himself in the glass, too, furtively, and combed his wild dark hair with its rusty undertones, with his hands. The result was not very good. He glowered at himself in the cracked glass and wondered why a man whose hair is reasonably dark should grow reddish whiskers.

THERE was enough of the husbanded drinking water, brackish and warm. There was something which passed for coffee, after Peter built another fire in the cookstove. Most of the wood was damp. There were the moldy crackers. Peter choked on one and washed it down with the coffee and looked at Gail and grinned. He said, "Much as I love you I could kill you with my bare hands."

"Why?" she asked, and fished around in her pockets for a cigarette. She had brought a few ashore with her. The one she discovered was bent and damp but she straightened it out with care . . . and offered to share it. "Or have you some?"

Peter shook his head. "No, and don't want any." Gail lighted hers and sat back. She was warm and comfortable. She had been fed, if not very well; it was a marvelous day; and she and Peter were together.

He said, "Because you look practically glowing with health and because you enjoyed your coffee. And I'm not; and didn't . . ." Then he added hastily, "But of course I'm always a grouch in the morning."

"Peter," she asked, ignoring that, "when do you suppose they'll find us?"

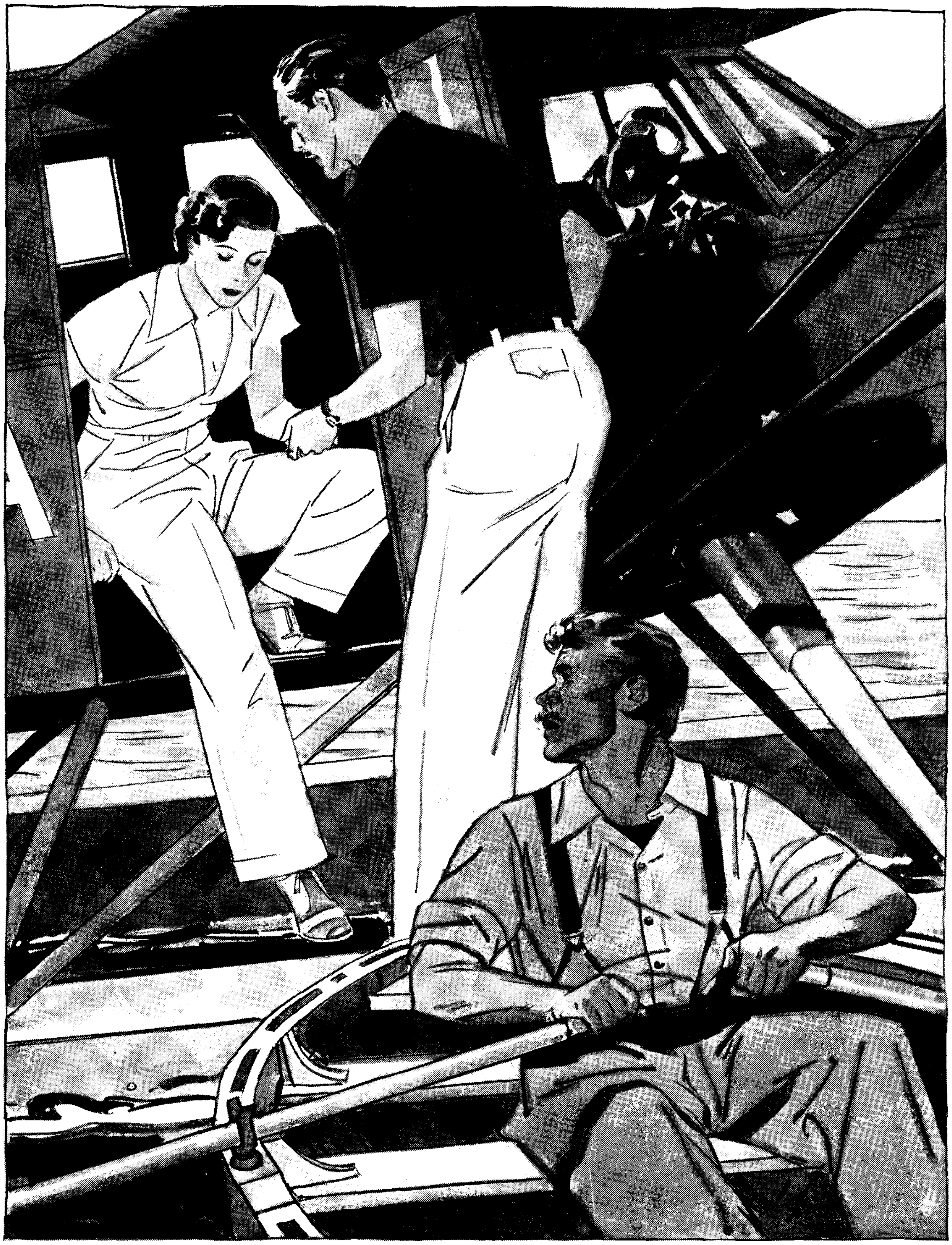
"Any minute now," he assured her.

"You don't really believe that!"

"Well, if not today, tomorrow. . . ."

She said, "What will Hildreth think?"

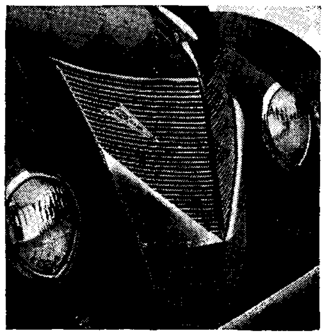
"Why would she think anything?" he responded uncomfortably. "We're per-



After a time Jake set them down on still water, and a small boat came out to row them to the pier

THESE PRESENTS ARE GREAT FOR YOUR FORD V-8

When Santa Claus calls up to say,
"What do you want for Christmas, eh?"
If we were you we'd hasten to state,
"Some of these gifts for our Ford V-8"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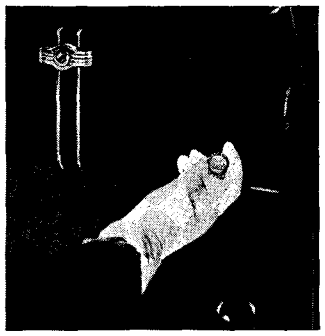
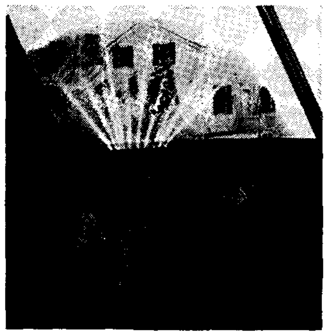
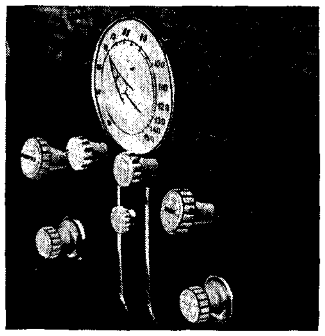

GENUINE FORD HEATER


WINDSHIELD DEFROSTER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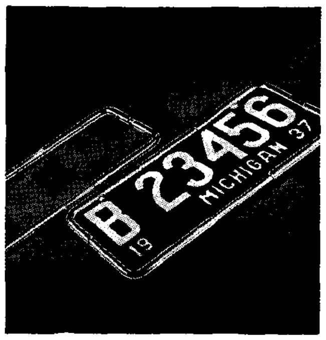

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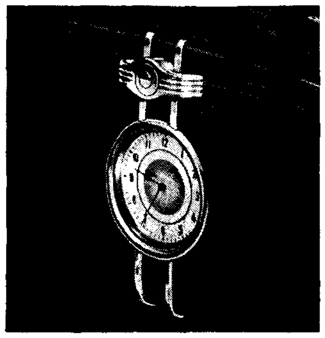
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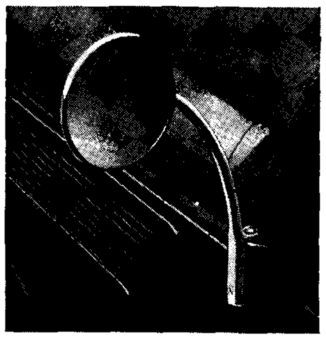
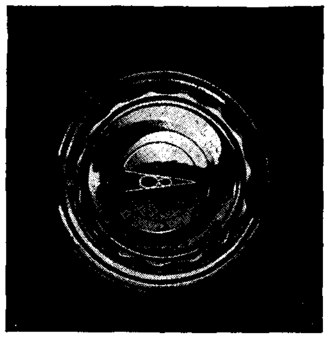
ELECTRIC AIR HORNS

WINDSHIELD WINGS


SIDE MIRROR

VISOR VANITY MIRROR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The Heart Has Wings

Continued from page 46

fectly innocent." He seemed irritated.

"Of course," agreed Gail carefully, "of course we're innocent . . . well, technically. But . . . in intention?"

He reddened slightly under the unbecoming stubble.

"The law takes no cognizance of intention, Gail . . . not in this instance."

"We weren't talking about the law," she reminded him, "we were talking about Hildreth. Peter, have you ever told her . . . I mean . . . hinted even—?"

"No, I haven't," he said shortly.

She said, "Somehow if you had it might have made things easier."

He said, "Gail, don't let's discuss it now!" His head ached like fury and he wished himself a million miles away. He thought with longing of strong black coffee that wasn't stale, of Turkish baths, of a wide soft bed, of such apparently unallied things as iced fruit drinks and hot-water bottles . . .

She said, "You never want to discuss it!"

THE plane came for them about noon. A strange plane. The pilot edged her in as close as he could and Peter and Gail waded out.

"You Mr. Harris and Miss Williams?" asked the pilot cheerfully. He was sure of it; it was a rhetorical question. He eyed them with unconcealed amusement. "I'm Jake Glen. Mrs. Harris sent me out. There's a couple of us been looking for you . . . and a boat. Started out last night, had to turn back because of the storm. What happened to your ship?"

Peter explained. . . .

They took off and presently the island was left behind, empty again, lonely and vacant of human life; a white beach and the water lapping and the trees bending in the breeze, and the golden sunlight hot and brooding upon it.

Jake said, after a little while:

"I'm not setting you down at Palm Beach. . . . Farther along. . . . There'll be a car there. It's been there most of the morning. I took off before dawn . . ."

"Why—" began Peter, rousing himself.

The pilot answered, without any change of expression:

"Mrs. Harris thought it would be better . . . you see, people . . . well, there might be some reporters around or something."

"I see," said Peter, and his heart lifted with relief and then sank with foreboding. Gail had heard. She was looking out of the window, biting her lips. She said nothing but her ears were scarlet.

They encountered the other plane; and there were signals. They saw the lean gray speedboat and swooped low to signal its captain. And after a time Jake set them down on still water some distance from Palm Beach, and a small boat came out to take them off and row them to the pier. And on the pier Hildreth waited.

SHE had waited a good deal of the morning, in the roadster they had hired at the fishing camp. This was one of the boom-day settlements, all white candy villas and sprawling hotels, half empty, and little cottages and incurious natives and a fine bathing beach. None knew them there, or cared. She had been particular about where Jake, or the boat, or Jake's friend in the other plane should land the rescued when they were found. She had talked it over with the three men and with Mrs. Wayne. She had been so honest about it that they had respected her very much.

She had said, "An accident. . . . You know Mr. Harris by reputation, at least. It would have to be an accident . . . a matter of some mechanical difficulty, or weather. The plane is not a new one . . . it might have structural defects . . ." The man who owned the plane was present at that interview and very uncomfortable. He started to protest but she ignored him. Mrs. Wayne, sitting in a deep chair, watching her, was very proud of Hildreth.

She went on steadily, "They went for a short flight. They should have been back home hours ago. I am sending you out to look for them. When you find them if—if it is not immediately, or almost so, I suggest that we plan to land them somewhere other than Palm Beach, where I will wait in a car. Even in this modern day," said Hildreth, and smiled at them, "it is necessary to think of a young girl's reputation, and Miss Williams is very young." She added carelessly that Gail was her daughter's friend, but even so—

The men understood. How much they did not say. They were to be well paid, and equally, no matter who found Peter and Gail. And Hildreth made as certain as possible, which was reasonably sure, that they would not talk.

Waiting in the bright glare of the sun was very nearly unendurable. Hildreth was torn between two fears, two possibilities, two horrors . . . that there had been an accident . . . and that there had been no accident. She was acting on the first assumption, keeping her head, employing paid searchers, and telling herself that something must have happened. This fear split into many; how bad was the accident, had it been fatal, would they be found alive . . . injured . . . or would the rescuers find only a plane tossing on indifferent waters, empty of life?

THE second possibility, that there had been no accident, appalled her. But a man and a woman did not run away from their responsibilities in as impetuous a manner, with just the clothes they stood up in, no luggage or practical paraphernalia. Peter was impulsive, yes, but not that much, no matter how idiotic or stupidly muddled the girl might be. Or—and here another possibility reached her, had it been planned, after all? Had they merely flown to some point from which they might take a train, a steamer, transfer to a commercial plane?

She heard the motor of the plane before she saw it. Jake was flying high. . . . Now he came out of the clouds, and lost altitude, and a sob caught in Hildreth's throat and she strained her blue eyes watching the little bird grow larger, become a mechanical man-flown thing, drop toward the surface of the water and settle there. She felt as if everything in her strained, muscles, nerves, sight, hearing, beyond endurance, to know and know quickly.

The boat had put out, under her orders. "When you sight the plane," she had said. It had reached them. There were two people getting into the boat.

She thought, *Thank God!*

She had been standing as if rooted beside the car just beyond the pier. Now she was galvanized into life, running down the pier, hearing the loose wooden boards noisy under her feet. She cried, as they encountered, Peter shouting, waving . . .

"Thank Heaven, you're safe . . ."

He put his arm around her. She did not see his quick, almost guilty look at Gail as he kissed her smooth cheek. He said, "We were always safe, really . . . I'm sorry, Hildreth . . . it was my fault . . . I shouldn't be let out without a guardian. You organized things beautifully, my dear."

He talked rapidly. He looked, she thought, haggard and unlike himself. Gail, in her funny borrowed clothes, was—beautiful. Her youth had triumphed over everything, accident, storm, dreadful garments too large for her, an almost sleepless night. Hildreth felt a swift pang of envy.

Gail's face was set and expressionless. She said, almost formally, "It was all very silly. I can't forgive myself—or Peter—for upsetting you. . . ."

"What happened?" asked Hildreth and braced herself . . . lie or truth?

Peter told her, simply enough. He said, toward the end, as they got into the car, "That young jackanapes is out a plane—I'll make good on it of course—and all because he didn't look to his gas tank."

Gail asked, "Is my godmother . . . ?"

"Distressed," said Hildreth, "but game. She's a fine person." She looked at Peter. . . . "Want to drive?" she asked.

"Lord no. I'm dead."

"All right," said Hildreth briefly. She slid into the driver's seat and there was an awkward moment. Finally Peter said, "You ride with Hildreth, Gail. I'll hog the back seat where I can stretch my legs . . ."

He sneezed once and Hildreth said, "You've caught cold," and he answered thickly and ruefully, "Looks like it. I'm not the man I was . . ."

He waited, a little pathetically for a denial. Gail said nothing, her eyes on the white ribbon of the road, but Hildreth agreed, "Of course not," unsympathetically.

Peter relaxed in the back seat. He looked like nothing on earth and he felt worse. All he wanted was a bed, some hot whisky and lemon juice and a long sleep, assisted by the usual remedies . . .

THE Harrises stayed on at the Wayne house. Peter was still miserable, and kept to his bed. As a matter of fact his cold wasn't very bad and the chills and aches and fever soon left him, but it was pleasing to reach this little empty place in life, to lie still, be fussed over and to postpone the time when he would have to face, if not Gail, then Hildreth, and perhaps both. But on the fourth day Hildreth, coming into his room, said positively, "Look, Peter, we must go back to the fishing camp. We'll be going home soon . . . we can't trespass on Mrs. Wayne's hospitality much longer, you know."

He said, "I suppose so; I feel rotten . . ."

"You're much better, Dr. Hall says. In fact," reported Hildreth and smiled at him faintly, "he said last night that you had quite recovered."

"Is that so?" exclaimed Peter resentfully astonished. "What does he know about it? Doctors are all alike. As long as you haven't definite symptoms . . . as long as you aren't dying or haven't some strange obscure disease, they are convinced you must be in the pink of health!"

Hildreth said, looking away from him and contriving to speak coolly, "Gail wants to see you—"

Gail had been kept out of the room. She wandered forlornly about the Wayne house, sat at her godmother's table, talked to transient guests, went to the beach and did the things expected of her . . . but did not see Peter. Hildreth had said, "The doctor thinks perhaps . . . for a day or so . . . he'd be better without company. You see, that attack of pneumonia last winter. . . . Also, he has a wretched cold in the very contagious stage, Gail—so—"

"How about you?" asked Gail jealously.

Hildreth smiled.

"Oh, I appear to have an immunity. And since he won't have a nurse . . . I'm glad that he won't, in a way, as it would only cause further confusion in this hospitable household."

When she informed Peter that he was not to have visitors he had sighed and Hildreth looked at him sharply. If ever a sigh was of relief . . . ? Her heart, which had been deeply troubled, lightened a little. Perhaps he was—fed up? Perhaps after all she had been foolish to worry . . . ?

As a matter of fact Mr. Harris did not feel that he could cope with Gail. Hale, hearty and upright on his two feet, yes; but flat on his back in the most unbecoming, feverish and explicitly unattractive stages of a head cold . . . no. He didn't want scenes and tears and love-making. He wanted hot-water bottles and cool compresses, the one for chills and the other for fever; he wanted drawn blinds, and peace and anonymity. Hildreth moving silently and deftly about the big room was someone to whom he was accustomed, with whom he was familiar, as an old shoe.

THEY had not talked of the disastrous flight. But very soon they must; they both knew it. And to have Gail come into the room, vital with well-being, glowing with health, magnificent in youth, would have been, it seemed to Peter, a little difficult to endure, like a burst of violent sunlight on tired eyes, a dominant spring wind blowing, thunder and lightning, a summer storm . . .

But now he had no excuse. He said, rather ungraciously, "Oh, all right."

"You'll want to shave," said Hildreth, found his slippers, held his dressing gown and watched his rather wobbly progress to the bathroom.

When Gail came in, a few minutes later, he was by the windows and the sun had been permitted its way. He was shaven, and his hair was brushed and sleek.

"Don't get up," she said, and sat down in a chair opposite him. "You do look better, Peter. I've been so worried about you."

"It was nothing," he admitted sheepishly, "a cold . . . too darned silly. Hall tells me I was more susceptible because of the pneumonia . . . I feel," he added gloomily, "like a fool. Apparently I can't take it."

He looked to her to deny this, waiting for it. But she said nothing. Her thick black curls were in charming disorder, and her creamy skin with its faint patina of golden tan was flawless in the searching light. The corners of her red mouth drooped like a child's, and her eyes were as clear as a child's, but troubled, as she raised them to his own.

"Peter, did Hildreth say—anything?"

"Not a word," he replied. "She's a sensible woman. She understood . . ."

"What," interrupted Gail, "how much . . . or nothing? Peter, there's no use shirking things . . ."

"Has Mrs. Wayne been inquiring?" he demanded.

"Well, yes and no," answered Gail carefully. She pleated her white silk shirtwaist frock between her fingers. "She simply said, 'What's this all about?' I told her truthfully . . . the surface truth, I mean. . . . And she said, 'Well, that's all very well, Gail, but there are still some old-fashioned people left in the world who would deplore the fact that you had been forced to spend a night on a deserted island with a man whose name has been connected with your own . . . and a married man. You are very fortunate that Hildreth Harris is a level-headed woman.'"

Unconsciously Gail was mimicking her godmother's dry, precise way of speaking and Peter flung back his head and laughed.

(Continued on page 50)

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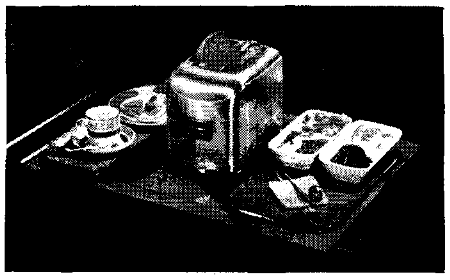

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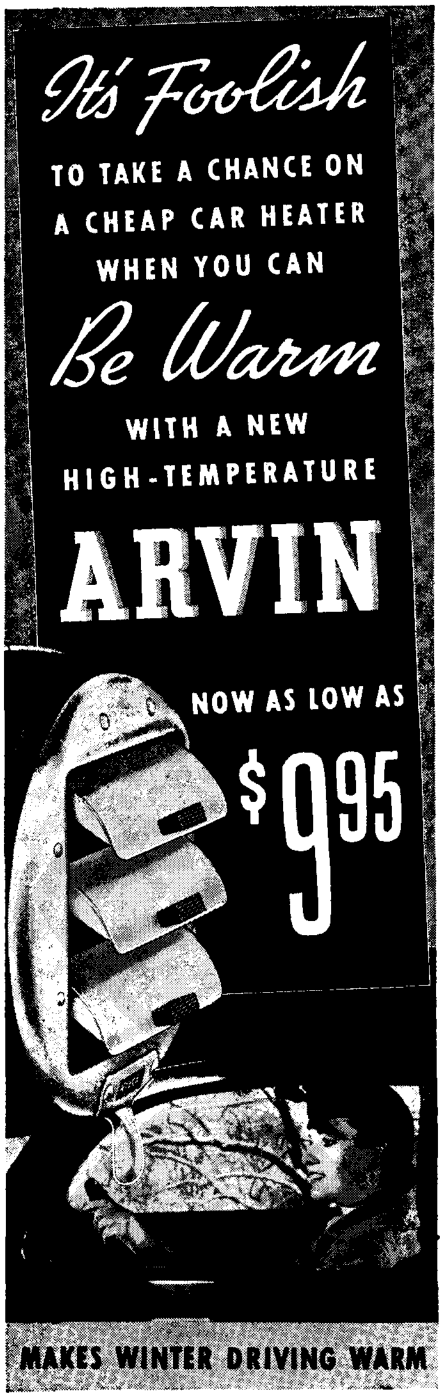
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(Continued from page 49)

She said, "It isn't funny. I feel like a child who has been put in a corner. Sent to Coventry. Anything you want to call it. And for nothing . . . at least," she added, looking at him, very straight, "academically speaking."

He said, wondering at the capacity of women for splitting hairs, "Well, in this instance academically is all that matters, isn't it?"

She said, "No!" violently. She went on, following the explosive negative, "I can't feel differently about it, Peter. I've always been an honest sort of person. I hate this—this—hole and corner business. I'd far rather," she told him, still with that direct regard, "that the—the 'episode'—as my godmother called it—had not been innocent. . . . In a way it would have been a lot more decent than suspicions and denials and all the time knowing that . . . that . . . Peter, you *do* love me . . . ?"

He cried, "Darling . . . of course."

"Oh, not like that!" she said despairingly. "Casually, as if you spoke to some pretty girl sitting next to you in a bar. . . ." She rose and walked over to the windows and, involuntarily stirred, he watched her. She walked more beautifully than any woman he had ever known.

He followed her, stood close, without touching her. He said, "Gail, I've done you a very grave injustice. I—"

"How could you have stopped it?" she asked, not waiting for him to conclude. She turned and put her hands on his arms. She said, her face near his own, "Oh, Peter, I do love you so much and I'm so afraid. . . ."

He asked, "Of what?" and bent to lay his cheek against her hair . . . satin soft, dimly scented, and closed his eyes a moment, savoring this spendthrift gift of youth.

"Of . . . us . . ." she said, faintly, "of life . . . Peter, if only you loved me—enough."

He said, catching fire from her flame, "Darling, I do, you can be very sure of that."

"Then," asked Gail, "why won't you tell her?"

"Tell her what?" inquired Hildreth at the door. She had knocked but they had not heeded. The door was ajar, and she had opened it and come in. It seemed to her that for all her life she had seen Peter and Gail Williams standing . . . just as they stood now, close together, his tall head bent, in that attitude of protective tenderness.

PETER said something under his breath. He did not move hastily; it was too late for haste. His nerves tightened as they did when he came upon danger. He stood away from Gail, easily, without confusion, and put his hands in his bathrobe pockets. Gail's face was flaming and her eyes were wide and grave. The blood sang dizzily through her veins and she was glad. . . . She knew all the heady sensations of flight; she felt calm and controlled and mistress of herself. She answered, simply, looking at Hildreth, "That we love each other."

Hildreth said, a little wearily, "I shan't pretend astonishment, Gail." She looked from one to the other and her heart was leaden within her. She thought of Dolly and lifted her chin.

She said, "There's no need to stand around like very bad actors on a stage. We are, I hope, civilized people. Shall we sit down and talk—?"

"Hildreth," began Peter desperately. He didn't know what he would or could say, what plea he could offer. Yet a moment ago he had been convinced that he loved the younger woman, that he could and would risk anything for her sake. Now. . . .

He took a step forward. A man cannot be in a more awkward position. He wasn't the first to be placed there. He thought, If it hadn't happened this way, if, in time, I could have been permitted to handle it—

Hildreth sat down in the deep chintz-covered chair by the windows. She motioned with the peremptory gesture of a schoolteacher to a chair near by and Gail, walking almost as if she dreamed, came and sat beside her. Peter remained standing, facing them.

Hildreth asked, "Then it wasn't an accident the other day?"

Gail spoke. It appeared to Peter for the moment that he had nothing to do with this, that his part in it was inactive, passive, that of an onlooker, not perhaps an innocent bystander, but still—a bystander. He was instantly furious with them both.

"Yes," Gail answered, "it was an accident. It happened just as we told it to you." Her grave eyes were steady on Hildreth's. "You must believe me," she said, "it happened—as we said. Nothing more, nor less."

HILDRETH drew a deep, quivering breath. She told herself, Then it is nothing irrevocable. Her pulse steadied, her head cleared. She said, "I do believe you, Gail."

Gail said, "Hildreth . . ." She spoke to the other woman as if they were one in age and experience . . . "I haven't wanted anything underhanded or secret. Neither has Peter. It isn't that I don't love him enough. I do. But it isn't good enough for either of us. I think you understand that."

Hildreth looked fleetingly at Peter. He was quite white and his jaw was set in the stubborn way she knew. She felt without visible proof that his hands were clenched in the pockets of his dressing gown.

She said quietly, "I understand *you*, Gail." She added, "I'm not blaming you. You're young . . ." her mouth twisted a little, "romantic . . ." She made the word sound as if it were a euphemism for something very childish and pitifully ridiculous . . . "Peter," she went on, "is . . . romantic too. He likes the things you like . . . the flying; it adds glamor, I suppose. From your viewpoint. You haven't stopped to consider that he is a good many years your senior. . . ."

Peter moved his shoulders. That wasn't, he reflected, quite fair of Hildreth . . . But she went on inexorably, "How old are you, Gail? Wait, I know. Twenty-four. Peter is forty-two, now. When you are forty, Peter will be nearly sixty . . ."

Gail cried, "What does that matter?" and Peter's eyes fled to hers in gratitude.

Hildreth said, "It might matter a good deal, Gail. Then . . . also . . . Peter is married."

She spoke of him as if he were not there. He had never felt such a damned fool. But Gail was saying, breathlessly, "You think I haven't considered that? You think I fell in love with Peter voluntarily? I tell you I couldn't help it. Neither of us could help it."

Hildreth turned to Peter. She said, "I assume you are asking me for a divorce . . . a quiet divorce . . . naming no names . . ."

He said violently, anticipating her, "Hildreth, you wouldn't do that!"

"No," she admitted, "I wouldn't. Not for your sake. A little for Gail's, perhaps, but not altogether. I wouldn't drag either of you through the mud," she said distastefully.

"Then," said Gail, radiant with hope, stunned at what she believed the older woman's generosity—"then you will divorce—"

"No," said Hildreth calmly, "I won't."

Gail was white under the golden tan and her eyes were those of a wounded animal. She looked at Peter and her lips shook. She said, trying to control herself, "You won't divorce him?" Repeating it, the shock and terror and despair passed and she was angry, her veins ran pure fury. She said, choking, "You don't love him. You hate everything he stands for; you have nothing in common with him; you give him nothing. Not even understanding or tenderness."

"He told you that?" said Hildreth, as white as Gail.

"No," said Gail, "he didn't. He's loyal. I don't know why. But I know. . . . You forget I've been in your house, I've seen you together. It isn't fair," she said passionately. . . . "What do you want from him. . . . ? If it's money . . . I don't want that, I want Peter . . . You can have everything else . . ."

He thought, bewildered, She disposes of me and my property rather easily. But his heart was on her side now, recognizing a fighter, a reckless fighter, loving it . . .

He said, "It seems you both forget that I might be somewhat interested." He looked at his wife. He said, "I'm sorry, Hildreth, that it had to happen like this. I had hoped that by degrees—"

"I would grow accustomed to the fact that you were in love with another woman . . . ?" she inquired coolly.

He said, "Hildreth, there's no need to take that attitude. I—I haven't been especially happy about all this. I've tried to— Perhaps you recall that not so long ago I asked you for the second time if you would go to South America with me. . . . ?"

"Peter!" said Gail, forlornly.

He said gently, "What Hildreth says is true. I am a good deal older than you are; I have to think ahead. A man does not break up his home lightly, at my age. . . . At least most men do not. I felt the situation was no fairer to you than to Hildreth. So I gave Hildreth her chance. Had she taken it I would have gone away, and, life being what it is, I suppose in time I would have forgotten you, but not as soon as you would have forgotten me. But she would not take that chance."

HILDRETH rose from her chair. She said, "There isn't much sense in all this—is there, Peter being noble and Gail being—reckless. I'm not quite the dog in the manger you think me." She looked at her husband and lied, and was gratified to perceive by his eyes, his involuntary gesture of denial, that she had wounded him. She added, "I can get along without you very nicely, Peter. But Dolly can't. Not now."

"*Dolly!*" said Peter and Gail simultaneously.

Hildreth said steadily, "She is going to have a baby in the spring and—"

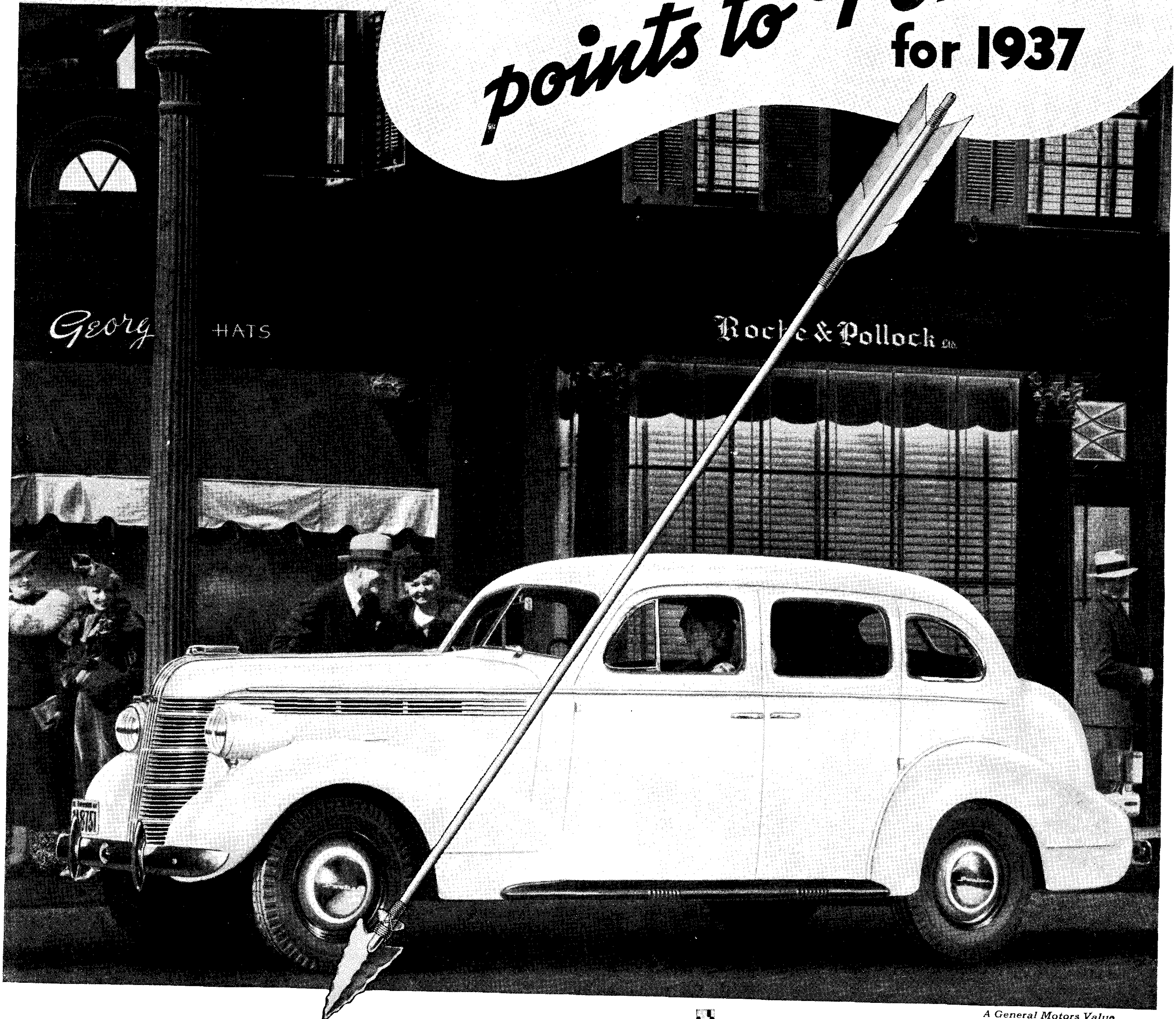
Peter cried, "Why didn't you tell me? You hadn't any right to keep it from me, Hildreth—"

"She wouldn't have you told," said Hildreth. "Not yet. And I will not have her upset— Oh, I know that young people adjust themselves to the things their parents do nowadays, rather easily. I know that Dolly is married, that the disintegration of our family life would not affect her as it would if she were still at home. But that is beside the point. She is very young. She is, I think, a little frightened. I have talked to her doctor by telephone, keeping closely in touch with him. He is not wholly satisfied with her condition. He feels that any shock might be bad for her, as indeed it is for almost any woman in her condition. I will *not* have anything happen to her," said Hildreth with cold determination. "No matter what you do. I'd lie, I'd manage somehow. But until Dolly's baby is born, Peter, I will not give you a divorce. Afterward, when she is well again, you may do as you please. I shan't stand in your way."

(To be continued next week)

BIGGER CAR.. BETTER VALUE
GREATER ECONOMY

Everything points to Pontiac for 1937



A General Motors Value

AMERICA'S FINEST LOW-PRICED CAR

IT'S HAPPENED to thousands. . . . And it will happen to you! *One get-acquainted ride in the 1937 Pontiac will start a life-long friendship!* And the more you know about other inexpensive cars, the surer the result will be. Because Pontiac does not resemble a low-priced car at all! Look at that smart, distinctive, Silver Streak styling. It's new to motoring, and it again stamps Pontiac the most beautiful thing on wheels. Note the *length* of this Silver-Streaked beauty. It's your guarantee of the roomiest interior and the easiest ride you could possibly require. Next, run your eyes over this abbreviated list of features. They seem to describe a car in the high-price range! Yes, *everything* points to Pontiac as the logical buy this year. It's priced down near the lowest, *but only the price tag shows it!*

PONTIAC MOTOR COMPANY, PONTIAC, MICHIGAN

MORE BEAUTIFUL SILVER STREAK STYLING
SAFETY TRIPLE-SEALED HYDRAULIC BRAKES
LONGER WHEELBASE—117 INCH ON "6" AND 122 INCH ON "8"
LARGER LUGGAGE AND SPARE TIRE COMPARTMENT
PERFECTED SAFETY CENTER-POINT STEERING
LARGER UNISTEEL BODIES BY FISHER
INCREASED POWER AND ACCELERATION WITH GREATER ECONOMY
BIGGER DOORS—LOWER UNOBSTRUCTED FLOORS
ADJUSTABLE TILTING 3-PASSENGER FRONT SEAT
IMPROVED KNEE-ACTION RIDE

Pontiac

There's a satisfaction in being *prepared* for winter—with good general *resistance!*

Winter discomforts are prevalent right now. This month and the months just ahead are the "peak season" for them.

Low *general resistance* helps to explain why. Too little exercise, fresh air, sunshine, tend to deplete your physical forces at this season.

One way to escape the uncertainty of wondering whether you'll be affected by winter discomforts, or whether you'll get through this year without them, is to act at once before they overtake you. Try *Adex*. It will help protect you *in advance*.

Taken *every day*, Adex contributes greatly to your general resistance. It contains Vitamin A, often called a "first line of defense" at this time of year. Adex also provides "sunshine" Vitamin D, another factor you probably need now.

Both these vitamins in Adex are obtained from good cod liver oil, halibut liver oil and other natural sources.

Start with Adex, and keep it up regularly all winter. The only fair test is to take it *every day*. A bottle on the breakfast table every morning will serve as a daily reminder.

Now in convenient tablets or capsules at any reliable drug store. Prepared by E. R. Squibb & Sons, manufacturing chemists to the medical profession since 1858.

ADEX

The modern way for adults to take Vitamins A and D

● =

One tablet equals a spoonful of good cod liver oil

The Same Old Wow

Continued from page 36

club outings. On one of these he was seen by an Italian manager, who signed him for a tour at the rate of 35 lire ($7) a day. He opened at the Opera House in Vienna, wearing tights and a row of eighteen medals. But the real money in Italy eventually came from bicycle polo.

It was polo but without a stick, and the world's champ was William Gorham, an American, who was then touring in Italy. The ball was bumped along by either the front or back wheel of the bike and it required skill of the highest order. There were two players on each side. Joe and his partner defeated Gorham for the championship in Florence and managed to clean up 35,000 lire (about $7,000) in seventeen days, which was money then and now.

The Italian success got him to London, but his troubles started there when he became a little overzealous about contracts, signing two to make sure. The result was that he was sued, the suer got damages and Joe was left with three bikes and the clothes he walked in. He celebrated his lack of success by attempting his first comedy make-up.

But the theater manager had other ideas.

"The tricks are fine," he said, "but cut out the bum comedy."

It was then, however, that Joe began picking up the bits which later went into his comedy act. When his handle bars came out when he was riding, he held them up in consternation to show the manager off stage and went on pedaling. It gave the impression that the bike was going in two directions at once and the audience laughed. It went into the act to stay, and stay, with Joe, may mean anything from twenty to a hundred years.

He got the cuff bit from seeing a drunk in a saloon wrestling with an old-fashioned cuff, which refused either to depart entirely from the shirt or to get back into the sleeve where it belonged. He tries to get rid of it and has the same success one has when trying to shake off a strip of flypaper.

The clothes are staying with Joe as long as the act.

"The old jersey?" says Joe. "I got that in Boston twelve years ago. The pants—twenty-two years ago in the Foire aux Puces, the Flea Market, in Paris. The shoes—a guy in a blackface team threw those in an ash can in Ogden, Utah, fourteen years ago. 'Tenk you,' says I; 'tenk you very much.'

"I only talked once," says Joe. "It was in Boston. I didn't want to do it, but they gave me the lines. 'Where you goin' with the ladder?' and I say, 'So I can get up in the morning.' 'What're you doin' with the shovel?' and I was supposed to say, 'I'm goin' to dig up a friend,' but I forget and say, 'I'm goin' to pick up a friend.' They say I'd better stick with the bike."

Popular Everywhere

The great secret of the act is that it can play anywhere, being as popular in Barcelona as in Paris. Last year he played at the Savoy Hotel in London, one of the ritziest places in the world.

"I'd play two weeks and lay off four weeks," says Joe. "Eight times I did that."

They only asked one concession.

"Clean up the clothes, Joe," they said. "Maybe they don't stink but they look like they should."

His big moment was when he played a command performance for the late King George. The reviews all admitted that Joe made the king laugh and Joe will never cross a newspaperman.

Joe wasn't always so fond of discipline. At the age of eighteen, the Austrian army suggested that Joe do the usual year in an officers' training school. He had already gone through the high school and the *Gymnasium* or it would have been a two-year drag. He didn't like the army to begin with, but when word came that his mother had died, one day while he was standing guard, he put his gun down and went home. Four men came after him and threw him in the brig.

When his jail sentence was over, he was even more firmly of the opinion that the army was not his proper career. He left the country and was next sighted off the shore of Mexico, where he carried on with his bike act for four months, was seen by Martin Beck, the American vaudeville manager, and signed for a tour of the Orpheum Circuit.

The All America Football Team

SELECTED BY GRANTLAND RICE AND COLLIER'S ALL AMERICA ADVISORY BOARD

WILL APPEAR IN NEXT WEEK'S

Collier's

So Joe went home and Papa took him to the commanding general and the general said it probably wouldn't be necessary to shoot Joe. They would just let him finish out his year and give him a year more for good measure.

"A pen-*all*-i-ty," says Joe with his accent.

In six months he was a corporal and then a friendly doctor examined him and found he had a very distressing heart. At this point in the story Joe winks.

His debut in America hadn't been so successful. The tryout was held in Hoboken, with all the vaudeville bookers over to see him. On that same bill was Buster Keaton with the Three Keatons. Joe had been scheduled to close the show, but at the last minute they told him to open it. He was minus his wig and the tires of his bike were not pumped up. When it was over, he wanted to go home. He didn't go home because the army was still looking for him. But the second show was swell and Martin Beck gave him twenty weeks of Orpheum time.

After he finished with the Austrian authorities, he came back to America and played three solid years of Orpheum vaudeville. Following that he went into movies with Mack Sennett, starring in Gypsy Joe, The Lion and the Girl, and the Modern Enoch Arden. Prior to this he had bought a place at Greenwood Lake near Tuxedo Park, N. Y., and for six solid years he never had a look at it. He was either out on a vaudeville tour or in the movies. What happened then was a bad break, but it didn't look like it at the time. He got an offer from the New York Hippodrome, the greatest theater in the country, then under Charles Dillingham. It meant steady work and a chance to be home. It meant also the end of movies.

But he's going into the movies in France next year. They had a conference in Paris recently and signed the contracts.

The Same Act

And now the heart-throbs in Joe's life. They have to do with his son, Joe Junior. After graduating from Peddie Institute, young Joe found that things were hard. He wanted to be an engineer, was eternally fooling around airplanes, and now he discovered that engineers weren't being hired. Old Joe sent for him to come to Berlin, the kid's first trip abroad. A month later the orchestra leader in the pit suddenly sat up and paid attention during the Joe Jackson act. His interest was followed by the orchestra, which was soon on the edge of chairs. What they were seeing was Joe Junior going through the old hobo act without the change of a motion. Joe himself was out in the audience. He had sent the kid out without telling anybody.

"The same act," says Old Joe. "The same act to a T."

Joe Junior has since played all over Europe. He was a hit in Frankfort, Copenhagen, London and Berlin. When he played at the Alhambra in Paris for a salary of 800 francs a day, the other performers were sore at Joe.

"What's the idea?" they demanded. "You send the kid in and break down the salary scale for everybody and ruin it for yourself."

Joe admitted that perhaps the first complaint was right but as for ruining himself, he didn't know. He proved it mattered very little, however, by playing the Alhambra himself two months later at his usual rate and with his usual success.

"They don't want a new act," says Joe philosophically. "They want the old act. All I've done to it is refine it a bit, weeding things out. The laughs come better when there isn't too much to it."

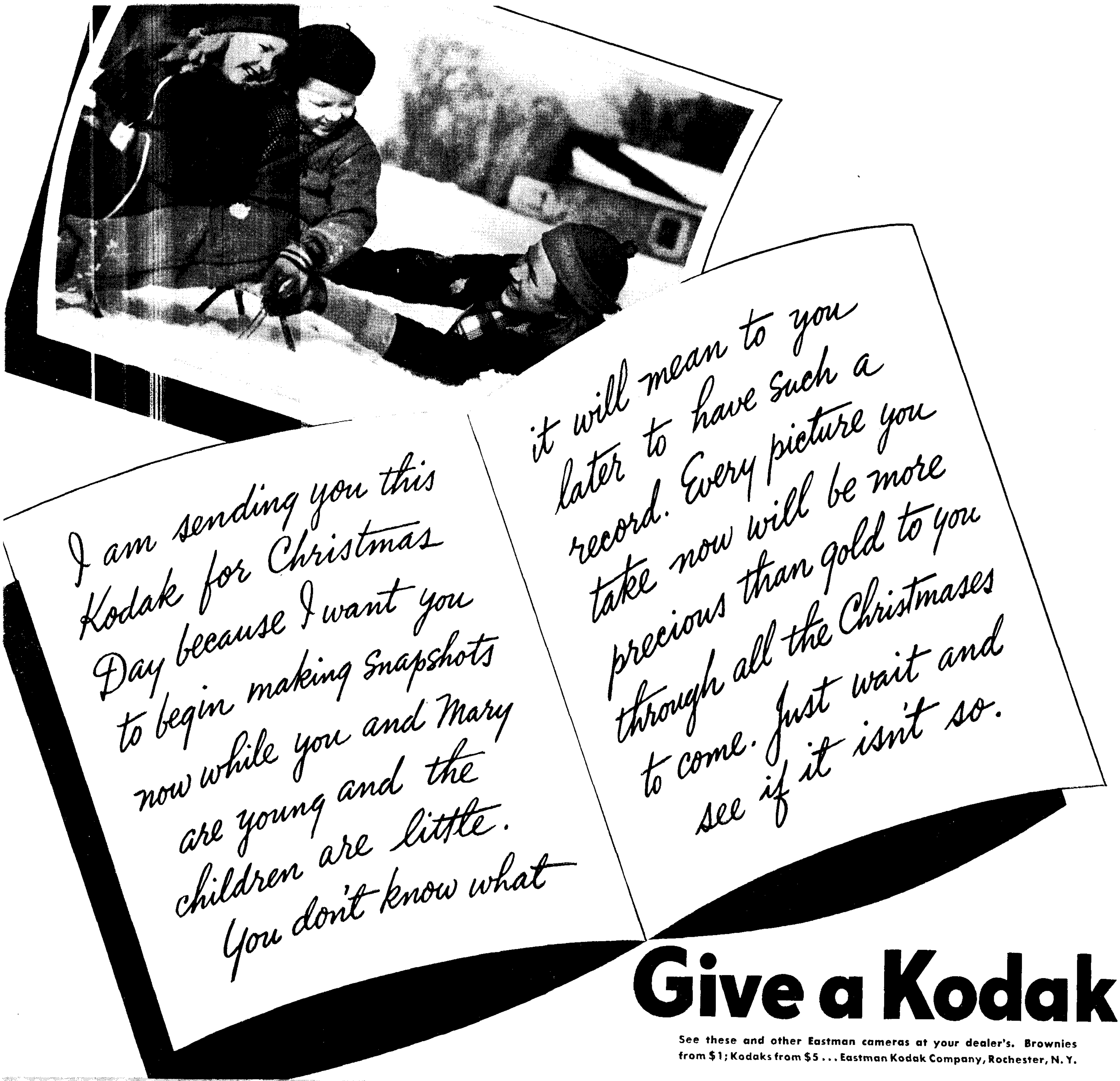
Joe is a nut about mechanics. At his place at Greenwood Lake, he has a workshop with enough machinery to build a tank. He is particularly fond of plumbing and watchmaking, with a dash of car repairing to keep his hands limber. His dressing-room reading is confined to mechanical publications and the one honor he prizes above all others is that he was the first actor to own a radio set. He used it once in Canada to appease an audience when the troupe got in late and still had to make up before the show could start. All Joe could get was a station in Calgary broadcasting a sermon.

"They had to take it," says Joe. "Nobody wanted to holler against the church, so they just sat there reverently."

He has a restaurant at Greenwood Lake and also cabins to rent. He called the place Idle Hour Inn, but he debated about a new name for it—the Whisper Silent Inn.

"You know," says Joe. "Whisper Silent . . . Speak Easy."

Most people like Joe best when he is doing the old act, without a word being spoken.



I am sending you this Kodak for Christmas Day because I want you to begin making Snapshots now while you and Mary are young and the children are little. You don't know what it will mean to you later to have such a record. Every picture you take now will be more precious than gold to you through all the Christmases to come. Just wait and see if it isn't so.

Give a Kodak

See these and other Eastman cameras at your dealer's. Brownies from $1; Kodaks from $5 . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

BY BROWNIE—Give a Baby Brownie
d you give the joy of picture making in
simplest form. Don't be misled by the
odest price. This is a full-fledged modern
mera. It makes good pictures. Reliable
ns and shutter. Graceful molded body.
e-level finder which folds flat when not
use. Picture size 1⅝ x 2½ inches—price
ly $1. Other Brownies, $2.25 to $3.75.

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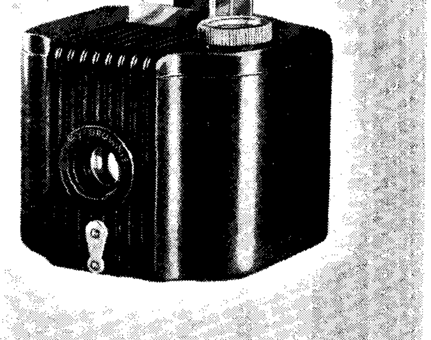
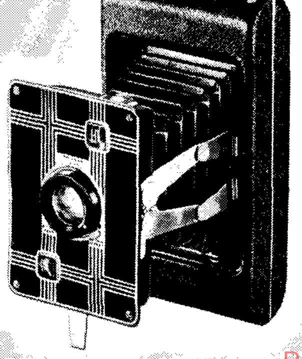


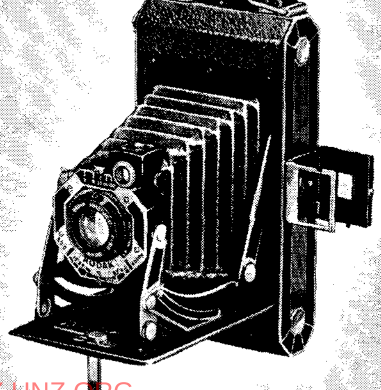
JIFFY KODAK SIX-20—Hard to go wrong with this easy-to-use picture maker. Touch a button—"Pop"—it opens. Touch another—"Click"—it gets the picture. Twindar lens, with near and far focus. Extra-smart, etched metal front, black morocco-grain covering. Two brilliant reflecting finders. Pictures 2¼ x 3¼ inches. Price, $8. Jiffy Kodak Six-16, for 2½ x 4¼-inch pictures, $9.

$8



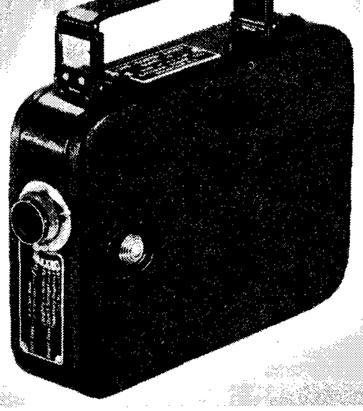
KODAK SIX-20 (f.6.3)—America's most popular fine camera. Its keen Kodak Anastigmat f.6.3 lens makes snapshots in any weather—and indoors at night with Kodak "SS" Film and Mazda Photoflood bulbs. Its 1/100-second shutter "stops" most action. Pictures 2¼ x 3¼ inches. Price, $17.50. Other models from $14 to $37.50. Kodak Six-16, 2½ x 4¼, $16 to $40.

$17 50



CINÉ-KODAK EIGHT—Brings home movies within the reach of almost every one. Easy to use . . . low in cost—it makes 20 to 30 black-and-white scenes on a film costing $2.25, finished, ready to show. Movies at 10¢ a shot! And for a few cents more each scene, you can make gorgeous full-color movies with Kodachrome. Ciné-Kodak Eight, with f.3.5 lens, costs $34.50.

$34 50



RED HEAD SAYS

"a car heater should be *beautiful* and DUMB!"

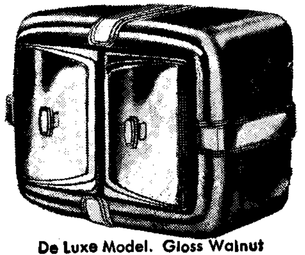
Nobody likes a noisy heater—or an ugly one. So we set out to make Red Head Heaters the quietest and most beautiful on the market.

A famous designer attended to the beauty. (Just take a look!) Our chief engineer, helped by our quarter-century of motor-building experience, turned out the quietest "cold weather" motor we've ever *tried* to hear.

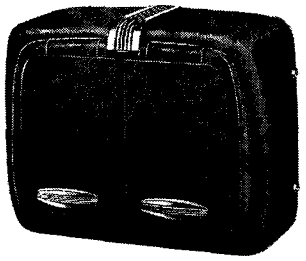
Then he made the rest of the heater as good as the motor. One-piece outer shell, die stamped deflectors and 2-hole mounting for rigidity. Oversize cores to prevent clogging. Many more features assuring long, *silent* performance—and enough heat to keep you warm in *any* weather.

That is why Red Head heaters will make thousands of new friends again this year. Make a date with Red Head—at your dealer's. Write us if he doesn't have them. We'll see about supplying him.

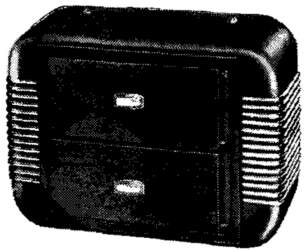
ASSOCIATED PARTS MFG. CORP.
Brooklyn New York



De Luxe Model. Gloss Walnut and Chromium Finish



Senior Model. Tan Wrinkle and Chromium Finish



Standard Model. Metallic Gunmetal and Chromium Finish

RED HEAD HEATERS

Jungle Gold

Continued from page 20

smoke. The moment somebody says 'rubber' out loud there is a sudden stir in all the old river towns. They prick up their ears and shake themselves. Belém here immediately begins lifting its face."

And that is what Belém is doing right now. Civic face-lifting is all the vogue. Dividends aren't flowing into the laps of the British owners of the long string of mildewed docks and warehouses as they once did, but the manager keeps the weeds cut down just in case. The city fathers are patching the pavement along the main streets and laying down several blocks of new mosaic sidewalks just like those in Rio.

"All because another Henry," says Mr. Jamison, "went up into the same regions along the Rio Tapajós where Henry the First carried on his historic operations, built a modern city and is trying to tame wild rubber trees in their native surroundings.

Jarred into Action

"A venture prompted by a perfectly logical purpose, mind you," he declared. Then turning his inquisitive blue orbs straight upon Gordon and me, he asked, "Suppose you had to buy raw rubber in enormous quantities? Suppose the people from whom you had been getting it told you bluntly that you could have it at one price today and another tomorrow, but even then you mayn't have as much as you needed, even if they were, so to speak, lousy with it? Wouldn't you begin to look around for some other way of supplying your needs? Of course you would."

Well, begging leave to lapse briefly into the past, back in the twenties British, Dutch and other East Indian rubber growers got together and decided there was no reason why they shouldn't grabble a little deeper into the jeans of our Uncle Sam and get a lot more of his money. He used ninety per cent of the world's rubber and yet he hadn't any of his own. They controlled ninety-five per cent of the world's supply. So it was easy. Dressed in boiled shirts, tail coats and classic dignity, they filed into a board room in London and devised a brass-bound monopoly, called "The Stevenson Plan," in honor of their brilliant colleague who proposed it, a scheme by which they were able to fix prices and dole out rubber to the world.

They decided that so much and no more could go on the market within a given length of time, no matter how much might be required to roll the automobiles of the world. So what? Prices began soaring. They jumped from 10 cents to $1.50 a pound. At one time they rose to $3.05 a pound. And when you consider that a rise of one cent a pound costs the automobile owners of the United States ten to fifteen million dollars a year, you can see what it meant.

But the Stevenson Plan jarred the tycoons of the tire and motor world into action. There were hurried conferences. Experts, engineers and vice-presidents began packing their satchels and scurrying off to tropical lands in search of information and concessions. Some went to the West Coast of Africa. Others took quiet cruises through the East Indies and to the Philippine Islands.

Mr. Hoover, then Secretary of Commerce, sent an expedition to northern Brazil, an expedition of experts from the Department of Agriculture, as well as others with more than passing knowledge of the tropics and the Amazonian regions. When they returned home they spun out a report that got serious attention throughout industrial America.

Presently there were stirrings on the River Rouge, discussions and conferences. Then one day, with that dramatic suddenness which characterizes the sage of Dearborn, it was announced that the Ford Company had secured a concession from the Brazilian government for a million hectares of land in the very region where the bold knight of Britain gathered seeds in 1876.

A few months later a fleet of ships sailed out of the Great Lakes loaded with steel, cement, locomotives, medicines, foods, everything from safety pins to sawmills. These modern caravels of industry made their way in short order down the St. Lawrence and the Atlantic to the equator, then turned westward seven hundred miles up the Amazon and eventually dropped anchor among the green mansions of the lower Tapajós, where, until then, only monkeys, parrots and a few native Indians had found life at all possible.

And there a city was built, a magic city, in what more than one explorer has been pleased to call "The last home of mystery." In the very heart of a region where for hundreds of years nosey archaeologists and self-styled scientists bitten by the adventure bug have gone in search of mythical walled cities and peoples descended from nomadic Phoenicians, or other straying ancients, Henry Ford laid the foundations of a civilization.

Fordlandia is an industrial city as complete for its own purposes as Dearborn itself. There is a refrigeration plant for storing enough meats and provisions to feed a population of two thousand people for six months. The solid-tile hospital is as airy and up-to-date as scientific ingenuity can make it.

The native workman, who never knew anything but a one-room hut of poles and palm fronds, has a little house, sometimes with as many as three rooms, a front porch and back porch, electric lights and running water. There are schools for his children and clubs for himself. There are tennis courts, a golf course and a magnificent swimming pool.

Down Went Rubber

As the city itself took form on the river banks the jungle was rolled back. Not the low, sodden jungle of fiction. The Tapajós country is about the hilliest region you would expect to find anywhere, much of it from 500 to 700 feet above sea level. Up and down some 15,000 acres of these hills they planted a million and a half rubber trees which today lift their slender branches of tough, silvery leaves to the scorching sun.

Little wonder the rubber barons of the Far East began having nightmares, when their scouts finally convinced them that all these things had actually taken place. They hadn't suspected, much less believed, that such a thing was possible. But, they reasoned, if the most amazingly successful of all American industrialists was tearing at the very maw of the Brazilian jungle, with the idea of growing rubber for himself, he evidently meant business, and something must be done. Of course it would take him seven years even to grow a rubber tree, and ten years to get it to the point of producing latex in any quantity. Even then it couldn't possibly compete with the highly domesticated tree of the Far East. Nevertheless, if allowed to proceed, Ford would undoubtedly succeed eventually.

So again the eminent authors of the Stevenson Plan got into their stiff shirts and tail coats and filed into the historic board room in London. This time dignity gave way to desperation. Faces swung low as if made of the substance they had met to discuss. Finally when the meeting adjourned they had demolished the Stevenson Plan, thrown it into the discard bodily, and allowed rubber prices to seek their level.

"The level," the head of one of the leading importing houses in New York told me the other day, "proved to be almost below sea level. Rubber fell from $1.21 a pound to as low as 2⅝ cents a pound. It was possible at one time to land rubber on the docks here in New York for as low as 4 cents a pound. This action wrecked nearly every individual plantation owner in Java and Malaya.

The Spinach Rebellion

"For the time being at least, ridiculously low prices made it unattractive to big manufacturers to spend millions in developing their own sources of raw materials. If there was already an oversupply of raw rubber and they could buy it for less than cost, why should they go out and spend their own money to plant and grow it? In short, everybody in the United States soon forgot about producing his own raw materials."

He should have said everybody except Ford and Firestone. Firestone continued his activities in Liberia, on a small scale. But at Fordlandia there was never any letup. In fact, there has been no letup to date.

But Henry Ford has found no primrose path to a rubber supply by any means. His people have had to learn everything from the ground up. Most of their time has been spent in experimenting and correcting mistakes. They have had to find out all about climate and rainfall along the equator, the tropical moods of Mother Nature, the habits of the Amazon rubber trees and the strange and contradictory nature of the Brazilian *caboclos*, or Portuguese and Indian half-breeds, who do the work of the Amazon.

The *caboclos*: what simple-minded, easygoing, kindly, superstitious, volatile and cruel creatures! Imagine the consequences when the officious managers fresh from Detroit attempted to regulate and regiment people to whom regular habits, time clocks and other efficiency gadgets were devils in strange clothing with impudent manners. It was bad enough to make them begin work at eight o'clock and stay on the job until five, right through the unbearable heat of the middle of the day, with but an hour for lunch, when common sense had taught them to begin work at daylight, knock off at ten o'clock and go back in the cool of the afternoon. To compel them to punch a time clock every time they came on the job or left it, and to dock them for every minute lost in the meantime, wounded their pride beyond words. And to carry all this efficiency into the mess halls and make them eat strange foods like corn flakes and prunes, spinach and lettuce salad, when they had never known anything else but beans, rice, *farinha* or *casava* meal and dried fish, was worse. But to turn the mess halls into cafeterias and tell everyone to stand in line with his mess kit in hand and have a spoonful of this and a spoonful of that doled out in exact amounts was the limit.

The very first night the cafeteria system was inaugurated they rebelled, blew up and let loose a blast of pent-up fury that froze the blood of every Yankee on the river. Within ten minutes two thou-

(Continued on page 57)

G-E Focused Tone

Brings you Perfect Tuning! Perfect Tone!

Automatically! Visibly! Instantly!

550
600
650
700
800
900
1000
1200
1400
1600
GENERAL G-E ELECTRIC
CBS
CBS
Off-Focus Tone
G-E Focused-Tone
Off-Focus Tone

FRANCES LANGFORD—Radio star turned movie queen.

—harsh, blurred, discordant tone. Nine out of ten people unknowingly tune in their radios off focus.

The new G-E Radio *automatically* shifts itself into hair-line tuning every time. And at the same instant the fascinating new G-E Colorama Dial changes from red to green to tell you your program is in perfect Focused Tone.

—harsh, blurred, discordant tone. Nine out of ten people unknowingly tune in their radios off focus.

You'll always be glad you bought a G-E

GENERAL G-E ELECTRIC *Radio*

When you replace metal tubes, always specify *G-E*

YOU wouldn't expect good music from a badly tuned violin. Nor can you enjoy perfect reception from a badly tuned radio. Yet nine out of ten people unknowingly tune in their radios off focus.

The new General Electric Radio makes faulty tuning impossible. Set the dial the slightest bit off tune, and instantly the new G-E automatically shifts itself into hair-line tuning. And, in the same moment, the remarkable new G-E Colorama Dial changes from red to green. The green-glowing dial tells you that your station is perfectly tuned. You'll be amazed at the difference it makes.

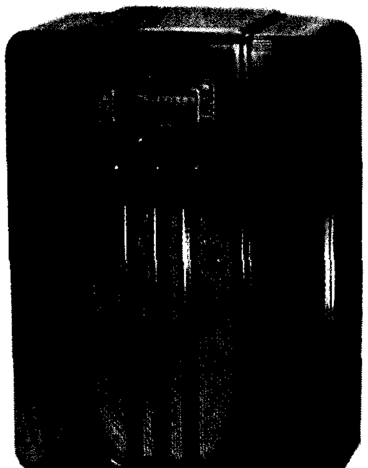
Another thrilling G-E feature is the new Personalized, Custom-tailored Dial. Your own local station letters flash on when you tune in. No more hunting up kilocycle numbers—because stations are marked by *letters as well as kilocycles.* And, with the new G-E, you'll enjoy the luxury of Silent Tuning, for you can switch programs without a single squeal, squawk or screech.

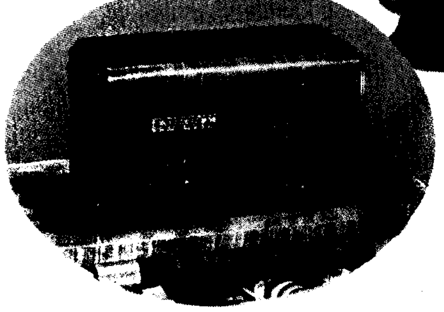
These and many other G-E engineering scoops have made the new G-E the newest sensation of the radio world. See it! Hear it! Your nearest G-E Radio Dealer will welcome a chance to let you compare the new G-E with any other radio at any price. Drop in soon and hear for yourself how far radio science has advanced in one brief season.

WHAT IS FOCUSED TONE?

Focused Tone combines all the revolutionary new features described above, plus these new G-E Radio inventions and developments—G-E Metal Tubes; the G-E Sentry Box; G-E Stabilized Dynamic Speakers; G-E Sliding-rule Tuning Scale; G-E "V-doublet" All-wave Antenna. Focused Tone is G. E.'s greatest radio achievement. Only the new G-E gives it to you—AUTOMATICALLY—VISIBLY—INSTANTLY.

The new G-E brings you every radio service on the air—Foreign Broadcasts over ALL Short-wave bands; Domestic Short-wave stations; Domestic Programs—heard with new tone perfection; Police Calls; and Amateur Stations—day and night.





The new General Electric comes in 26 handsome models—priced from $22.50 to $750 (Eastern list)—slightly higher west and south.

RESEARCH KEEPS GENERAL ELECTRIC YEARS AHEAD!

A Gift THAT INCREASES IN VALUE...

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Make all remittances payable to Treasurer of the United States.

(Continued from page 54)

sand of the quietest, most timid men imaginable became raving jumping jacks. They wrecked the kitchens, hurled pots and pans into the streets and shattered windows. Then, huddling together like a pack of wolves with the smell of blood in their nostrils, they made for the homes of overseers and managers a mile away.

"Down with corn flakes! Down with cafeterias! Down with spinach!" The shouts rolled through the night and rang in the ears of the frightened Yankees who grabbed their children and valuables, hurried to the river and made their way by launch and rowboat to the safety of the company's ships which lay at anchor out in midstream. All night and until late the next day the rampage continued. Meantime frantic radio messages had been sent to the Pará state government in Belém which hurriedly dispatched a hydroplane full of troops to the scene. However, by the time the armed forces swooped down upon the river, the fiery, tropic spirit had run its course and everybody was ready to settle down.

"And that," says one wise official, "was the beginning of wisdom on the Tapajós. Anyway, when quiet again settled over Fordlandia, there were fewer rules, no cafeterias and no spinach!

"But as time went on we learned other things," he assured me. "We found that a modern city in the heart of the jungle, equipped with time clocks and efficiency engineers wouldn't grow rubber trees and fill them with big veins that pour out copious streams of rubber sap when tapped. It took only one night of frenzied rioting to teach the proper methods of handling the temperamental children of the tropics, but it has taken five years to learn the peculiarities of Mother Nature.

"That is why you mustn't let Fordlandia itself deceive you. In spite of its fine buildings and tastily landscaped hillsides and valleys, Fordlandia has proved to be merely our experimental laboratory, where we have learned what not to do. In the meantime, 12,000 acres of rubber are growing.

"Those who selected this particular spot for the plantation were evidently overcome by its charm and beauty. If the first prospectors had dropped carelessly out of the sky they couldn't have hit a more unsuitable spot for a commercial rubber plantation.

Solving Their Problems

"Just imagine a man carrying two big buckets of milky latex up and down those steep terraced cliffs all day. Imagine how many times a day he will slip on the wet vines and grass and spill a bucketful. And a bucketful will mean the entire profit from forty or fifty trees.

"This problem has been solved, though. A new million-acre concession has been taken out farther down the river where the altitude not only averages 500 feet and more, but it is as level as a table for twenty-five miles in every direction—a vast high plateau. Within the past year and a half we have cleared and planted more than 10,000 acres, in patches or squares, leaving between the patches a belt of the primeval forest a quarter of a mile wide, which forms a windbreak and protects the young trees from the severe storms that blow across the jungle at certain periods of the year."

Although it will be five, eight or even ten years before Henry Ford begins to get rubber in quantities, his experiments are succeeding, his formulas are beginning to work out. He has raised a beacon to guide others who are now seeking concessions in the American tropics. And interestingly enough, there is again feverish activity along this line.

A year ago the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company secured a twenty-year concession in Panama. They made arrangements with the Isthmian government for the immediate planting of 1,000 acres. The plants are now flourishing. In fact the Panamanian project has proved so promising that other concessions are being negotiated in Central America.

In late June the same company completed arrangements for a large tract of land in Costa Rica. On the Caribbean coast of this tiny republic, in what was once the heart of the banana-producing area, work is already under way.

And if there is any question as to the why of all this new interest and effort upon the part of Yankee industrialists to produce their own rubber supply the answer is "The International Political Outlook." At least that's what a high Army officer, who until recently was stationed in the Canal Zone, and before that in the Philippine Islands, tells me.

For Military Reasons

"The importance of all these rubber concessions," he says, "cannot be overestimated. In fact I consider the efforts of Ford in Brazil, the Goodyear Company in Central America, and the plans of other companies to undertake similar projects in the near future, as vital steps toward national defense.

"We do not and probably never can produce enough natural rubber in our own territory to supply elastic for our sock supporters. In spite of all the experiments of Edison with goldenrod, vines and other plants which contain certain amounts of rubber latex, as well as many other experiments which have been inspired by Edison's indefatigable labors, little real progress toward finding a way to supply our own raw materials has been made.

"Out in New Mexico, Arizona and the Southwest quite a local industry has been developed out of the rubber-bearing guayule plant, a shrub slightly resembling the old-fashioned sagebrush. But in order to extract its sap, the guayule plant must be cut down, completely destroyed and ground up in a machine. Besides, for maximum yield of rubber, the Department of Agriculture says, it should be allowed to grow at least four years before harvesting. Therefore, the cost of production is enormous compared with the regular high-yielding tropical rubber tree, which if carefully cultivated and cared for will bear for twenty to thirty years, and sometimes fifty.

"So we are still depending upon the outside world, upon the Eastern producers, for one of our most vital industrial raw materials, and the largest of all of our imports. And the important point is that this product comes from the far Pacific, from a region where we are preparing to give up our only important piece of territory, our only outpost.

"Without beating around the bush," he goes on, "what I am getting at is this: Suppose we should get into a war with Japan! Now that we are setting the Philippines free, the road to the Eastern rubber fields would be cut off, at least made perilous. Or suppose Europe gets into another great war, which may be expected to burst forth almost any minute? Wouldn't England and the others look after their own needs first? And would you blame them? Naturally prices would shoot up sky-high. Any one of these possibilities would seriously affect us.

"Yes, sir, the head of Goodyear, Henry Ford, or anybody else who starts spending his money to plant rubber trees in the American tropics ought to have his breast plastered with gold medals.

"Didn't the British do that to Wickham?"

AFTER CHRISTMAS...

what will YOUR CHILDREN tell their friends?

Dearest Betty: December 28, 1936
Does MY Dad talk MY language? I'll say he does! Gave me this perfectly grand Underwood Portable for Christmas ...
Underwood Portables can be purchased for as little as $3.00 DOWN

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Give an Underwood Universal Portable, and there's no mistaking their delight. *Now* they have what every member of their crowd has been wanting. All year long it means keener, more accurate work in school. And *faster* work... more time free from the grind!

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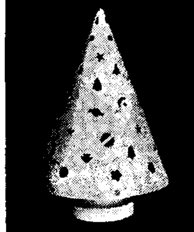

Spread Christmas gaiety with this little tree of sturdy metal with a glittering silver-crystal surface. For living room stand, and similar places. $1.75.

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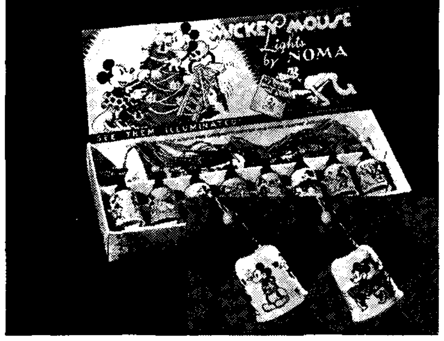

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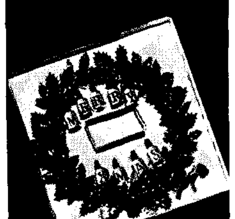

Greet callers with this lovely wreath. Nine bells spell "Merry Christmas" when lighted. $3.50.

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NOMA Christmas LIGHTS

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Smash Hit

Continued from page 15

about. I write a book and suddenly Amalgamated begins sending me telegrams and contracts and airplane tickets." He shrugged his shoulders. "And here I am—frankly, scared to death."

"You're no such thing!" Marylee said.

"It will make a lousy picture," I said. His face turned red.

"That's not true!" said Marylee. She glared at me.

"I think you are right, Mr. Connors," he said.

My jaw hit my chest.

I said to Marylee, "Did you hear what I heard?"

"It will make a grand picture," she said doggedly.

Bill shook his head. "Mr. Diamond wants to make it exactly like the book. I'm a movie fan, Mr. Connors, and when we movie fans go to the theater we don't want stark tragedy. I figured out another treatment for the story—keeping the main thread of the plot but taking the tragedy out of the lives of the boy and girl, making it a love story with a lot of small-town comedy and a happy ending."

I COULDN'T get my breath. Here was a high-brow author that wasn't insisting that not one scene in his book should be changed.

"Holy Joe!" I said.

Bill smiled at me and it was the biggest, nicest smile you ever saw. I almost began to like the guy.

"Evidently I'm wrong," he said.

"Who said you were wrong?" I asked.

"Mr. Diamond."

I said, "He wouldn't say that was wrong."

"He says the public doesn't like to have books changed when they're made into pictures."

"Diamond said that?" Diamond was the guy that got Moe Blatz to rewrite Macbeth.

Bill's secretary came in. "Mr. Diamond wants to see you immediately," she told him.

"Fight for it, Bill," Marylee said, as he jumped up.

"Gee, Marylee, I can't fight with a man like Mr. Diamond," he said. "Maybe I won't be long. Please wait for me." And he rushed out the door.

"Sit down, Mike," Marylee said. "I want to tell you something."

Bill's secretary came in again. She said to me, "Mr. Crawford is on the phone." I picked it up.

"Get ready for a blow, kid," Eddie said. "Diamond just got a cable from Mr. William G. Morgan, the well-known chairman of the board. In Paris last night Morgan signed Olive Zolita. She sails today. I've picked you to handle her publicity."

I said, "Guh—blub—ow—wow!"

"Sweet dreams, honey," Eddie said. "And keep away from Diamond. He's biting big pieces out of his desk."

I ran my hands through my hair so it stood on end and yelled.

"Stop it, Mike," said Marylee. "What's the matter?"

"The big boss evidently went on a binge in Paris last night and ended up by signing Zolita!"

"*Zolita!* Mr. Morgan signed Zolita!"

"The wildcat of Paris returns."

Olive Zolita had been Morris Diamond's one big mistake at Red Star. She had a reputation in Europe as a really great young emotional actress. Diamond saw her in a French picture and brought her to Hollywood. She fought with everybody on the Red Star lot except good-looking young men. She ruined five happy homes. She ran directors ragged. She told all the other actors how to act, which mostly was that they should keep their backs to the camera while she was mugging down front.

She had just made a hit in Paris in a deep, psychological drama. Morgan had signed her. Morris Diamond would have her on his hands again—and I was to handle her publicity!

"Wow!" I said.

"Forget about her for a minute, Mike," Marylee said.

"Forget the Indians are coming?"

"You've got to help me."

"Okay."

"—and Bill."

"Okay." I hadn't had my mind on what I was saying. "Hey! I'll help you but this boy friend of yours is out."

"You're not as tough as you pretend. Let me tell you something."

"I'm going back to my office and take poison."

"Sit down." I sat down.

"Bill and I grew up with a common determination to do something—to be somebodies and to make our own way. I was going to be an actress." She shrugged her shoulders. "You see how that came out."

"You're lucky. Suppose you'd had to work with Zolita."

"Bill's father owns oil wells in Oklahoma and wants him to run them—wants him to give up writing—just when Bill is on the verge of real success. He's got the stuff. He would be one of the best. But young writers are easily discouraged, and if he's licked here he'll give up and go to work for his father."

"A rich man's son, hey?"

"Yes. But Bill never has taken a cent from his parents since he left college." She lifted her chin. "And neither have I."

So Marylee's folks had dough, too!

She clenched her fists. "It will be absolute hell for Bill all his life if he doesn't prove he can stand on his own feet, that he isn't just a rich man's son. Bill's no oil man. He's a writer. He'd be tied to his father's apron strings."

It was too much for me. A guy has his choice of being a writer or a rich oil man and he wants to be a writer!

Marylee said, "If Dry Goods and Groceries is a hit, that will be just the medicine Bill needs. It will prove to his father that Bill is right. This is the crisis in Bill's life—and in mine. I've failed, Mike, but Bill mustn't. We just can't let him. This picture has *got* to be good."

"So I can lose ten bucks."

"You'll win hands down if Diamond won't change the story."

"Aw, he'll change the story. And still I'll win. Diamond's no fool. This company's in a bad way. It can't stand many more cluck pictures. Of course he can't make a *riot* out of it, but he'll fix it so it won't be so bad."

SHE said through clenched teeth, "He's going to fix it so it will be the worst picture ever made. Don't you understand, Mike? New York bought the story and brought Bill here over Diamond's head. Diamond *wants* it to flop."

"Phooey," I said. "You watch. He'll put a good supervisor on the job and a couple of nifty writers to help Bill and—" I stopped. "Holy mackerel!" I said. "Maybe you're right. He's a dirty dog. He might do it, at that." I thought, "And it would serve this banker right."

"And I'm the cause of it all, Mike. I didn't have sense enough to see what would happen."

"What you talking about?"

"Bill doesn't know a thing about it—and he must never know. I wrote Mr. Morgan and told him Bill wrote Dry Goods and Groceries. Bill didn't want him to know—not for a while, anyway. You see, William Waterbury Wilson is a pen name—that isn't Bill's real name. And when he got my letter, Mr. Morgan was so proud he gave orders to buy the book and to hire Bill."

"Hey, wait! Your boy friend is a friend of Morgan's?"

"Not a very good friend. They've quarreled a lot. But Mr. Morgan wanted to give him a chance."

"You've got me goofy, Marylee." I feel like George Burns talking to Gracie Allen. "And Bill's name isn't Bill?"

"It's Bill—but it isn't William Waterbury Wilson. Don't you ever tell a soul, Mike. Bill's name is William G. Morgan, Jr. Mr. Morgan is his father."

"The oil man?" I gasped.

"The oil man."

"Holy Joe!" I dropped into a chair. Finally I said, "Bill doesn't know his old man did this?"

"Certainly not. If he found out he'd go right home."

"What about Diamond? Is he wise to it?"

"I don't think so. The deal was made through Bill's publishers and the checks go to them."

"Why spill all this to me, honey? What can I do?"

"Just this. Get some newspaper to print a story about how Bill is going to change Dry Goods and Groceries. Get it on record. Then Diamond won't dare."

"Ho-ho!" I said. "He'd dare anything. The first thing he'd do would be to find out I got the piece in the paper and then he'd get a baseball bat and dare me to come back on the lot."

I LOOKED up as the door banged open and Bill galloped in looking like an orphan that has just seen Santa Claus. He rushed over and threw his arms around Marylee and yelled, "Everything's all right, darling. Mr. Diamond is making me a supervisor—putting me in full charge of the production. I can change the story any way I like."

"Bill!" Marylee cried as if all her troubles were over.

He turned to me, beaming. "And best of all, who do you think is going to star in the picture?"

I was thinking fast, looking for the catch. I got it.

"Olive Zolita," I said.

"How'd you guess?"

I got sarcastic. "She's just the type for your Oklahoma country girl."

The simpleton said, "That's what Mr. Diamond told me."

Marylee sank back in her chair and groaned. She looked at me and I knew she saw the whole plot, too. Diamond must have discovered who Bill was. And he was tying Mr. Morgan's bill of goods all up in one neat bundle—William G. Morgan's star, his son and his son's story—so they'd all sink together and when the books were balanced maybe Mr. Morgan, shown up as a meddling sap, might not be chairman of the board any more. And after that lesson perhaps the bankers would keep their burned fingers out of Morris Diamond's business.

He was smart, that Diamond, and he must have discovered who Bill was. Now nobody could put a finger on him and say he was deliberately wrecking the picture. He was giving in, all along the line, and if he was called for putting an inexperienced kid in charge of a production and to handle a star like the wildcat, he could pass the buck right back to Morgan.

(Continued on page 60)

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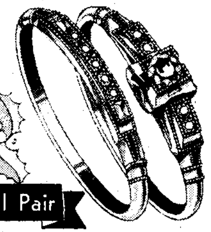

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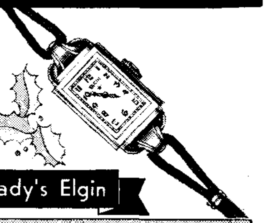

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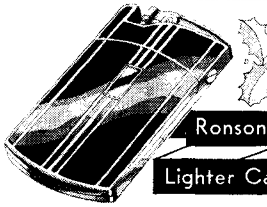

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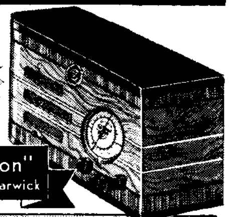

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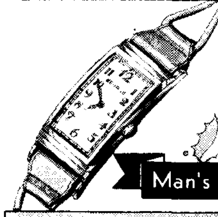

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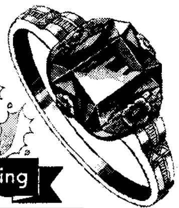

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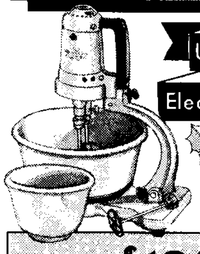

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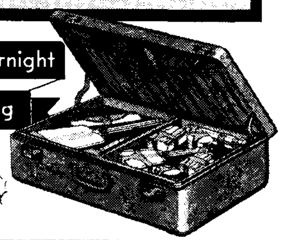

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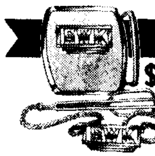

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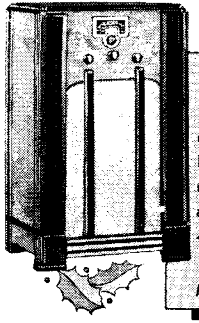

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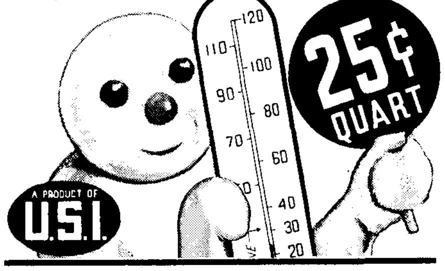

(Continued from page 58)

"Who's your director?" I said.

"Jack Starkweather," Bill said.

"Ouch!" I said. Jack Starkweather had made three bad pictures in a row and was about to be let out.

"Mr. Diamond said he was the man for the job," Bill said.

"He is," I said, "for the job Diamond has in mind." And I dusted off my hands and picked up my hat and got out of there right quick.

DIAMOND let me know he'd just as soon that Zolita slipped into town with no more publicity than a tourist from Iowa, but Eddie Crawford wasn't quitting, so we gave her the old Hollywood welcome when she arrived at Pasadena.

New York had wired Zolita's car number and Eddie and Bill and I were on it before it stopped. Bill had bought himself some new clothes and looked pretty slick. She was just coming out of her drawing room. Boy, she looked good! She thought we were reporters.

"Go 'way!" she shrieked.

Eddie shushed her and told her who he was. "And this," he said, dragging Bill up front, "is Mr. William Waterbury Wilson, your supervisor."

"How do you do?" said Bill, scared.

"Ah-h-h-h-h!" she breathed, looking him over. She took both his hands. "You aire as be-you-ti-ful as your stor-ee."

Bill's face was red. He swallowed.

"Let's be moving," said Eddie.

We rushed her through the crowd to the car and delivered her at her hotel. Eddie and I came back alone. She said she wanted to talk over the story right away and Bill straightened his tie and said he guessed that would be a good idea, so he stayed.

"Maybe she won't be so tough," I said when we got in the car.

"Give her time," Eddie said. "She'll run that troupe. Poor old Jack Starkweather will let her walk on him." He sniffed. "And Marylee's friend Bill! He'll be Mister Olive Zolita before the picture's finished."

"Phooey," I said, sort of halfheartedly. I thought, "If she busts up Bill and Marylee, maybe I'd be top man." But that was silly. I said, "Zolita doesn't marry 'em. Especially not writers. She picks big shots."

Eddie looked at me as if he were a very wise fellow. "So Bill isn't a big shot, hey?"

"You're on?" I burst out.

"Are you?" he said, surprised.

"Marylee told me. How'd you find out?"

"Certain folks in New York tipped me off. And maybe," he nodded, "they told Zolita. Why should she go nuts over a writer the first time she sees him—unless she knows his father is the big boss of the whole works? Maybe the old man told her."

"He probably asked her to look after his little boy when she got here."

"She can do it," Eddie said.

We didn't say anything for a while. Finally I said, "She can't bust that up. Those kids are crazy about each other."

"If Zolita tried," Eddie said, "she could make Romeo climb right down from the balcony."

I had to see Zolita every day, because I was handling her publicity, but I kept away from Bill and Marylee.

Jack Starkweather and I were standing outside the studio restaurant one day after lunch. He told me Bill had changed the heroine to fit Zolita's accent, and had put in a scene where she took off most of her clothes and went swimming in a pond. They were scheduled to start shooting in a week.

"Zolita's running things," moaned Jack. "This boy's no supervisor—not even a good script writer. Diamond won't give me any help and I've got the whole thing on my shoulders. It's sure to flop, and if I didn't need the dough I'd quit."

"Why don't you fight 'em?" I said. "You could make a pretty good picture if they'd let you."

"What's the use? Whenever I want the kid to put in a scene Zolita doesn't like and we ask him to decide, she puts her arms around him and croons, 'What shall eet be, my Bill-ee?' and he gulps and says, 'You're right, mam-sell,' and I'm licked."

"Too bad, Jack," I said and walked away. I saw Marylee coming and started to duck down a side alley but she called to me.

"Hello," I said.

"You've been dodging me," she said.

"I want to keep out of it," I said. "It gives me a pain. A collection of hams. And I don't like hams."

"Bill is—"

"I'm sick of Bill. And why you stick with him I don't know. He's up at the Troc every night with Zolita and—why don't you marry me, Marylee?"

"All right, Mike," she said. "I will."

"Sugar!" I yelled and grabbed her. "Do you mean it?"

A big hand hit my shoulder and spun me out of the clinch.

It was Bill. "What's this?" he snapped.

"Mike and I are going to be married," Marylee announced, setting her teeth.

"But you—you can't mean—" The kid was white.

"Run along, little boy," I said, "and play with your wildcat."

He swung at me. I tried to duck but it got my left eye. I clinched and held him.

"Listen, you sap," I said. "You've lost Marylee and it's your own fault. Try and take it like a man."

"But, Marylee—" he begged. I let go of him. "You can't—just when everything—the picture—I'm going to make good."

"Ha!" I said. "You make good? You never would have been here if your father hadn't fixed things."

"Mike!" Marylee cried.

My eye was closing and I was mad.

"Your old man thinks he knows how to make pictures. When Diamond gets through with him—" I told him everything, how his father was being framed. How Bill didn't know enough to be a supervisor, how Diamond had handed him Zolita and Jack Starkweather, two failures. He just stood there with his mouth open. "Now," I said finally, "maybe you'll have sense enough to pack up and go home and throw the whole mess back into Diamond's lap."

HE LOOKED me square in the eye. I held up my arms because I thought he was going to swing again, but he didn't. He said, without looking at her, "Marylee, is this true?"

"Mike's right," she said. "You'd better go home, Bill."

"Back to the oil wells, kid," I said.

He said slowly, "And leave my father in a hole? After he's given me a chance—at the risk of his own reputation?" He turned to Marylee, beaming. "Look, Marylee, he did that for me! It's not the way I thought. My father is *for* me. I can't let him down!" He pulled himself up straight. "Listen, you two. This is going to be the best damn' picture ever made on this lot." He leaned over and kissed Marylee. He clean forgot she was going to marry me. And she kissed him back! She forgot, too!

"Attaboy, Bill!" she cried.

He turned and started running toward the administration building.

"Hey," I said to her. "You're going to marry me!"

"That's off," she said. She grabbed my hand. "Come on, let's see what he's up to."

"Hey, wait. What is this?"

"I saw him behind you, Mike. I

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NEW PRINCIPLE
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a. *Its Perfect Mixture* (of Air and Smoke) improves the flavor, taste, and aroma—because the tobacco burns better.

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c. *Its Perfect Mixture* (of Air and Smoke) keeps your smoke cool, and will not burn your tongue no matter how fast you smoke.

d. *Its Perfect Mixture* (of Air and Smoke) takes the rawness out of any tobacco.

The Updraft of the new Carburetor Kaywoodie is the result of 5 years of steady, intensive experimentation. Now it's here—perfected. This new pipe looks just the same as the regular Kaywoodie, except that it has a "carburetor" hidden in the bottom of the bowl—it breathes at the bottom! It's MILD—mild enough for cigarette smokers! We ask all smokers to examine it at their dealer's—the new taste in pipes! Of course it has the famous **Drinkless Attachment** in the stem.

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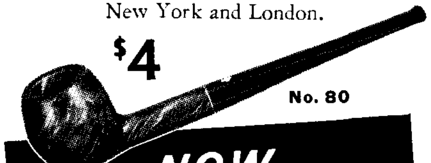


NOW GRADUATE TO KAYWOODIE

thought perhaps it would work—and it did. Come on." We went.

We could hear what Bill was up to, before we got into Diamond's office. The door was open, his secretary was yelling for help.

Diamond was sitting on his $10,000 Oriental rug holding his jaw with both hands. Bill was standing over him.

"So you thought you'd double-cross my father, did you?" Bill shouted. "Get up, you rat, and let me sock you again."

Diamond didn't get up. He just sat there, scared to death. Then he mumbled, "You're fired. Get off this lot."

"I'm not fired," Bill said. "Right now I'm boss. I want the best supervisor you've got and the best scenario writer."

DIAMOND shook his head. Bill grabbed him by the collar, pulled him to his feet and sank his fist into Diamond's stomach. "Ooff!" said Diamond.

"Do I get 'em?"

"Uh-huh." He dropped into a chair.

"And if I don't get your co-operation I'll be back and give you some more."

He walked out. Marylee and I followed.

I'll be darned if I know why I was on Bill's side now, but I was.

"Look, kid," I whispered, "go back and make him give you another star and another director."

"I'll take care of them," he said. "Find Starkweather and bring him to Zolita's dressing room."

This egg had taken Marylee away from me and had given me a black eye; but, like a sap, I was rooting for him. I didn't say, "Find him yourself." I went and found him.

"Where'd you get the shiner?" Starkweather said.

"Everybody's getting 'em, if they don't behave. Come on."

Zolita was lying on a lounge. Marylee was standing near the open door. Bill was pacing up and down.

"What ees eet zat troubles my Bill-ee?" Zolita was cooing.

"You'll find out," Bill said. "Come in," he said to Starkweather and me. He stood facing the lounge. He said to Zolita, "Put your feet on the floor and let Mr. Starkweather sit beside you." Zolita gasped. Her face was black. Bill said in a cold, hard voice, "*Get those feet down!*" She got 'em down. Starkweather sat beside her.

Bill began, "You two are has-beens."

Zolita started to rise in indignation. Bill reached over and pushed her back. "Don't try to deny it. I've learned plenty since I've been around this lot."

He pointed a finger at Zolita. "You're a great actress, but your head is swelled."

He turned to Starkweather. "You're a fine director, but you haven't spine enough to stick up for what you know is right. I'm an amateur who thought making pictures was a cinch. We are on our way to the ash can and everybody on this lot has known it—but us."

"Bill-ee!" Zolita cried. "What hass come over you?"

"I've got some sense, and you and Starkweather are going to get some sense. We've got a chance to show that we have the stuff. We can make a fine picture—if each of us tends to his own business." He looked at Marylee. "I almost lost my girl and I almost threw down my father." He turned back to Zolita. "My father is giving you an opportunity to prove that you're not as big a damn' fool as people think and I'm not going to let you throw him down."

Zolita was furious. "You cannot use sooch language to me, sir!"

Bill stood up and looked down at her.

"Kick her teeth out, Bill," I said.

Zolita looked at me with big, scared eyes. She saw my shiner. She jumped up and grabbed both of Bill's hands. "Yes, yes, Bill-ee. You are right."

Jack Starkweather clenched his fists. "We'll make a picture, mister, that will knock 'em cold!"

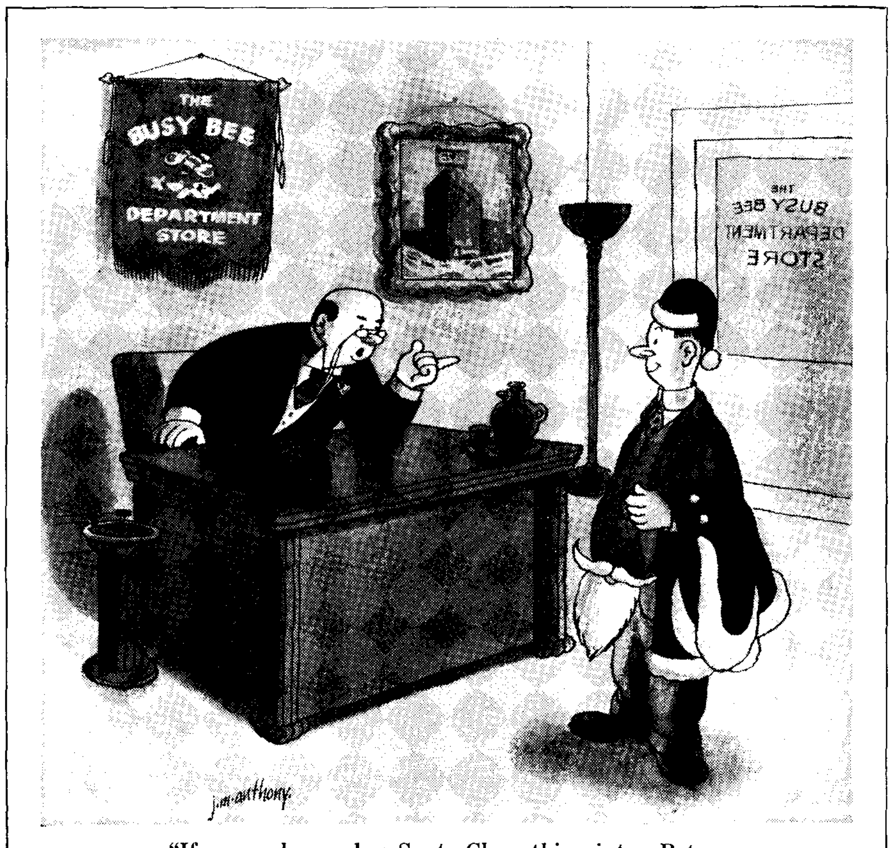
YESTERDAY New York wired that Dry Goods and Groceries was still a smash after a four-week run. Olive Zolita is set to be one of the biggest stars on earth. Jack Starkweather has signed a five-year contract to direct her.

This morning Bill and Marylee came in to say goodby. They're going to be married and live in Oklahoma. Bill's going to write another book.

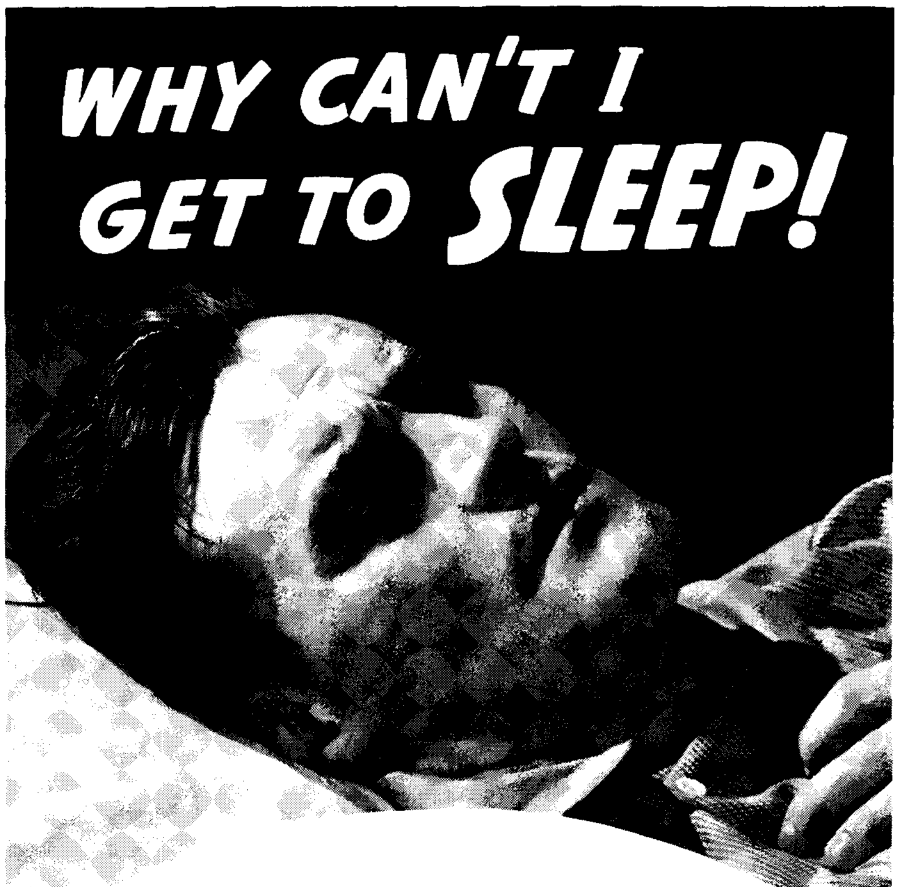
"I lose," I said to Marylee and held out ten dollars.

And darned if the little son-of-a-gun didn't take it!

I needed that ten. I'm taking Zolita to dinner at the Troc tonight.


THE BUSY BEE DEPARTMENT STORE
j.m. anthony

"If you make good as Santa Claus this winter, Peterson, we'll let you be our Easter bunny next spring!" J. M. ANTHONY


WHY CAN'T I GET TO SLEEP!

If You Toss And Turn

at night – try this drugless aid to restful sleep that helps so many nowadays

IF you are a "poor sleeper"—what would you give to put a stop to those nerve-wracking hours of tossing and turning?

Thousands of people *have* found a way that has enabled them to do this very thing—without medicine, without drugs. A simple way that fosters sound, *natural* sleep — that brings steady nerves and new energy next day.

They do this through the use of Ovaltine, a delicious pure food-drink which was first created in Switzerland and is now made over here.

Originally Ovaltine was developed by a noted food chemist as a strengthening food-drink for invalids, convalescents, and the aged.

Then physicians observed that, when Ovaltine was taken as a hot drink just at bedtime, it also produced unusual results in promoting sound, restful sleep. And in thousands of cases, it was found that people who took it, not only slept more *restfully*—but they also felt much fresher next day.

What Users Report

Thousands of letters, from delighted users of Ovaltine, are regularly received. For example, Mr. H. Coleman, 1608 Adams St., Gary, Ind., writes:—

"*Sometime ago I was so troubled with nervous indigestion, that I seldom slept more than four hours a night. But since I found out about Ovaltine, my condition has improved so rapidly that it hardly seems possible. I am not only sleeping soundly, 8 hours every night, but have commenced to build up to normal weight.*"

Another letter, from Mrs. Elmer Krueger, 2621 N. Richards Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, reports:—

"*My husband would lie awake for hours each night. The doctor suggested 'less smoking, no coffee—and hot Ovaltine.' My husband paid very little attention to the first two suggestions, but he did try Ovaltine. Now he invariably reports 'I fell asleep right away last night'—in contrast to his former complaint, 'I lay awake until midnight.' We certainly appreciate what Ovaltine has done for us.*"

These two letters deal, of course, with only two individual experiences, but they are so typical of thousands received, that we believe you are thoroughly justified in giving Ovaltine a fair trial for "nerves" and sleepless nights.

See For Yourself

So if you suffer from sleepless nights, we urge you to get acquainted with Ovaltine. Observe its results *first-hand.*

Simply phone your grocer or druggist for a tin of Ovaltine now. Then mix 3 to 4 teaspoonfuls of it with a cup of hot milk and drink it just before getting into bed tonight. See if you don't drift off to sleep more easily and naturally than you have, in weeks and months. See if you don't sleep more restfully—and feel much more refreshed next day.

NOTE: ***Ovaltine is now made in America by The Wander Company, 180 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois. It is inexpensive to serve—and can be obtained at all grocery, drug, and department stores.***

Fascination that's

DO YOU KNOW

—that the railroads haul a ton of freight a mile for an average revenue of less than a cent?

—that the speed of freight trains has been stepped up 43% in recent years?

—that by increasing the efficiency of combustion the railroads have cut fuel cost a half billion dollars in the past ten years?

—that 45 cents of every dollar the railroads take in go for railroad payrolls?

—that the railroads maintain their own "highways"—a quarter of a million miles of "line"?

—that many railroads will carry your automobile to vacation spots for the price of a third ticket?

—that railroad fares throughout the United States have been reduced as much as 44%, and that Pullman accommodations now cost one-third less than before?

—that you are far safer on a railroad train than you are in your own home?

ROADBEDS FOR SPEED WITH SAFETY

"Certain fast passenger trains now operate at speeds approximating 100 miles per hour as compared with the former maximum of 60 to 70 miles per hour prevailing only a few years back. In order to provide for higher speeds, the railroads are lengthening spirals, increasing super-elevation on curves, and where necessary, reducing curves and relocating lines." Quoted from CIVIL ENGINEERING, September, 1936. Such work requires constant research and this, plus scores of other investigations, occupies the time of more than a thousand research engineers in railroad and university laboratories throughout America. By such skilled and patient methods—

PIONEERING STILL GOES ON!

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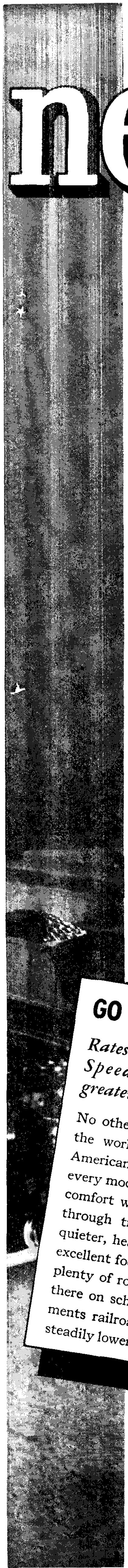


YOU will find, in countless American homes on Christmas morning, eloquent evidence of the place railroads and railroading hold in the hearts of folks throughout our land.

In the memory of oldsters still living, the railroads completed the bold and romantic enterprise of binding the nation together with bands of steel from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

And by their enterprise today, the railroads continue to challenge the interest and stir the imagination of youngsters born and raised in an age of wonders.

Just as electricity has replaced the key and clockworks in many toy trains which gladden homes where they have a place under the Christmas tree—constant innovations contribute to the advancement of the nation's transportation and travel by rail.

You can doubtless name the more dramatic evidences of enterprise—air-conditioning, streamlined trains, electric and Diesel-electric locomotives—yet these are only the obvious symbols of a vastly greater program of betterment which moves forward every day and every year.

To take a single example: $172,000,000 have been invested during the past six years in laying heavier rails, an indispensable prelude to the *faster* schedules maintained today for both passengers and freight with a *safety* record which is the marvel of the world.

If you want to know more about how the pioneering spirit of the American railroads has increased the comfort, the satisfaction, and the economy of travel, we offer a friendly suggestion:

Next time you take a trip, for business or pleasure, go by train.

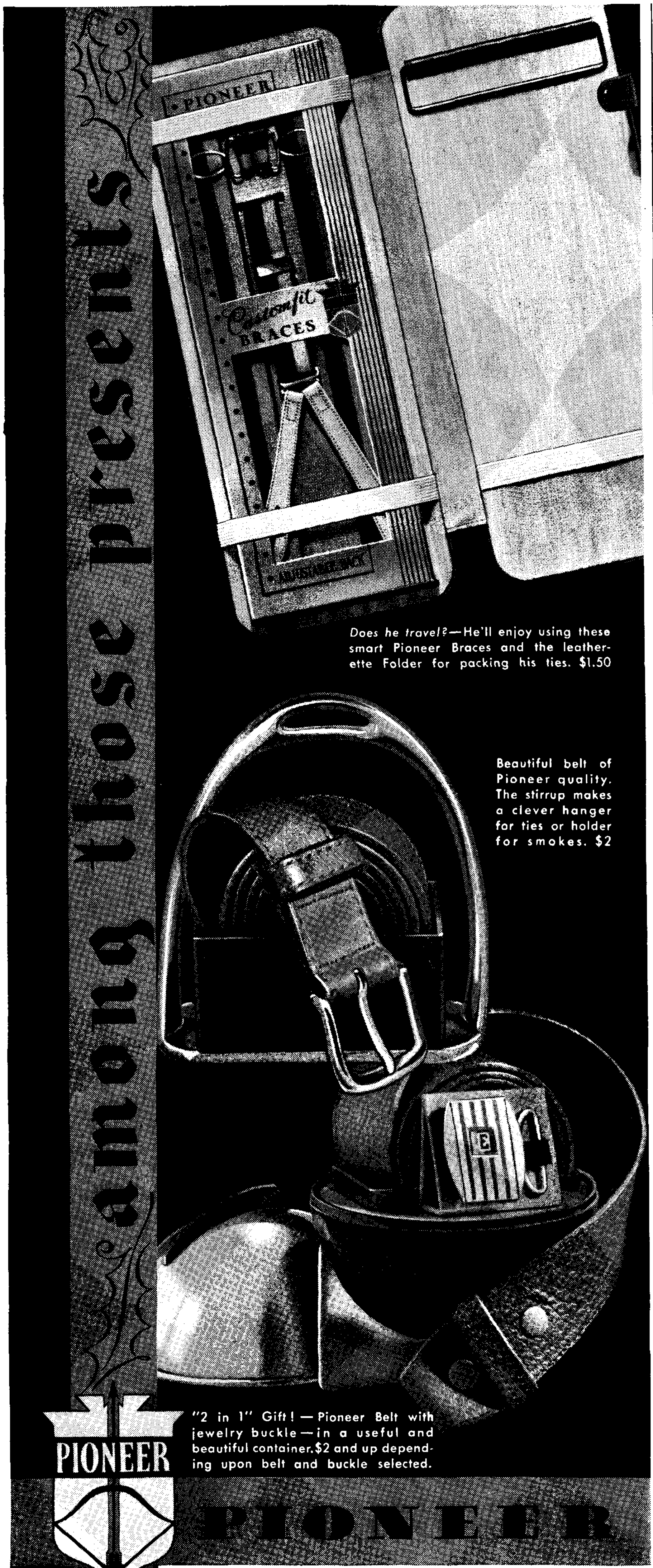
GO PLACES—NOW—BY TRAIN

Rates are low—Safety, Speed and Comfort greater than ever before!

No other transportation in the world can match the American railroads for speed with safety. And every modern convenience contributes to your comfort when you go by rail. Practically all through trains are air-conditioned—cleaner, quieter, healthier. You have modern lighting, excellent food, restful seats, comfortable beds, plenty of room to move around, and you get there on schedule. Yet with all the improvements railroads offer today, fares have been steadily lowered both in coaches and Pullmans.

SAFETY FIRST— *friendliness too!*

ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RAILROADS



Does he travel?—He'll enjoy using these smart Pioneer Braces and the leatherette Folder for packing his ties. $1.50

Beautiful belt of Pioneer quality. The stirrup makes a clever hanger for ties or holder for smokes. $2

"2 in 1" Gift! — Pioneer Belt with jewelry buckle—in a useful and beautiful container. $2 and up depending upon belt and buckle selected.

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AT ALL GOOD MEN'S WEAR COUNTERS

Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

The most highly pampered farm animal in the world is the ostrich, owing to the sensitivity of its growing feathers. Of the numerous conditions that mar them and lessen their value, none is more incredible than the normal fluctuation in the blood pressure of the bird each day and night. This slight change is often "recorded" on the plumes in alternating densities.

The practice of accepting fingerprints in lieu of signatures on wills, deeds, savings withdrawal slips and other documents is growing steadily in this country, despite the fact that such prints do not and cannot indicate, like handwriting, that their owner was sane, sober, conscious or even alive when they were made.

Many hosts and hostesses now take out "reception insurance" with Lloyd's of London. One party held recently in California for 450 persons was insured by the hostess at a cost of $1,800 against property damage and possible claims of injured guests.

Among the great American fortunes that have either been won or lost in an amazingly short time are the $110,000,000 which William H. Vanderbilt made between 1877 and 1885, and the $130,000,000 which J. Ogden Armour lost in 19 weeks shortly after the World War.

At least half the people in the world, particularly Asians and Africans, prefer to squat on their haunches rather than to stand or sit. They take this ungainly position at every opportunity when trading, gossiping, waiting or resting, often holding it for hours at a time.

Evidently the majority of persons who need eyeglasses are unaware of the fact. Recent surveys reveal that out of 54,000,000 adult Americans whose eyesight requires the use of spectacles, only 23,000,000 use them.

Thompson and Lindsay islands in the South Atlantic, which have been on the charts and other maps of numerous nations since 1825, can no longer be found.—*By Braveheart, Wichita, Kansas.*

A testator need not bequeath a dollar to a child or other relative whom he dislikes in order to forestall any attempt to break his will. The document is amply protected against successful litigation when it contains the simple statement that certain individuals are not to share in the estate. —*By L. Lee Ward, Wood River, Illinois.*

Yeast, when kept at a temperature of 30° centigrade and surrounded by sufficient food, doubles its weight every two hours. Under these ideal conditions, therefore, a pound of yeast would grow, in 166½ hours, into a mass weighing as much as the earth, or 6,000 billion billion tons.—*By F. D. McHugh, New York City.*

Owing to illiteracy, poor memory, early death of parents, lack of records and other factors, three quarters of all the persons in the world, it is believed, do not know their own age.

Virtually every perfume on the market today, irrespective of cost, contains some synthetic materials. In fact, some floral perfumes such as lilac, violet, lily, carnation and narcissus are made wholly of chemicals because their essential oils cannot be satisfactorily extracted from the flowers.

The longest time that has ever elapsed between the sending and receiving of a radio signal is four minutes and twenty seconds. If, as it is said, radio waves have a velocity of 186,000 miles a second, this particular signal may have traveled 48,360,000 miles, or a distance equivalent to almost 2,000 trips around the earth. —*By R. D. Hutchens, Chicago, Illinois.*

Although fifteen other operatic composers have used Goethe's poem "Faust" as a libretto, Gounod's opera far surpasses their works, as well as all other operas, in popularity. In fact, his "Faust," which had its première in Paris in 1859, has been sung more often than any other five operas combined.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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Strange Christmas advertisement, this one

PRACTICALLY every page of every paper and magazine you read these days offers you the "*Perfect* Gift" for that man in your life.

Well, we're going to be different. We're not going to claim that Arrow Shirts, Ties, Handkerchiefs, and Underwear are "*perfect*" gifts. Just this:

. . . that few men have enough shirts, ties handkerchiefs, and underwear.

. . . that Arrow Shirts are immaculately styled beautifully tailored, finished off with the world's finest collar—the one and only *Arrow Collar*.

. . . that Arrow Shirts and Arrow Shorts can be *guaranteed* against shrinkage because they're *Sanforized*.

. . . that Arrow Ties and Arrow Handkerchiefs are styled by the same men who style Arrow Shirts, so that they go together unusually well.

ARROW
SANFORIZED

If it hasn't an Arrow label it isn't an Arrow Shirt

. . . that there is tremendous variety in all these handsome items, only a few of which are shown here.

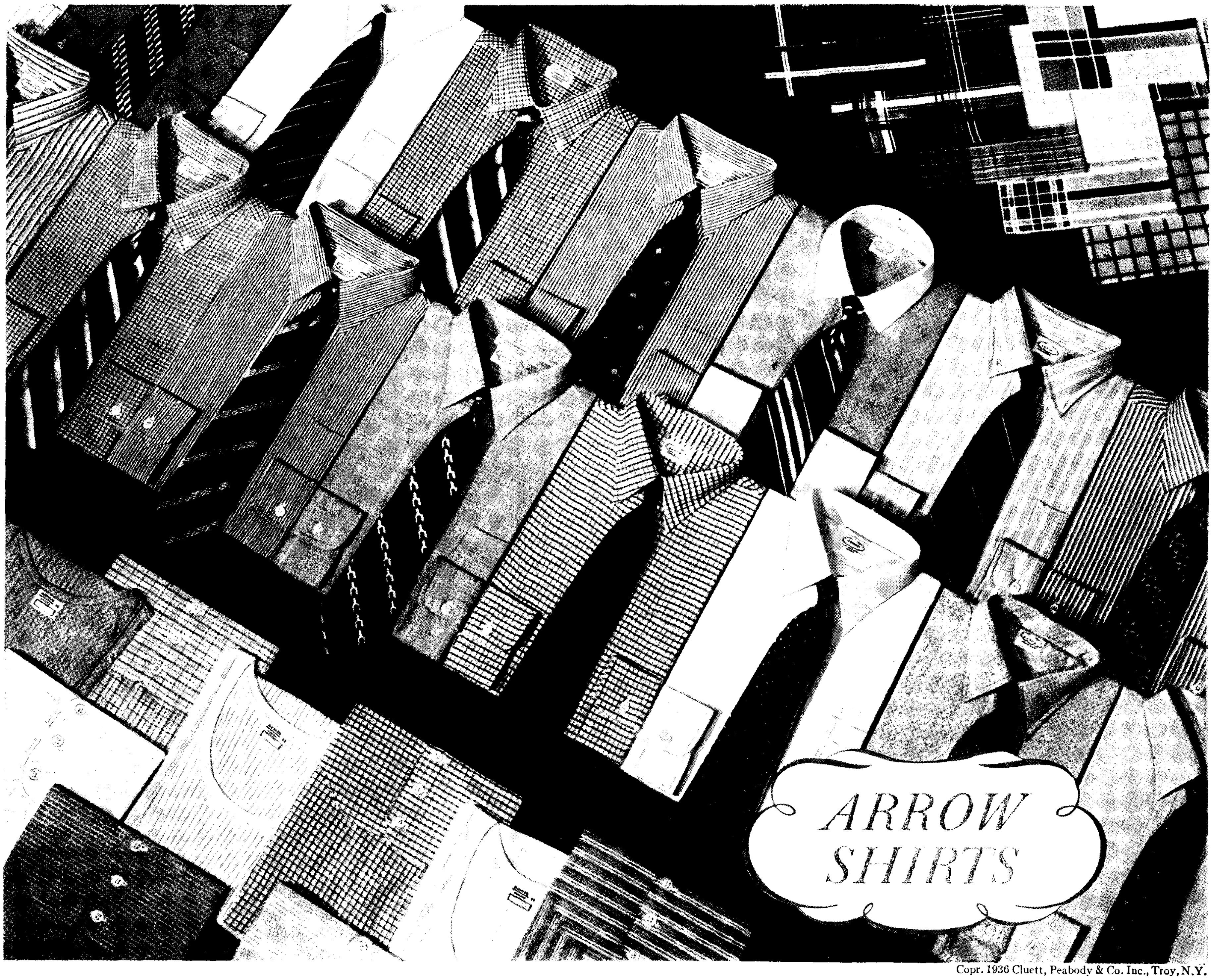
. . . that they're extremely fine values—the Shirts are $2 to $3.50 . . . Underwear from 65c up per garment . . . Ties, $1, $1.50 and $2 . . . Handkerchiefs, 25c to $1.

. . . that men recognize the Arrow label as a symbol of good taste, *and will, therefore, admire your judgment in selecting any of these garments.*

. . that your Dealer will be glad to help you in your selection.

. . . and that we hope you will have a very Merry Christmas!

Sanforized Shrunk—a new shirt if one ever shrinks



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Turn About

By Henri Duvernois

A Short Short Story Complete on this Page

ILLUSTRATED BY LEONARD DOVE

"THEODORE," Madame Brevet said to her husband, "let's not go to the theater tonight."

"What a ridiculous idea!"

"I'm not feeling well."

"That's imagination; you'll get over it."

"No, Theodore; I know myself too well. I'd prefer to go to bed."

"Every time I particularly look forward to something this is the way you behave."

"That's not fair, Theodore. I'm hardly ever ill."

"You love to spoil my pleasure. I'm sick and tired of it. Make an effort. I've bought the tickets—forty francs, counting the tax. Don't eat any dinner; you'll feel better without it. We'll have supper when we get back. Now pull yourself together. Go and get dressed, Emilie; I don't want to have to tell you again. From the moment I determine that you are able to go, there is only one thing for you to do—go."

Madame Brevet threw a reproachful glance at her husband, but she obeyed. At the theater Monsieur Brevet hardly spoke to his wife. He was a formidable man with a black beard and a highly polished pate. His wife, a sweet and timid creature, lived tremblingly in his shadow. Just before the last act she whispered plaintively:

"I'm so sorry, Theodore, but I beg you to take me home."

"But we'll miss the end."

"What difference does it make? I'm absolutely exhausted. You stay if you like."

Theodore in exasperation got up violently, jostled the spectators in his row and shouted at the cloakroom attendant. Emilie followed him, pale and terrified. In the carriage she burst into tears.

"I'm afraid I'm going to be seriously ill. . . ."

"Your health is splendid; you just like to irritate me."

"You'll be sorry you said that, Theodore!"

"Well, what's the matter with you? Have you a headache? A pain in your heart? In your feet? In your stomach? In your knees? In your eyelashes?"

"I'm so weak I'm sure I'm going to faint."

"Go ahead. Faint and have done with it."

WHEN they reached home Madame Brevet said good night to her husband. He did not reply. She offered him her forehead to kiss; he turned away. Slowly she went into the next room. Monsieur Brevet was furiously lighting his cigar when he heard the sound of a body falling. He rushed into the bedroom. Emilie lay at full length, motionless, on the floor.

"Emilie!" cried Monsieur Brevet, fumbling for her pulse. "Come, Emilie I'm not angry at you any more. . . . You're overwrought, upset. It's nothing else. . . ."

But Emilie remained silent. Monsieur Brevet was overcome by sudden panic. He hurried to the bathroom for smelling salts and spirits of ammonia. In vain. Suddenly he noticed that his wife's breathing had stopped. A cold chill seized him. He ran downstairs like a madman and woke the concierge.

"Come at once, Madame Rebureau. It's terrible. . . . My wife!"

The concierge dressed hastily, followed Theodore and bent down over Emilie.

"Heavens!" she cried. "Madame Brevet is dead. Poor gentleman, your wife's heart has stopped beating."

"Dead!" screamed Monsieur Brevet. "It's not possible. Fetch a doctor! Emilie! My darling! My love."

In an instant the room had taken on the devastated look of a place where a catastrophe has occurred. Amid overturned chairs, in an atmosphere reeking of smelling salts and spirits of ammonia, Theodore, on his knees, was pouring tears upon the still hand of his wife.

"Forgive me," he begged. "Forgive me, Emilie. . . . I've been a brute, Emilie, an infamous brute. When I think that this may be my fault. . . . Live, Emilie! Emilie, I implore you to live! I couldn't stand it. I'd die. . . . Forgive me, Emilie!"

AT THIS moment consciousness returned to Madame Brevet. Her left eyelid opened and revealed for an instant a look of astonishment and joy. The remorse of this conquered and contrite giant was a sweet revenge which she continued to savor for several seconds. Then, in a voice that seemed to come from beyond the grave, she murmured: "I forgive you!"

Her husband's joy knew no bounds. He expressed it in sobs, promises, explanations; in passionate, tender and awkward kisses such as a father lavishes upon a child snatched from destruction.

"You really love me?" asked Madame Brevet, smiling feebly.

"You ask if I love you! Ah, I myself never suspected how much! I thought I had lost you. . . . My God!"

"Tell me again that you love me."

"I adore you."

"Truly?"

"Do you want to see the doctor? I hear him coming."

"There's no need. I'm a little hungry, that's all."

"You're hungry, my treasure! She is hungry! I shall cook you a nice dish of shirred eggs and I shall find some of your favorite preserves. . . . What a turn you gave me! Look, I'm trembling."

That night Theodore dreamed he was murdering his wife. He cried out repeatedly: "I am a scoundrel!" Madame Brevet had to keep reassuring him: "Everything's all right, my dear. I'm here! I haven't died. Go back to sleep. . . ."

Next morning Emilie got up singing gaily. The nightmares, however, had left her husband looking a little haggard. She said:

"What do you think, Theodore? I feel like going to the theater tonight. Get tickets for a vaudeville, will you? I want to laugh."

"This evening? I'd rather not. I'm tired."

"It will do you good."

"Do me good?" Monsieur Brevet repeated in amazement. Then angrily: "That's a fine way to speak to me. What a tone!"

"It's the tone that suits me."

"How dare you—"

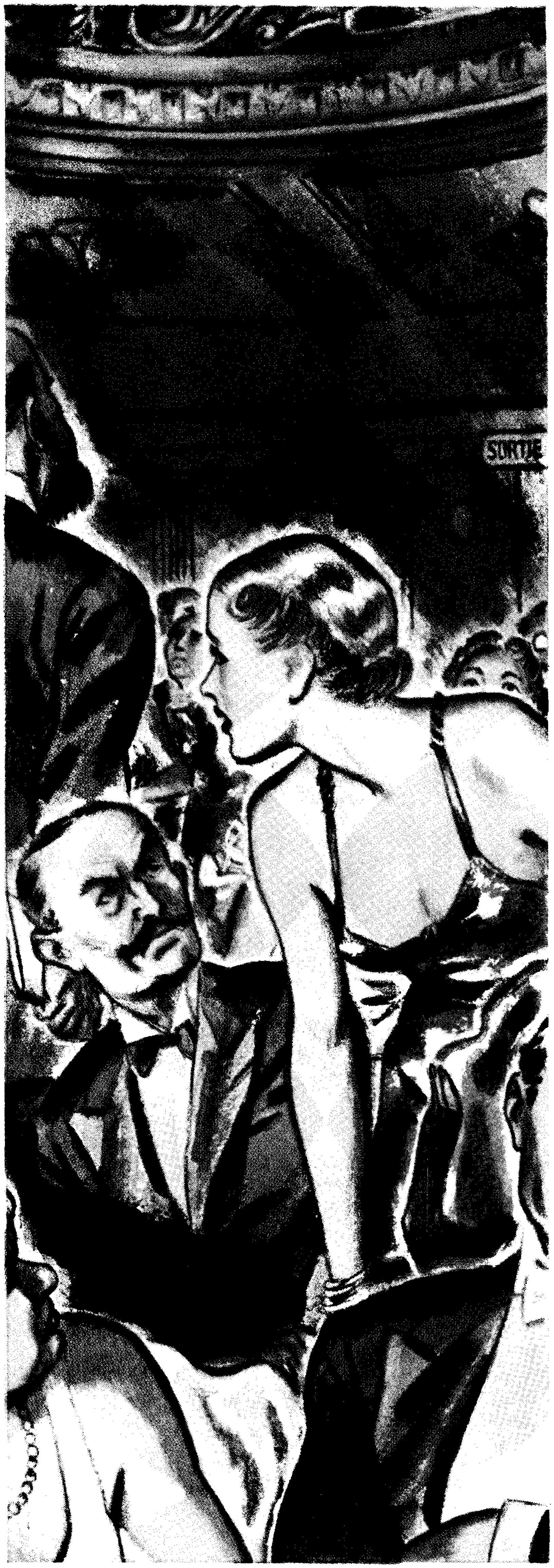
"You weren't so high and mighty when you thought I was dead."

"Are you going to trade on that?"

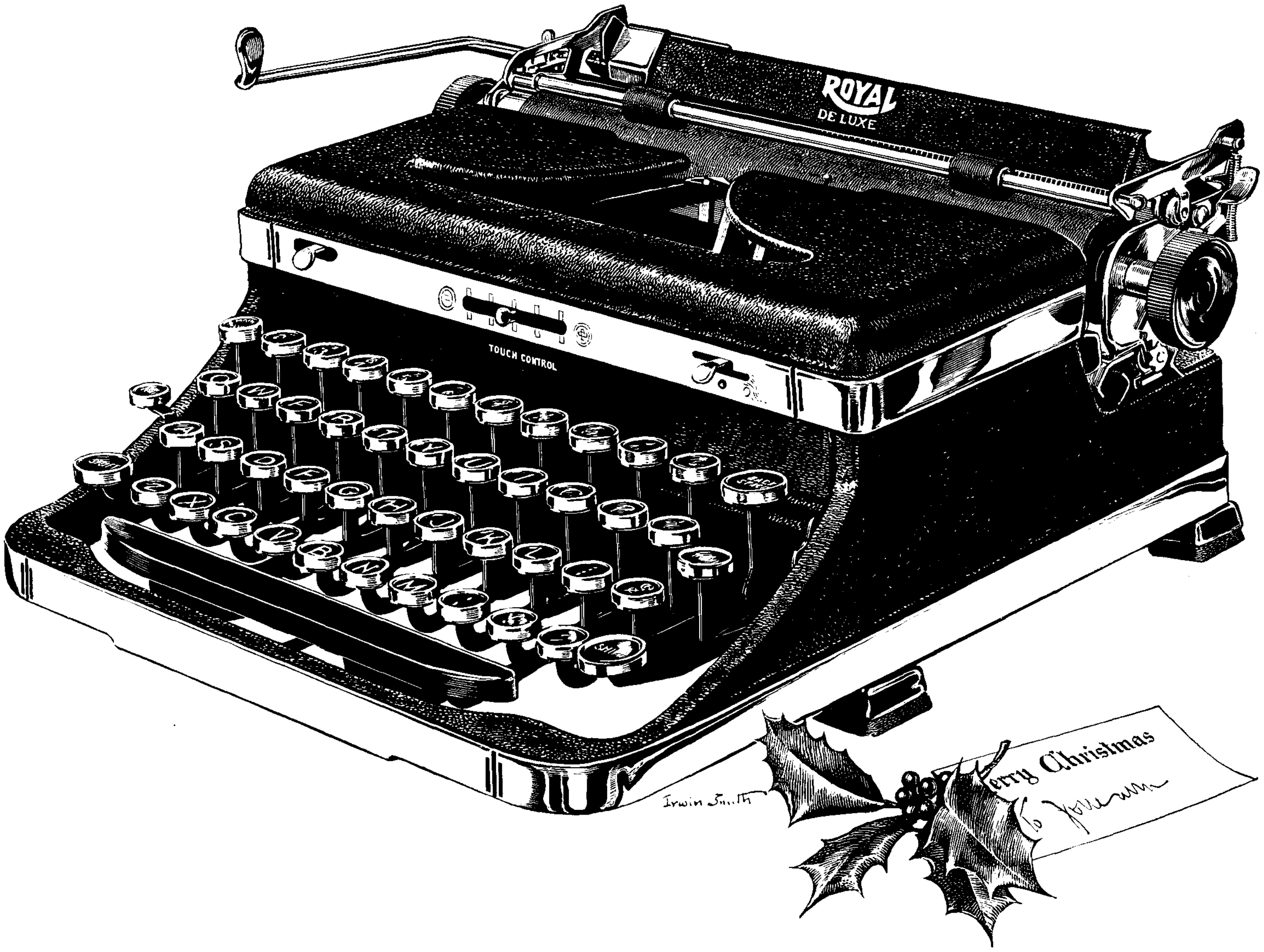
"I don't know just what you mean; but if you think I'm the same slave you possessed yesterday you're mistaken, my friend. I was here to tremble and obey. . . . I had no confidence in myself. . . ."

"And now?"

"I am a woman," Emilie replied firmly. "I know that you love me and I intend to make the most of it!"



He got up violently. Emilie followed him, pale and terrified



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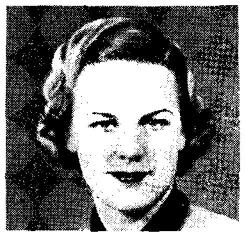

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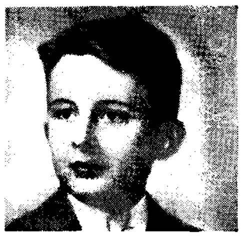

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UNITED ARTISTS

Soon "Rembrandt" will be shown in your local theatres. Watch for it. It is one of the screen events of the season.

Dark Tropic Sea

Continued from page 25

The faces in that room would not be easy to forget.

Outstanding among them all, of course, was that of Charley Vaughn, a young man so astounded that he appeared stupefied. His mouth hung foolishly open, and his eyes stared with the utter vacuity of a man who has been rapped over the head. As he stared dazedly at Nural Hakim, a slow, silly-looking flush mounted into his face to the very roots of his hair. He started to stammer something.

"Why, I— Why, I—" He gave it up.

Except for my own surprise, I would have found it necessary to laugh at Charley Vaughn.

Vaughn's astonishment was to some extent mirrored in the faces of the others. It was in the blank puzzlement of Justin Lowry, and in the obvious bewilderment of Tonai Merriam. Bates and Llewellyn simply stood and stared, while Mrs. Holderness looked goggle-eyed and flustered.

BUT it was Marise Lowry whose reaction I most particularly observed, my eyes drawn to her by a little gasp that had been torn from her by Nural Hakim's confrontation. She not only looked angry and surprised and disbelieving; the girl looked positively stricken.

"It isn't true!" Marise cried out now. "I don't believe—"

"Be still!" Captain Norse ordered; then, as Charley Vaughn again attempted to speak, repeated his command. "Be silent, both of you!"

Nural Hakim turned away from Vaughn and once more took his place in front of the Imam, stolidly and obediently awaiting his dismissal.

Norse resumed his questioning. "What was this man wearing when you saw him in the compound?"

"Captain, a seaman's slicker and a rain hat—the hat that is called a Sou'-wester."

"You saw his face?"

"No, Captain."

"Then what made you think you recognized him?"

"I don't know, Captain. The shoulders, maybe, I think."

"There was a barong in his hand?"

"I do not know."

"Did you see any weapon of any kind?"

"No, Captain."

"Did you see this man again that night?"

"I thought so, Captain; with Mr. Barrett, I thought."

Norse tried a new tack. "Did Mrs. Merriam send you here to find work on Malangai?"

"No, Captain."

"Until Mrs. Merriam came here, how long had it been since you had seen her?"

"I think three years, Captain."

"Has she asked you to do anything for her, of any kind, since she has been on Malangai?"

"Yes, Captain. I sailed her to Tunganan."

"What else?"

"That is all, Captain."

"Nural Hakim," said Captain Norse, "there is something that you have forgotten to tell me. What is it?"

"I don't know, Captain."

"Well, I know there is! Search your mind. I tell you, you have forgotten something I have to know!"

Nural Hakim fell silent, behind the hard, impassive mask the Moros know so well how to wear. Nor could Captain Norse's questioning bring out of him anything more. He gave it up at long last, and indicated to the Imam that the hearing was dismissed.

"You must stay near at hand, where I can call you again if I want you," Norse told Nural Hakim. "Beyond that you are free."

"Yes, Captain."

After the Moros were gone, the Bilaan houseboys came in and put the furniture back where it belonged, and lighted the light. So completely did this restoration change the scene that the exotic performance which we had just witnessed was immediately made to seem an unreal memory, as if it had been the illusion of a hypnotic island magic. Only a tang of betel, and a faint odor of sandalwood—probably from Nural Hakim's long-stored ceremonial clothes—remained perceptible in the room.

Marise Lowry and Charley Vaughn were whispering together. Marise looked white and shaken, and Charley Vaughn still looked astonished.

"Captain Norse," Vaughn blurted now, "that Moro lied! I tell you I never heard such a lie in my life!"

Norse surveyed him with a chilling eye. "I think not," he answered. "I think, in fact, he told the exact truth to the best of his ability. All testimony is always uncertain; but a Moro sworn upon the Koran, and a Moro Salip, at that, is just about the least likely to lie of anybody I know of."

"But I tell you," Charley Vaughn insisted, his voice rising, "I was never in the compound at all, until after Shane was killed, when I went out with Barrett to look for the knife."

A glimmer of the malicious humor of which Captain Norse was capable flickered in the officer's eyes, and he bore down. "Just exactly where were you at the time Shane is supposed to have been killed?"

"Well, I— Well, you see—I—I don't believe I remember."

"Ah," said Captain Norse, making his eyes piercing upon Charley Vaughn's face.

Vaughn tore off a fingernail with his teeth. "You see—well—"

"He was in my room," said Marise Lowry.

THIS pronouncement knocked a startled grunt out of her father. "What?" Justin Lowry demanded.

Vaughn was blushing again, fumbling for words, and Marise went on quickly: "I wasn't feeling well, because of the rough sea during the afternoon. Charley brought me a cup of hot tea. We sat and talked while I drank the tea."

"Well," said Captain Norse, "that's a fair alibi."

"Perhaps," Marise said sharply, "you'd like to swear *me* on the Koran."

Captain Norse walked behind my desk, and sat down.

He lighted a cigarette and exhaled a great cloud of smoke. "Now," he told us, "I am ready to tell you, I think, just what I am going to have to do."

We waited in a silence so intense that the sound of the sea came nearer, until its dim whispering grumble seemed a part of the heavy air in that quiet room.

"Please remember," Norse said, "that it is not my duty to try this case, nor to pass ultimate judgment upon guilt. I find myself faced here with a very suspicious string of coincidences. My duty has simply been to shake down the facts until an explanation of the coincidences offers itself.

"Let me recall to you some of the principal coincidences. Neal Merriam disappears from his Kivasawan plantation; and his disappearance very nearly coin-

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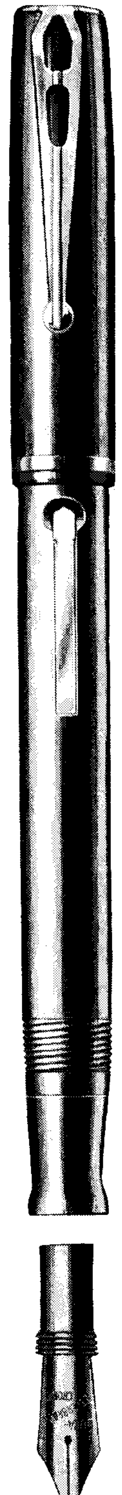

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cides with the return of Mrs. Merriam from Zamboanga. It also closely coincides with the visit to Kivasawan—or a point very near it—by a party from Malangai. Next coincidence: Mrs. Merriam now comes to Malangai and at her first opportunity comes straight to the same people who visited Kivasawan at the time of Neal Merriam's disappearance. Third coincidence: Almost immediately a man is murdered on the window sill of Mrs. Merriam's room, and this is a man who formerly worked at Kivasawan, and knew something about the general situation. Fourth coincidence: At the same time, a Bilaan boy who may have witnessed the murder is killed in the compound. Fifth coincidence: The heel print of a white man is found under the body of the Bilaan boy.

"NOW please note that the same group of people have, in rapid succession, been closely associated with both murders and a disappearance which is probably also a murder. We cannot yet prove that Neal Merriam was murdered; we may or may not be able to prove it later. But there is obviously a high probability; and when we consider that the murder of Shane has no suggested motivation except the concealment of a previous crime, we begin to see the necessity of finding out exactly who would have had the opportunity to carry out all three murders.

"Fortunately Salter's store, adjacent to Kivasawan, is very seldom visited by whites. Only very few people touched that part of the Davao coast during the period of time in which Neal Merriam must have disappeared. Those people, as I listed them this morning, were Mrs. Merriam; Suva Jim Cooper; Suva Jim's sailing master; George Bates and John Barrett. We can eliminate the sailing master. He is an aged man, and there is evidence that he never left his boat at Kivasawan or Salter's store. That leaves a list of four—all of whom, by an especially outstanding coincidence, were in the proximity of Shane's murder."

"A list of four," Lowry scoffed. "Evidently the victims were set upon by a mob."

"That was my list this morning," Norse said, smoking slowly. "But Lieutenant Barnes has been conducting investigations at Kivasawan since I left there. He now tells me, by radio, that he has definite evidence that Neal Merriam disappeared before the arrival of Suva Jim Cooper and Mrs. Merriam."

It gave me a queer, shaken feeling as I saw what he was getting at. Of course, I had seen it coming; but I had not believed he would go on through.

"Therefore," he concluded, "I have no alternative but to arrest George Bates and John Barrett on suspicion of murder, and Mrs. Merriam on suspicion of complicity. A constabulary boat from Jolo will be here the day after tomorrow. By that time I will know how many of you will be invited to go along on our little junket, for the sake of your testimony."

"This is the flimsiest case I ever saw," said Lowry. "You haven't even the suggestion of a motive."

Norse grinned a little. "What's wrong with Mrs. Merriam herself as a motive?"

None of us liked that, but what could we do?

"The whole thing is presumptive and ridiculous," Lowry insisted. "There isn't a single piece of direct evidence in the whole thing."

"For my own immediate purpose," Norse smiled, "a good circumstantial case will do very nicely. I shall simply present my little collection of coincidences—together with their obvious explanation. A circumstantial case, as you say, but a case."

"I by no means admit," Lowry hung on, "that you have a circumstantial case. I don't admit that you have anything. When you say that Shane was killed because he knew something about the disappearance of Merriam, the idea is absurd on the face of it. As I understand it, Shane had not been off Malangai for months."

"I know that."

"IF HE had been on Malangai all the time, he could not possibly have known anything about what happened at Kivasawan. You do not even have the remotest idea what Shane was about to tell Mrs. Merriam when he was killed."

"What makes you so sure that he was about to tell her anything?" Norse asked.

"That is your own implication. Your whole case plainly rests on that very point."

"Not at all. Has it never occurred to you that the opposite might be true? That is, that Mrs. Merriam was about to tell something to Henry Shane?"

Lowry hesitated, but came back strongly. "If anything," he said, "that is even sillier than the other suggestion."

Norse grinned again. "There are several things which I have not told you,

(Continued on page 70)

Philbert

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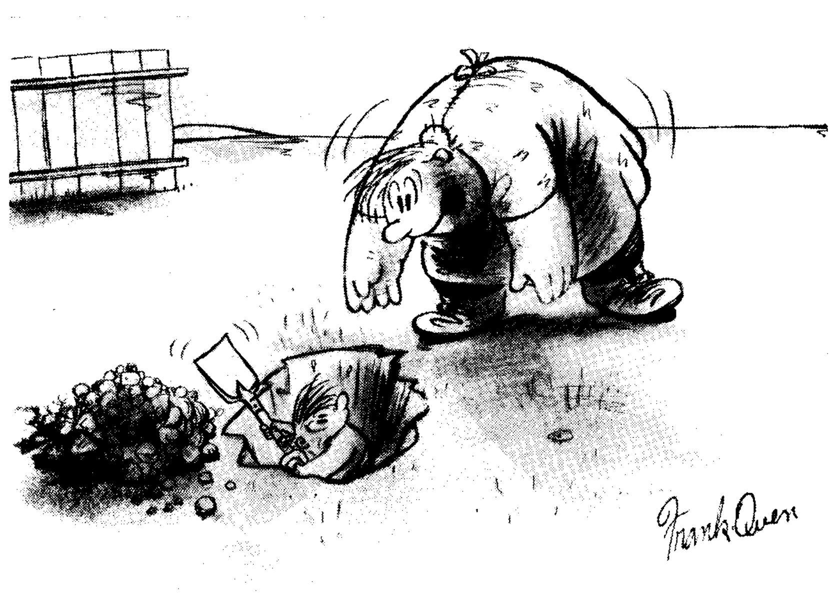
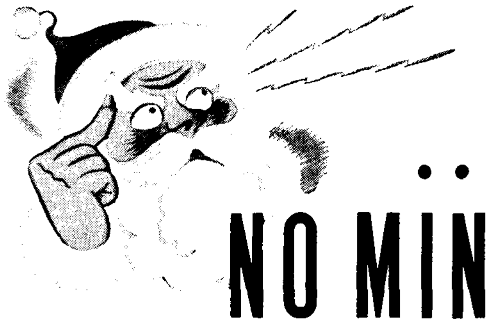
By FRANK OWEN



"You can't stand it up here, because you're afraid of height?"



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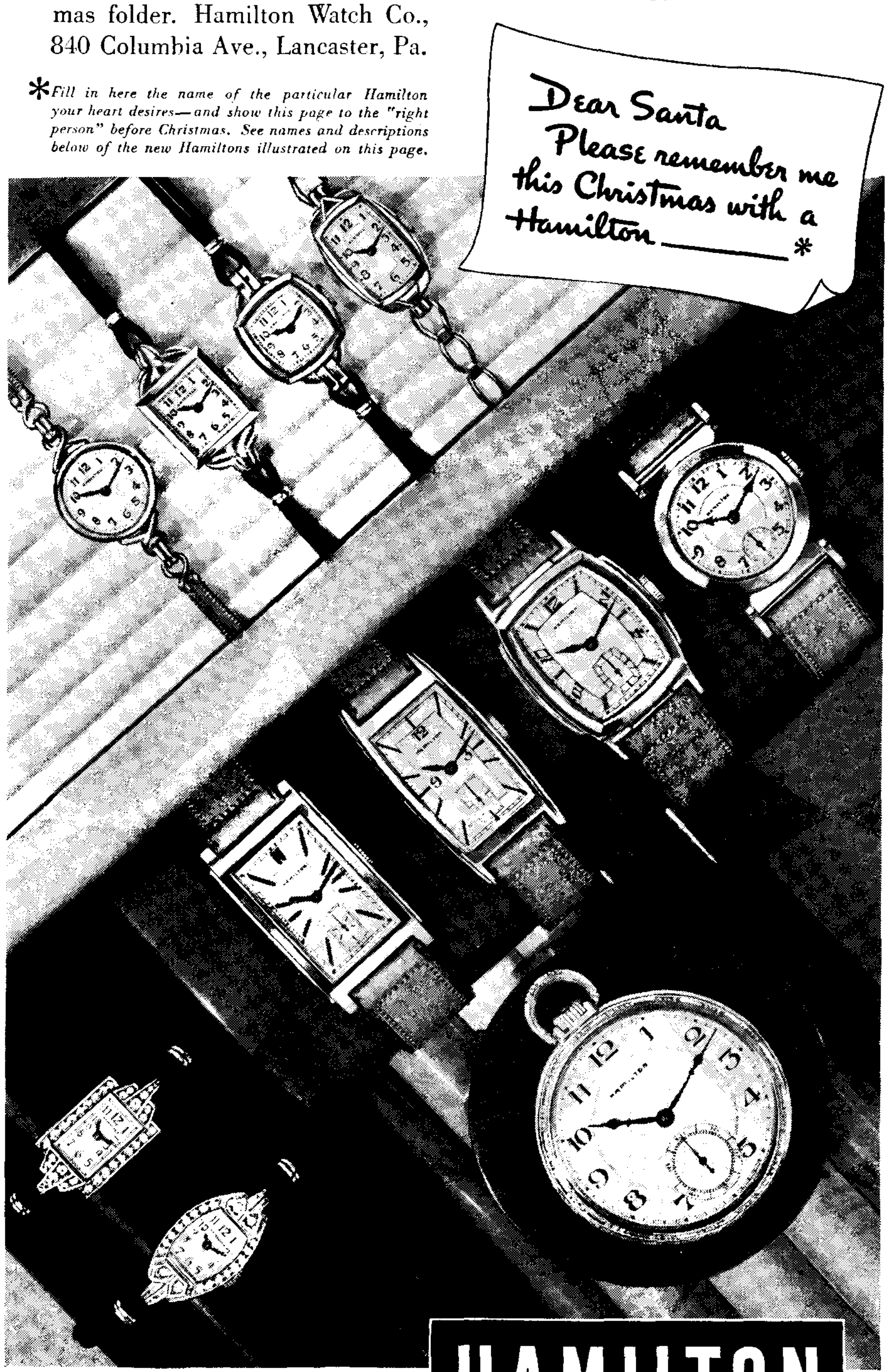

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Relieves sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, sprains, Athlete's Foot

(Continued from page 69)

and don't mean to go into, until the proper time."

Lowry bored in again.

"You admit that there is nothing that Shane could have known. You offer that therefore Mrs. Merriam knew something that she was going to tell Shane. Skipping over the essential silliness of your idea that Mrs. Merriam would confide in such a nonentity as Shane, I point out that in this case Shane would not have voluntarily intruded himself into her room. There simply would have been no reason for his doing so."

"I admit nothing of the kind," Norse said. "In the first place if Neal Merriam is murdered, and his murderer is on Malangai, Shane could easily have found out something without ever leaving Malangai at all."

"What, for instance?" said Lowry contemptuously.

Norse met his belligerent gaze with narrowed eyes. "As a matter of fact," he said, "I'm not ready to divulge the answer to that. But—I think I know."

"And I suppose," Lowry hammered him, "you have some complicated theory why Shane appears in Mrs. Merriam's room, just in time to be killed by the same man who killed Gagahan. Captain Norse, I am well known for standing by my people. If you think you're going to pillory my people for the sake of getting yourself some highly colored publicity, I tell you frankly that I'm not going to stand for it. And I ask you to note that I know how to finish what I begin."

"A very able speech," Norse said impartially. "I well realize, Mr. Lowry, how much expense you can put us to. That is why I have taken so many pains to explain to you just why I have to do what I am doing."

"Very kind of you," said Lowry, with irritation. "I repeat that you cannot even account for Shane's presence in that room!"

"Do you really think I can't?"

"Can you?"

"When the time comes," Norse said, "I can show exactly why he was there."

I did not dare look at Tonai Merriam then. The silence closed in again, full of the wind-borne sound of the sea.

Captain Norse spent all of the next day in a final clearing up of the details of his investigation. I do not know everything that he did, but I believe there was very little to which he attached any real importance, himself. He spent some time at Suva Jim Cooper's place; he took a great many photographs, and drew a few sketch maps showing distances. He fingerprinted us all, and I believe he also searched, unhopefully, for prints to match—though I don't think he had any very clear idea, at any time, that fingerprints could be made of use in this case. And all day long his Filipino corporals came and went on errands I knew nothing about.

It was a tiresome, nerve-racking day. Most people can stand almost anything better than just waiting, with nothing to do. Under the shadow that hung over us here, all sense of orderly routine had evaporated. To attempt any definite accomplishment would have been as futile as an effort to amuse ourselves. We simply waited, under the pressure of an irritating strain.

This was the day that Justin Lowry officially broke his daughter's engagement. It was evidently a thing which embarrassed him very much to do, and he used several thousand unnecessary words, and beat about the bush for a full half hour; until I was obliged to put it into words myself.

The definite break was more of a relief than anything else, for though I had doggedly refused to admit to myself that I was beaten, I already knew in the back of my mind that Marise and I were through. It was pretty plain by this time that tropic waters held no glamor for Marise, nor anything else that she wanted; disaster had simply brought sharply to the surface the incompatibility between Marise and the environment that was my life. And I believed that I saw good reason to suspect that Marise was already falling in love with Charley Vaughn.

Still, I couldn't help blaming Tonai Merriam for the things that were happening to me. Even though I perhaps might never have been able to make her happy, Marise's definite withdrawal was a very real defeat. And I knew that it presaged other defeats. In spite of Lowry's dogged assault upon Captain Norse's purpose, I knew that he was deeply shaken by the things Norse had said. Whoever would have thought that such a spreading cloud of bad luck could center itself about one unhappy girl? Unless there should be a very sudden break in my favor, the odds were about 100 to 1 that Jim Cooper and High-Tide Gaspell would get both Malangai and Tunganan, now; and nothing would be left for me to do but go wandering off in the little old Mindoro Maid, rootless as a gull once more.

It was that day, too, that Bates finally got it through his thick head that he was very close to being in trouble. He came to me early in the afternoon in a greater state of jitters than I would have believed possible of him, all his stolidity breaking up like a boat pounding to pieces on a coral reef.

"Look here, John, look here—I didn't have anything to do with this. I didn't have anything to do with any of it. I never went near Kivasawan. I never left the Mindoro Maid the night Shane was killed. I don't know anything about what happened to Gagahan. This guy can't arrest me!"

I said, "Forget it, Bates. Sure he can arrest you. But he can't hold you long, because there is no evidence against you."

"Look here, look here," he kept saying. "What would be the sense of my knocking off those guys? I don't care anything about the damn' woman to begin with. Why would I go to work and knock them off? He can't arrest me! I didn't have anything to do with it!"

He kept that up for about an hour, and there was no talking him out of it. Finally I told him to get the hell out of the house, and go shave a coconut, or shoot a fish, or himself, or anything, but leave me alone.

For my part, I spent most of the day trying to think of an out. I believed with Captain Norse that the murderers of Shane and Gagahan were somehow hooked up with the disappearance of Neal Merriam. But if it was true that Suva Jim was alibied by the Kivasawan investigation—and I had no way of finding out what the evidence was, let alone breaking it—then I had to admit that I didn't have the faintest idea what had really happened. And I was plenty worried. I didn't think for a moment they were going to convict me of anything—that seemed to me ridiculous. But if I was dragged through a prolonged hearing, involving a lot of unexplained circumstances which vaguely pointed to me, I knew that I would never be able to do anything in Asiatic waters again without those old suspicions returning to block me at every turn.

And I was deeply worried about Tonai. I didn't know what they could do to her, if anything. But I believed now that she had told me the truth, and that she was as innocent as a new-laid egg. And if Norse had in truth found out what Tonai had admitted—that she had sent word to Henry Shane to come and talk to her in her room—they could make things look very bad; so bad that she would never in all her life come out of the shadow of that case, whatever its outcome might be.

About four o'clock in the afternoon I had reached the conclusion that I had only one play left which might possibly offer hope of turning the trend of this case. There was nothing that I liked about this play; everything about it definitely went against my grain. But it was all that I could think of to do.

I sent for Nural Hakim.

"Hakim," I said, "you have made a covenant to help us find out the truth of what has happened here, if you can."

"My covenant was to tell the truth," he answered me. "I have told the truth. I have told all I know."

"Then," I said, "there is something you must find out. I do not know who killed Henry Shane. Neither do you. But now I tell you, I want you to find out."

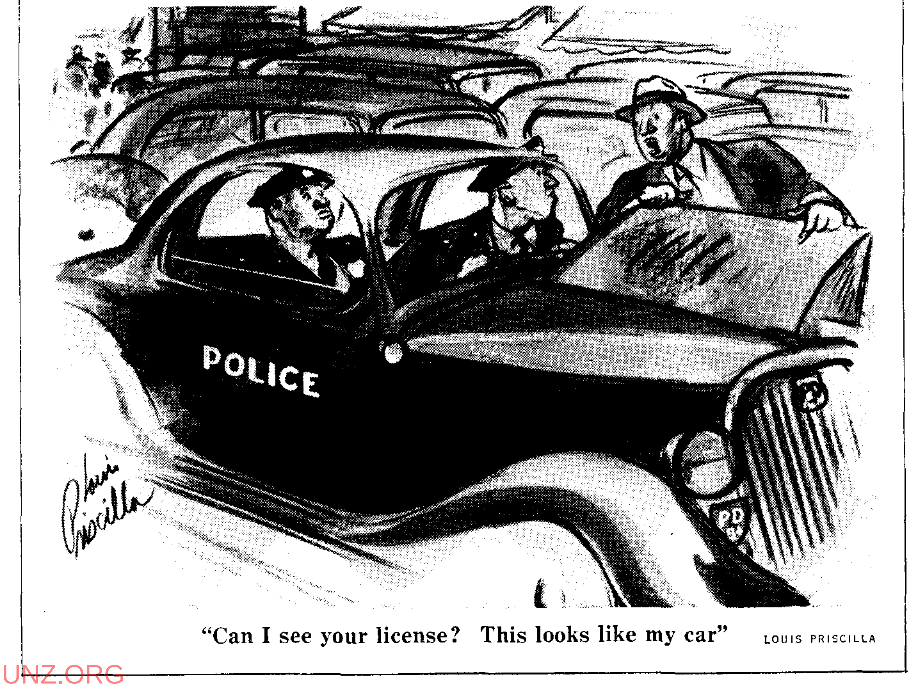
"Jefe, I do not know what you mean."

"You and your people know things that go on here that no white man knows," I insisted. "If you had to find out who killed Shane, you would find a way."

"Jefe," he said again, "I do not know what you mean."

"I must know who killed Henry Shane," I said again. "I must know at once. I will pay you one thousand pesos

(Continued on page 72)



"Can I see your license? This looks like my car" LOUIS PRISCILLA

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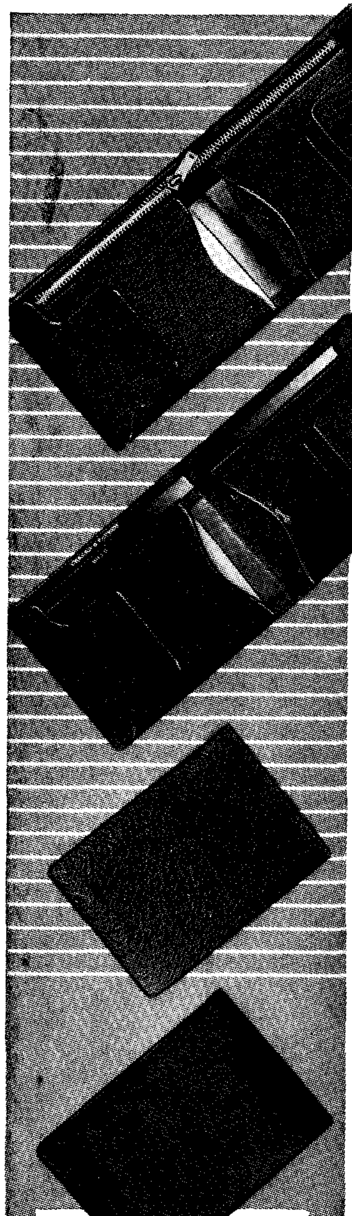

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In English Pin Morocco. Just one piece of leather ingeniously interlocked, a Buxton Billfold expands to meet the heaviest load . . . contracts to original slimness on "light" days.

$2.00
In Mandalay Grain Goat—another Billfold that's guaranteed for the life of its long-wearing leather. For there are no stitches to rip or fray . . . to make your Billfold look shabby before its time. And only Buxton makes them "Stitchless." Others from $1.50.

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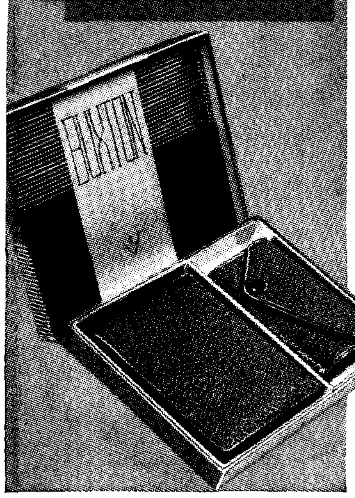
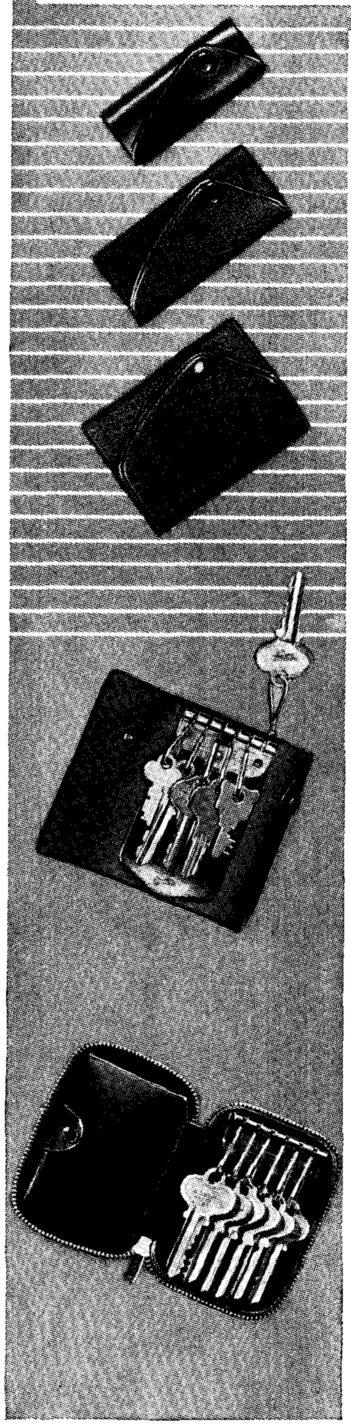


$3.50
This handsome Gift Set combines a "Stitchless" Billfold and Key-Tainer in matching Mandalay Grain Goat. Other Buxton Combination Gift Sets, in duos and trios, are priced from $2 to $50.

KEYS *Locked* IN *a Loop!*



50¢
Buxton's Key-Tainer in Smooth Cowhide, with 2 patented *Locked Loops* . . . not outdated hooks that spread and tangle.

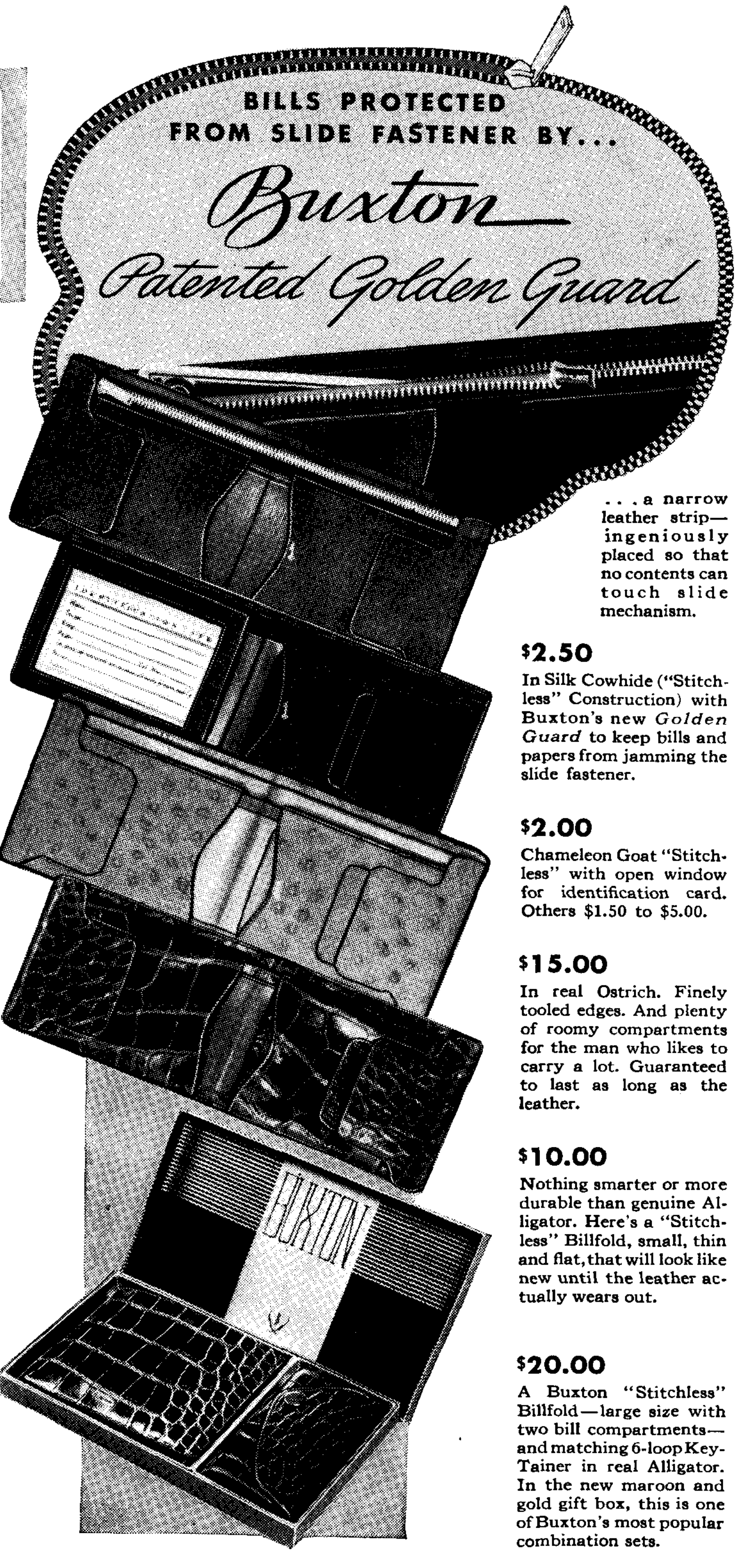
$1.50
4-Loop Key-Tainer in India Grain Goat. The smart cutaway flap opens with a flick of the thumb.

$2.00
A Mandalay Grain Goat model with 8 loops. Sturdy, durable—it will always keep its shape.

$1.00
6-Loop Key-Tainer in Smooth Cowhide. Your keys are secure in patented Locked Loops—yet just press the automatic latch, and both loop and key can be instantly released. These Key-Tainers carry Buxton's FREE return service.

$2.50
In Chameleon Grain Goat, 6 loops. Buxton's new Auto "Zip-Tainer" keeps your keys and driving credentials safely together. A patented leather guard prevents contents from catching in zip. Other "Zip-Tainers" priced from $1.00.

BILLS PROTECTED FROM SLIDE FASTENER BY... *Buxton* *Patented Golden Guard*



. . . a narrow leather strip—ingeniously placed so that no contents can touch slide mechanism.

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THE PROGRESSIVE
UNION PACIFIC
RAILROAD COMPANY

(*Continued from page 70*)

if you will bring me proof that will point to the man."

It was a weird, desperate expedient. I don't suppose any white man ever offered any Moro such a reward for information before. And it was dangerous in more ways than one. For one thing, it was the worst policy in the world to hire a brown man to go against a white in any way. But there was an even greater danger that for so great a reward Nural Hakim would bring me evidence of some kind—any kind, in order to collect, even if he had to bring me a hacked-off head.

But I saw his peculiar surface-lighted eyes change and harden.

I don't know what he was thinking of, but if I had to make a guess I would say that he was thinking of Mecca. It gives a Moro tremendous prestige to have made the pilgrimage to Mecca, and it is a thing few ever achieve. In that thousand pesos Nural Hakim must have seen glory in this life, with a definite cinch upon Paradise beyond.

"How soon?" he said at last.

"At once."

"Five hours," he said huskily, almost inaudibly. "Give me five hours, Jefe."

I said sharply, "Do you know so well what to do?"

"Jefe, I beg of you, do not ask."

"Five hours, then," I said; "and a thousand pesos if the proof is true."

"*Bueno*, Jefe!" He turned and ran toward his quarters, quick and silent on his bare feet; and a cold shiver ran up and down my back as I wondered what kind of hell I might have turned loose.

ABOUT an hour after our silent, uncomfortable evening meal, Lon Llewellyn initiated one more conference with Captain Norse. After he had got Norse's consent to it, Lon brought in Tonai Merriam, but no one else. We three and the constabulary officer were all that were there.

"Captain Norse," Lon Llewellyn said, "I want to ask you to consider very carefully what you are about to do to these people." I had never before seen Lon Llewellyn in the mood that he assumed now. When not amused by something, he was usually either sardonic or morose, or both. This time he was none of these things. Instead he was grave, and reasonable; and his orderly mind made him a good advocate.

"We both know, Captain Norse," he said, "that this case is very far from complete. Many things are missing from it altogether; and many other things, and many possibilities, have not been considered at all. Your only eyewitness to any of the three crimes—if there were three crimes—is Nural Hakim; and we know he is mistaken about what he saw."

"We can't have eyewitnesses to everything," Norse said reasonably.

"In picking up Bates," Lon Llewellyn went on, "you are simply rounding in a dumb little squarehead who doesn't more than half understand what the whole thing is about to begin with. He has no motive, and no capacity, for involving himself in anything like this. All that you have against him is that he was geographically within reach of two actual crimes and one suppositional one. But suppose this thing had happened in a city. You would have had as much reason for arresting ten thousand people as you have for arresting Bates."

"Oh," Captain Norse admitted, "I don't expect to hang anything on Bates. I'm only taking him in because, if I don't, they'll be asking me how I know he's innocent. There's only one of him. If there were ten thousand of him, as you suggest, I would, of course, let him drop."

"Yet," Llewellyn went on, "it really doesn't matter what you do with Bates. He's just a knockabout, something like me, only dumber. You're not going to injure him nor his career in any way, whatever you do. But that is not true of John Barrett. When you came here, John Barrett had everything ahead of him. He had a substantial interest in what is one of the most promising plantations in the islands. He is the type of man who will go a long way; and was in a position to accomplish some fine things—fine for the islands—fine for us all. He was also engaged to a girl, who herself was in a place to help him in a great many ways. But now that this thing has come up, Barrett's backer is annoyed and upset and disgusted. There's every chance that the plantation Barrett has built will be sold out from under him; and the even greater plans he had for Tunganan will be absolutely spoiled and thrown away. When you have finished with him, if you go on as you are, he will have no plantation, no job, no girl, and no future. I ask you to consider very carefully your justification for bringing all this about."

NORSE smiled faintly. "Whatever is being brought about, Llewellyn, was brought about by certain criminal acts. It is with criminal acts that I am concerned—not with the outcome of Barrett's love affairs."

"I ask you to note," Llewellyn went on evenly, "that you have attached no motive whatever to Barrett for any of these crimes; except as you imply by a broad hint that there is a love affair between Barrett and Mrs. Merriam."

"Well," Norse said sardonically, "is such a motive inconceivable? You admit yourself—"

"I submit that it is inconceivable. I have been with Barrett for several years. During all that time there have been only three things in his mind—Malangai, Tunganan and Marise Lowry. If you have searched his room, as you no doubt have, you know that his quarters are completely cluttered with pictures of that one girl, and every line that she ever wrote him is still in his possession. Yet I challenge that you did not find one scrap of evidence of any connection, or even any acquaintance, with Mrs. Merriam. If there is one thing certain on Malangai, it is that."

"I noticed, though," said Norse, "that he has been very lively in her defense."

"He is the only one who has," said Llewellyn. "God knows she needed someone. It's an elegant thing if his career is going to be busted on account of that. Now take another angle. Offhand, I can name you two men, both of whom are in vastly more suspicious position than either Barrett or Bates. One of them is Suva Jim. You say that you have word from a green, potheaded lieutenant on Kivasawan that Jim Cooper is alibied at Kivasawan. But you don't know by what evidence, or whether he is really alibied at all."

"That is Lieutenant Barnes' lookout."

"Very well. Lieutenant Barnes has alibied Jim Cooper in the case of a murder which we do not know has been committed. I argue that it is unjust and a mistake for you to take John Barrett to Jolo until you get the rest of Barnes' report. By this time, if Barnes knows his business, he should have done much more than alibied Suva Jim Cooper. He should have alibied John Barrett, so far as anything that happened at Kivasawan is concerned."

"On the contrary," said Norse, "I have a little item from Barnes that I haven't mentioned yet. We are prepared to show that Neal Merriam disappeared from Kivasawan on a given, probable day. We can, in fact, time his disappearance within a few hours." He leaned forward. "By one more noteworthy little coincidence, *Neal Merriam disappeared from Kivasawan just a few hours before John Barrett sailed from Salter's store.*"

(*To be continued next week*)

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It should be dependable.
It should be mild and gentle.
It should be thorough.
Its merit should be proven by the test of time.
It should *not* nauseate, or upset digestion.
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Your first trial of Ex-Lax will be a new and pleasant experience. For Ex-Lax *is* mild and gentle. It *is* thoroughly effective. It does *not* over-act. Does *not* disturb the digestion. It allows your food to be properly assimilated. And these very qualities that make Ex-Lax so ideal for adults are *doubly* important in their relation to children.

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When Nature forgets—remember
EX-LAX
THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Do You Remember?

Continued from page 19

side, though, in the cheering section. Next time we'll sit over there, shall we?"

"It doesn't make much difference—unless you're keen about our bunch winning. It doesn't make any difference."

Keen? Didn't Robert know he was keen about his bunch winning? He made a frustrated gesture placing his derby back on his head, and stared wordlessly out of the car window.

Suddenly he felt angry and bitter.

He revenged himself the next night—childishly, he thought to himself afterwards. But exasperated and lonely, he sat at dinner, and when Martha asked him, "May I go to the movies tonight with Lucille?" from the arid reaches of his thoughts he answered, "No! Not on a school night," and intercepted a brief, consoling look from Helen. It angered him, and he demanded, "Where is Robert?"

According to Helen, Bobby had gone for a bicycle ride. But the rule was that they should be there for dinner. Robert had no light on his bicycle and it was already dark. The maid was clearing the table before the front door opened and Robert came in, without apology. He and three others had ridden to Myersville.

"Perhaps if you're deprived of your own pleasures you will learn to consider—other people's feelings," Smith said harshly. "After your dinner put your bicycle in the basement until I tell you you can have it."

When Robert sat down, chastened and silent, Helen asked him in a matter-of-fact voice, "Who went with you, Bobby?"

By heaven, Smith thought, wasn't I warranted in punishing him? He had been unable to break down their indifference to him; now it seemed that they were arrayed against him, if not definitely antagonistic.

He felt helpless. It wasn't the children either. It was Helen and he—something there that was all wrong. With Helen always maneuvering, wearing now a secretive expression which annoyed him so much he was tempted to tell her that she had left Peter's letter among the bills. He felt no animosity toward Peter. What he would do about Peter's gambling he didn't know, he hadn't decided. Why couldn't the children come to him?

PETER, usually so cheerful and talkative and self-confident, looked thin and his eyes were dark with shadows. He threw his hat and coat in a heap and flopped down in the living room, his long legs over the arm of a chair and his feet dangling in the air, sucking on a pipe and running his fingers through his curly hair. He told her all about it.

"Don't tell your father," Helen counseled. "Let me handle it. He's bringing a friend out for the week end. A Mr. Fischer, a social worker or a missionary—"

"A missionary!"

"Something altruistic."

She turned with a welcoming smile, that evening, to shake hands with the man whom they hadn't seen for twenty-five years, and suppressed a gasp.

Fred was almost totally bald, pale, sparrowlike, with black eyes that smiled at her, with thin lips that smiled at her—mockingly, it seemed, as though the person he had become mocked her because of what she had remembered him as being.

"My dear Helen," he said in a flat voice, and took her hand in his cold one. He wore an air of honesty, the way he wore his clothes—a little too obviously patterned.

Will had merely shaken hands with Pete and exchanged a few words as he was taking his coat off. Fred's conversation, exclusively with Will, floated around Helen's ears as they sat drinking cocktails before dinner.

"Of course bond prices were at dangerous levels . . ."

These were the meaningless phrases that must chase themselves around and around inside Will's head when he sat with his family day after day in his preoccupation . . . "You can't ever let reserves pile up. . . ."

"A fair yield, Bill. The earnings for the first half of the year . . ."

She broke in to ask hopefully, "Are you married, Fred?"

He shook his head negatively, smiling.

They took a conversation on air cooling in to dinner, where they talked on and on, as though she and the children never existed.

THEY launched suddenly into reminiscences. Their talk was lighter then, but just as exclusive. "Remember when we hypnotized the hen?" Fred asked. "Remember, Bill, you and Al Ross stole it out in the country and brought it back to the fraternity house?"

Robert opened his mouth for the first time, "Dad?"

"And you hypnotized it," said Will.

"How?" Bobby's face was curious.

"You hold them down on their stomachs," Fred explained, "and draw a chalk line from their beaks. Somehow this hypnotizes them. You were the one, Bill, who thought of what to do with it. Remember the Deke who was the great poet and who slept in a room looking out on the back porch of the Deke house? We hoisted you up to the roof and passed the hen up, and you reached through the window and laid it on the chest of the sleeping poet—" Fred broke off, laughing, and Will joined him.

"What happened?" Bobby persisted.

"No one ever knew," Will answered, addressing his plate. "I suppose he woke up and there was the hypnotized hen on his chest. Anyhow the Dekes had chicken the next day for dinner."

"Sure, I always thought we did them a favor."

"Tell us some more," Bobby cried, delighted.

"Remember when we stole the wooden Indian from out front of Randall's, Bill . . . ?"

By the dessert course they had relapsed back into business, and they carried this discussion back into the living room.

Pete took his mother aside. "You haven't said anything to Dad about it—that business at college?"

"Heavens, no—I told you I hadn't."

"He's been looking at me funnily. When he met me tonight and shook hands he said, 'Everything all right at college?' "

"No, I haven't." She sighed. "I'll tell him. I'll handle it."

"Who is this Mr. Fischer?"

"Someone I hoped might have a different viewpoint from your father," she said distractedly.

The next day was Saturday and Will was going into the city for the morning—leaving Fred Fischer for her to entertain, she thought without enthusiasm.

She lingered, alone, over her breakfast, and finally walked into the living room. Fred Fischer sat smoking a cigar, with the morning paper folded on his thin, creased knees, and with her children around him. Peter was sprawled in a chair, Martha and Bobby sat upon

(*Continued on page 74*)

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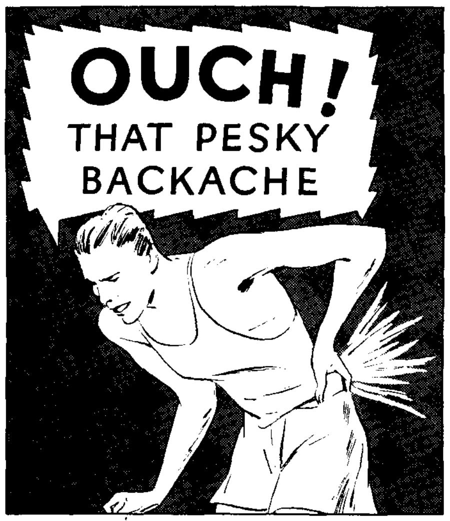

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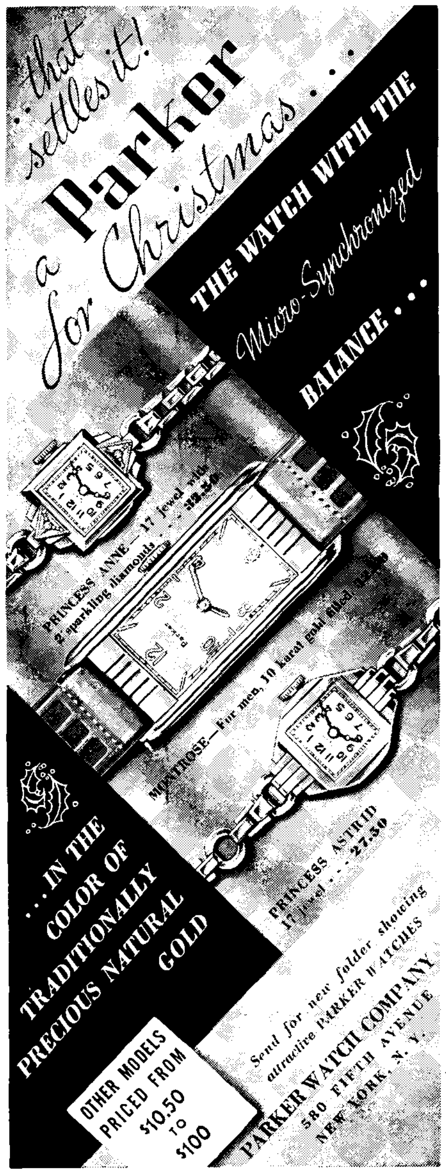
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(*Continued from page* 73)

the lounge. Bobby was asking, "Can you really hypnotize a hen?" Fred's back was to her, but she heard her husband's name, often, as Fred talked in his flat, unhurried voice. Bill did this, Bill did that. . . . She went away and came back, and they still sat there, listening to Fred's reminiscences.

"Bill called up the fire department and said there was a fire in the top of Wilson Hall—"

Pete's voice broke in: "Gosh, I can't imagine him!"

Will returned early in the afternoon of that cold and cheerless day. He had had lunch, he said gruffly, and went up to his study. Presently she knew that Fred was with him, for she heard their voices, and then heard the study door slam.

The chauffeur brought the car around and she went downtown to do an errand.

When she came back and opened the front door, Will and Fred met her, to her surprise, standing in the hall. On Will's face there was an expression which she couldn't define, over Fred's face a mask, blank and set. Fred had his overcoat on, and he said to her, bowing:

"Many thanks, I've been called back to the city on business. Goodby. Say goodby to the children for me. They've all gone out. It's been nice to see you again, Helen."

Will opened the door for him and he departed before she could more than murmur, "Goodby. We've been awfully glad to have you." There was a cab, she saw now, waiting for him in the street.

She turned to Will inquiringly.

"Fred and I don't see eye to eye on a matter of ethics," Will said shortly. "So he's going."

"What happened?"

"I had Fred looked up this morning because I was interested in the air-cooling proposition he's been talking about. He's as crooked as a ram's horn." He went on in a harsh voice, "In the last ten or fifteen years he's been in every business racket. He never went to jail but God knows how he escaped it."

"How terrible!"

"Terrible—I'm shocked. It's shocking." Will's face seemed to droop into deep, slack lines and he turned on his heel and went back upstairs.

SHE peeled off her fur coat, piled it in a chair, and slumped down on the lounge without taking her hat off. How could she go to him now and tell him that his son had lost six hundred dollars in a poker game and had to pay it or be exposed and expelled from college?

She was still sitting there with her hat on when Pete strode in and demanded, "Is Dad home?"

"Yes—in his study."

He started immediately up the stairs.

"Where are you going?" she asked, alarmed.

He paused. "I'm going to see him—and tell him."

"No, no, Pete, leave it to me. I'll explain everything to your father. You know how he is—"

"No; I'm going to tell him."

"Not now—"

"Now's as good a time as any."

And before she could open her mouth again he had reached the upper hallway. She raised herself out of the chair and sat down again. Let him go, let him go. All these years she had interceded for the children; all these years she had sought to spare Will the annoyance of having to deal with their problems—and now suddenly she wondered. She sank back into the chair.

Smith sat in his study looking dejectedly at some clipped pages, the history of Fred Fischer, which his attorney had compiled for him that morning. It was a record of investigations by local and government authorities, Federal Trade Commission cease and desist orders, Post Office fraud orders. Several times he had been indicted and in some instances his associates had been convicted. This was the record which Smith had shown to Fred, with the comment, "I was checking up on this new company you said I might be interested in."

The two of them had sat there in silence while the little clock on Smith's desk ticked away a friendship of more than twenty-five years which had been no less strong because it was tenuous, a friendship rooted in sentiment and a long-past youth.

Fred had smiled briefly. "*This* enterprise is legitimate. However, I see your point. I'll get back to the city."

"It would relieve the situation."

"Yes; sorry I intruded on your hospitality."

Smith felt no special resentment. He himself had incurred the greatest loss of all. In all these years Fred Fischer was practically the only man who'd called him "Bill" intimately.

There was a knock on the door of his study. He said, "Come in."

It was Peter. He came in and sat down, his face standing out starkly against the background shadows, his young face puckered in worry but in his eyes a new look, a look which caused Smith to clutch the arms of his chair and stare at the boy wonderingly.

"I'm in a jam, Dad," Peter said resolutely.

Could Peter hear the pounding of his heart? Peter was reaching out to him, through his eyes, with his voice, in the very attitude in which he sat there, leaning forward.

"What's the trouble?" Smith asked.

"It started about a month ago at the house," the boy said, and ran his hand over his head, shame in the gesture but no nervousness about talking. "We have a house rule about playing cards for money, but several of us started playing penny ante after the others had gone to bed, in the cardroom . . ."

He omitted nothing. An itinerant salesman named Skin Johnson had dropped in one night and they had dealt him in, and then the card game had moved from the fraternity house to a downtown hotel room, where this Johnson had been host.

Peter finished the whole story and looked into his father's eyes confidently.

"I'm glad you told me," Smith said, trying to keep his voice calm, trying to keep the exultation out of it, for the boy would not understand that.

"I don't need to tell you I've learned my lesson. I had about decided to let Skin go to the dean, and take my medicine—only the disgrace would have—would have hurt you. Then Mother said she'd handle it. You know, she's always handled everything with—with you." Peter frowned. "That's the trouble."

"That's the trouble?" Smith echoed, wonderingly.

"IT WAS Mr. Fischer who gave me a new slant." Peter grinned confidentially. "He's been telling us some more of the stuff you pulled when you were in college."

"A new slant on what?" Smith inquired.

Peter looked abashed. "On you."

Smith was silent. He saw Fred getting into the cab to be driven to the station, saw again Fred's pale, birdlike face glancing back at him through the cab window.

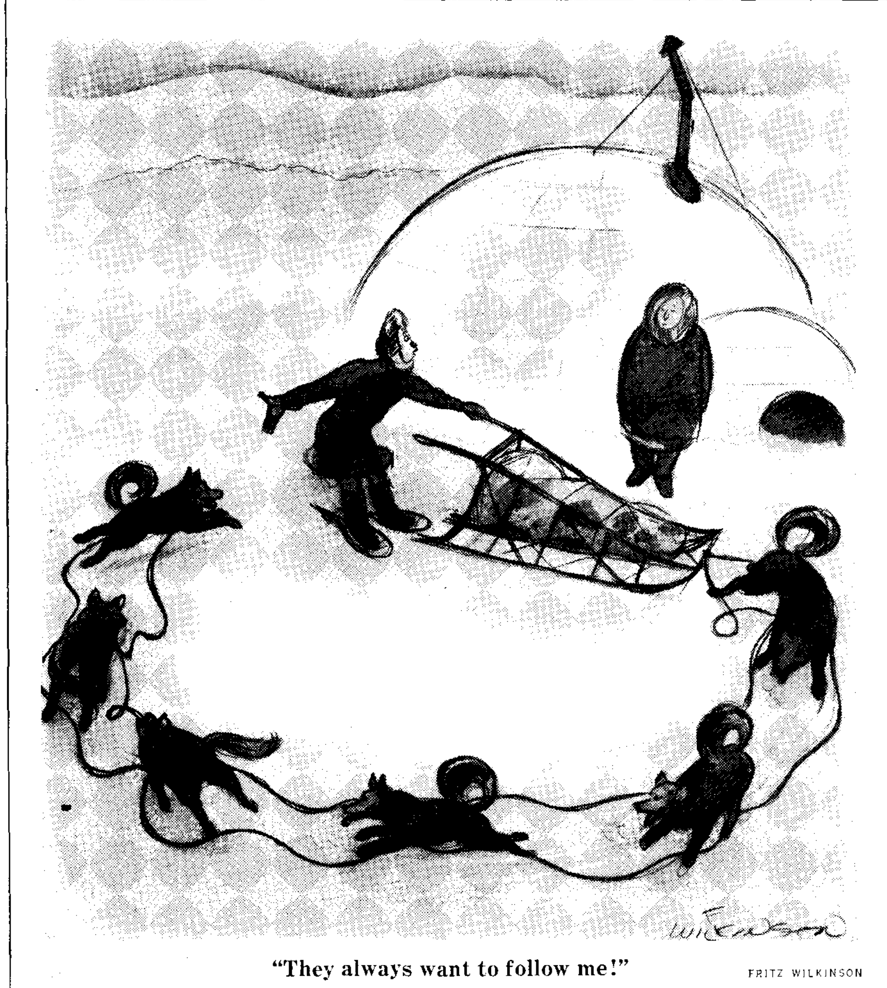
"I'll give you the money to buy back your notes," he said quietly. "Now tell me about school, Pete. You never write anything in your letters but how you are and what the weather is."

For a long time Smith sat there, listening, while Peter talked to him. At last the boy stood up and said, "I don't know what to say—about that business."

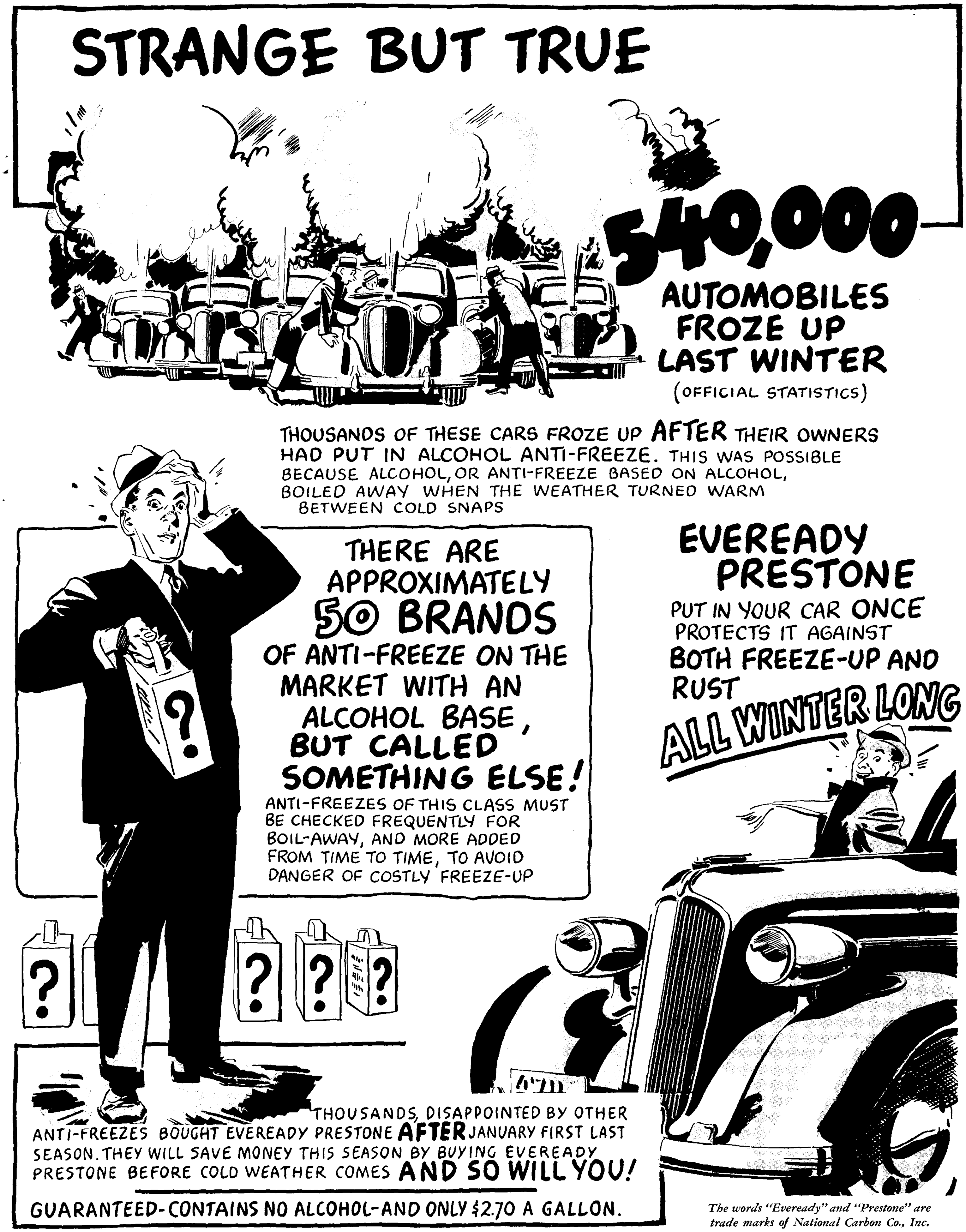
"Don't say anything. Forget it."

The corners of the boy's lips trembled and he put his hand out. He said in a choked voice, "Thanks, Bill—" looked surprised at himself and then went out quickly. Smith heard him go into the bedroom. There are some things a man in college can't even show his father. . . .

Smith heard Helen coming up the stairs and he waited expectantly.



"They always want to follow me!" FRITZ WILKINSON



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The Very First Man

Continued from page 22

mention of a certain Seoul gate and road and hill, and once Acton placed his hand on the sixth man's shoulder and winked at the others.

Robert Shaw, several times, would lift his head and grope about for a glass. The drinking shop was heavy with tobacco smoke, the odor of fried fish, purple brandy, a heavy perfume on a Korean; it seemed impossible to Shaw that he had ever been up in the cool timbered Korean hills, had ever tapped on a clean rock or analyzed minerals or done anything save be with these men, with Acton, whom he hated so deeply. He had played his part well; there had been luck in his finding the men and it had taken time, but he had always known that it would happen, and had been ready for it. Bringing them to Korea had taken most of his money, but that wasn't important. If it had not been for Acton and the search for him, Robert Shaw, after his brother's death, would have gone from Tech to Colorado or Montana; because of Acton and the necessity of finding him, he had gone to the Orient to be burned lean and brown, to wait, to listen, always hopeful that the man would return for what he had once failed to seize. He had heard of the "treasure-search" in the Club at Shanghai, and had become the innocent youngster from the States in financing Acton's expedition.

If he stayed in the shop much longer, even the partially consumed glasses might fog him, and this day he needed a clear head. He pushed at the table, stood up swaying and shuffled toward the door. He lurched through it suddenly. Acton winked at his companions and leaned forward, talking earnestly to them.

What Edith Bartlett saw was an unkempt, unshaven white man, squarely before her. What she thought cannot be known, whether anger, stubbornness or martyrdom had the upper hand, she said what had taken possession of her, "Will you marry me?" The man's hand which held the bottle halted in its swing, and, without hesitation, he began to laugh.

What happened next was too confused for the girl to follow. The laugher stepped forward and caught her in his arms, half lifting her from the street. His stubble scratched her cheek; he sought and found her mouth and when she tried to cry out kissed her fiercely, horribly, and held her so.

EDITH struggled to free herself, found that it was not possible. The man carried her down the street, kicked at a blue doorway, and marched into the inn with her. His steps became firm as he carried her along a corridor and into a room; here he dropped her on the low sleeping-kang covered with wadded cotton and dogskins.

Edith said slowly, "You aren't drunk."

"No," Robert Shaw said. He sat on the kang beside her. "How'd you happen to land in this hole?"

"Would you believe me if I told you?"

"Probably not. It isn't important. . . . You're pretty."

Edith let her eyes drop; she said, "Sufficiently pretty for you to marry?" If she added, "I'm Edith Bartlett," he would either laugh or, opportunist, make the most of it. So she merely smiled, and then wished that she hadn't.

"I'm glad I carried you off," Robert Shaw said slowly. Edie began to flush as he examined her; he said, "That dress is ruined. Take it off. We'll have the innkeeper's wife mend it."

Edith almost agreed; then, hastily, clutched at the cloth about her neck. "No," she said. "No." Red bulls, carrying brushwood, passed outside, driven by yelling coolies, a vendor of pine nuts cried his ware. In the inn, a worker of iron inlaid with gold tapped with his hammer to pay for his food. "Let me go," Edith begged. "At once, sir. I will not stay here." It was not marriage which he asked, expected, of her. The dress was a symbol. She dared not have it removed.

"So you can sell your information to the others? They'd not pay you, my dear. Not even the ten yen you'll get from me." As he bent above her, she cowered back against the mud wall, drummed out of her wits by her own heartbeats; the man, seeing the soft curve of cheek, the bright hair which seemed to burn it, was surprised to discover that his hand, on her arm, was shaking. He said, "How lovely you are," and, intently, "Did Acton send you? Does the devil guess . . . ?"

Without lifting her head, Edith said, "I came . . . I came . . . it was necessary for me . . . to be . . . married . . ."

HE WAS positive that he understood. "For that, I am genuinely sorry. I assure you of that." The word, concerning her, of which he thought, was "wronged." He went on, "At any other time than today I would have known some deviltry had driven you to a place like this. You were desperate. You needed money. I have little of that left, but there is one way in which I can apologize." Quite simply, he continued, "I should feel honored if you would consent to marry me."

Against his chest Edie wailed, "I wouldn't marry you if you were the last man in the world," and then began to cry and laugh both at once.

"I admit you might do far better," Shaw said, "but, you know, it might have been Acton who came out of the drinking shop." "We, or they, have been drinking since sunrise. I am really hungry. If you will breakfast with me perhaps it will cheer you."

The rice was white, the Japan tea hot and strong. When they had eaten, Shaw lit a long brown cigarette, the mouthpiece a tube of thin cardboard. "Each time I smoke a cigarette, they laugh; it's evidence to them that I'm lah-dee-da. 'Cigareet,' they call it." He shrugged. "If tonight goes well, you and I will go up the Han. Past the cliffs, the terraces of columnar basalt. This time I'll really find auriferous quartz and one of the powerful companies will back me. We'll go where the scarlet azaleas bloom. You'll enjoy the sunlit clouds, the veiled blue distances."

Edie said, "I have never, you know, gone anywhere; I have been"—the minx—"too protected."

"Not protected well enough," Robert Shaw said. "And I, who propose to do it now, may be able to give you and your . . . to give you nothing but a name. And I must go immediately, before sunset."

She had to know why.

Shaw took her hand. "A few years ago," he said, every doubt about her forgotten, "an expedition sailed from China; there was the North German flag at the ship's peak, and eight Europeans, twenty Malays, and a hundred riffraff Chinese . . . they sailed for gold. A renegade priest was their guide; their treasure was not clean metal in the hills, but in Korean tombs. They intended to steal relics, coins, burial jades. To rob the dead. Tombs were opened. When they were rifling the richest of the tombs, Koreans found them . . . they fled. The next ships to arrive, on an errand of diplomacy, were our own. You know what reception the Koreans gave us."

Edith saw the native batteries alive

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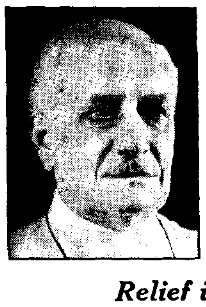

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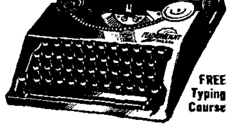

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with red spurts from brass guns, the Americans as they landed in the slime of the river, raked by jingal-fire, their howitzers sinking into the ooze of the Han. In the last charge, an American lieutenant was killed leading his men over a parapet; "My brother was beside him. Seven slugs were in his body. Who killed him? The Koreans? No. The grave robbers. Acton. He, and four more, are here to loot the tomb, and I financed the expedition."

His hand remained on Edith's; his face was bleak.

"How will it help you," she asked, "if . . . if you . . . they will be five to one against you . . ."

"Have you ever sworn to do something?" When Edith nodded, he said, "I have played the fool for them. From the first, they intended to use my money and then knock me on the head, probably up in the hills." He paused, apparently reconsidering. "I am going to stay here: they will at least come to see how I am, even if they do not awaken me when they find me snoring beside you on the kang. When I come at them later, I should surprise them better than I hoped before. I . . . why do I tell you this?"

Edith, gently, said, "Why?"

"So you can see the need of going with me to the mission without delay," he said, although he had not been thinking of that. "If there should be a miracle, and I return from the hills, you need not fear me. It has been fine to talk with a brave, lovely girl, better far than brooding. Tell me your name. The missionary will ask it."

Her lips parted. What should she tell him? She could understand the spirit which demanded justice, or revenge, or whatever he considered it; she, herself, had sworn what other people would call ridiculous. Her mother, Edie supposed, would not have gotten herself in such a situation; her own daughter, should she have one, might have offered herself as comfort and delight in a man's last hours. For her to do so was impossible; it was remarkable that she even thought of it. It did not occur to her that here was marriage without marriage, a name, a revenge, and everything which she had intended, with a romantic, remarkable tragedy to relate at home.

Outside it became silent, and then, without other warning, there was a shot, a scream. Shaw stepped to the bamboo-barred window and pulled back a corner of the hanging; he said grimly, "So soon?" but when Edith came he held her away. "Trouble starts; I knew that it was coming," he said. "I hope it will not stop Acton from carrying out the plan."

A woman shrieked, in Japanese; Korean voices hooted at her.

"I am sorry," Robert Shaw said, "that their venom includes women. Try not to listen. The Japanese-trained soldiers in the procession have brought matters to a head. The Koreans fear the Japanese, the increasing number of them."

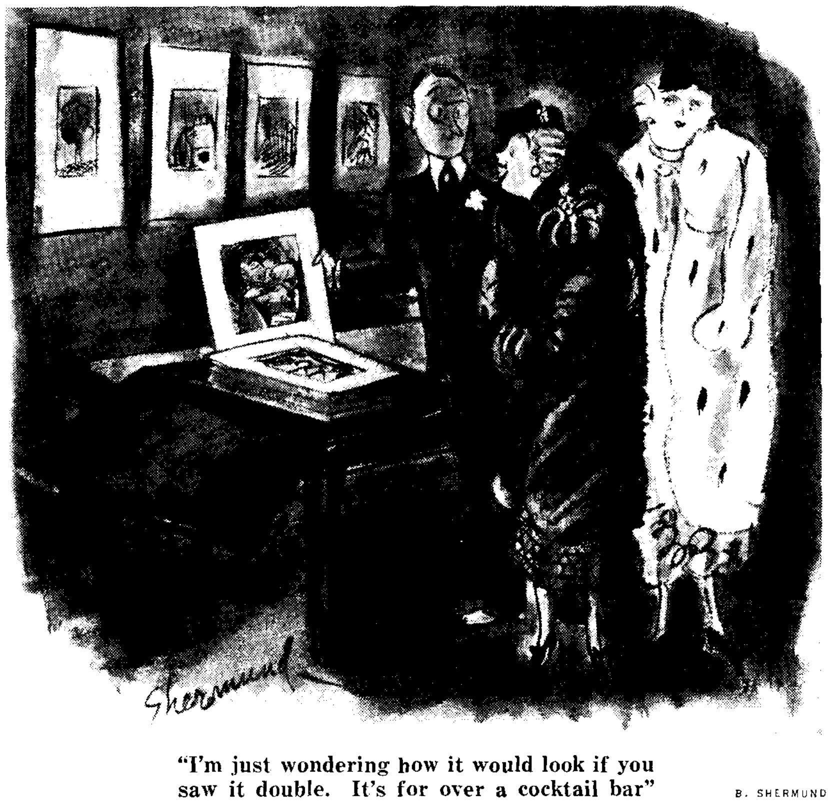
In this Shaw was not mistaken. Since early morning the Koreans had been spreading the story that Japanese had attacked the royal castle during the procession, and in no time at all thousands of rioters were running through the streets, murdering with gusto every Nipponese they encountered who had not been able to flee to the legation.

DICK BARTLETT raged up and down the concession street, demanding that all foreigners give protection to the Japanese; it was only the British and Americans, despite their commercial rivalry, who made protests. Dick was doubly excited; where Edith could be, he had no notion, although by now Margaret had read him enough from the transcript for him to know why she had stormed from the house.

At about the time that Dick Bartlett saw that no protest would cause the frightened inefficient authorities to raise the siege about the Japanese legation, Robert Shaw was saying, "It is not advisable for you to go with me to the mission, even now with the worst over. I can persuade a missionary to come here. Bar the door behind me. Acton will not come to see if I'm asleep until an hour before sundown." He grinned at her. "I will try to borrow a black coat, my dear," and was gone.

Barricades had been erected before the Japanese legation, and it, dry wood, was fired. The throng intended to roast their victims, and soon the beleaguered secretaries, interpreters, military officers, armed with swords and pistols, charged the mob, intending to cut through it, reach the Southern Gate, and seek a hiding place up in the hill tombs over the river; some reached the gate, were shot down or pelted with filth; others, torn from the main body, were hammered down, or fled desperately into the alleys.

(Continued on page 78)



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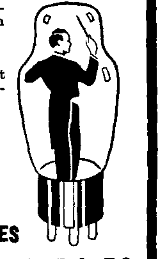

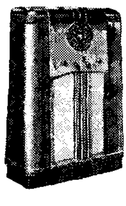

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(Continued from page 77)

One of them ran squarely into Shaw. "You have not seen me," he gasped in Japanese. He paused one instant to suck in air. "What gate?" he asked in English. "To find dead-place. Tomb in hill."

"Keep running until you reach the wall," Shaw said. "Then climb a roof and go over it. Keep away from the gates."

"Ssank you," whispered the attaché. "I go. Ssank you."

Bob Shaw called after him, "Perhaps I'll see you there," and braced himself to stop, for a moment, the rush of the Koreans; he could hear them as they came. So the Japanese were going to try to meet in the hills, at the tombs? Would that prevent Acton from carrying out his plan of theft? Not likely. Then the Korean mob was shoving him aside, and, calmly, Shaw clutched at baggy jackets and piled the vanguard in a heap, with himself at the bottom. He came to his feet at last, and, bruised, cursed at, continued toward the mission. Glad he'd given the frightened little Japanese a chance. If the Koreans caught him . . .

Back in the inn, Edith Bartlett had barred the door, and, seated on the kang, was trying to reason everything out when she heard voices; at "Open the door, Bob!" stark terror glazed her eyes. The same voice cried, "We got to go early. Hell's in Seoul. Open, boy!" Then, when she did not unbar the door, it was crashed down, and Acton was saying, "Gone!"

They mustn't wait and find him, returning, sober. "He went," said Edith, "for whisky. More whisky. He must be somewhere else. Drunk."

"Swine," Acton said, not taking his eyes from her. "I'll treat you differently. I hold my liquor. And my women."

A man carrying a fighting girl, in the street of Gay Lanterns, would have been commented upon laughingly on any other day; on this, not a question was asked. So by narrow alleys the five men, their bundles, and the girl, left the city. Before they were out of Seoul the sunset gun boomed. Once, outside the walls, they crouched down in a hollow, while a funeral came back from the hills . . . coolies with painted lanterns and flags, empty palanquin, fifes squealing, the mourners hidden under hats four feet in diameter and, in addition, holding screens before their faces, lest a demon see them and steal their souls. Not they, certainly, had seen the little attaché scrambling over the rocks on his way to meet what was left of the Japanese.

THE party kept carefully above a path, and at last approached the tombs through a stately avenue of gigantic stone figures, which cast grotesque shadows across the grass; priests, warriors in armor, servants, ponies, sheep, a survival of the practice of offering sacrifices. The graves were on high mounds, encircled by massive stone railings, with the hill terraced in front and excavated in a crescent, where pines grew, behind. From one of the bundles hafts, pickheads were taken and fitted together.

Edith's hands were bound, although Acton, directing the work, was always near her, taking time to touch her cheek, her hair. Steel clashed on rock, dirt was shoveled away, and an enormous stone slab, at last, uncovered and pried aside. Acton went nearer the edge, watching.

She saw him at the pit's brink; saw, as she stood there, another figure near him. Her teeth bit down on her lip; she saw Robert Shaw return something, a pistol perhaps, to his pocket, and at that exact moment Acton turned. Shaw's fist caught him terrifically under the chin; he tumbled backward and into the freshly dug hole. The pistol was out now; Shaw was shouting as he brandished it, but men began to climb out of the excavation. One he kicked back, another he shot through the arm. Dimly, Edith knew that he was telling her to run, but she could not move.

Run? She could not run. There was a man creeping behind him; she saw the fellow rise to his knees, stand, saw his arm, with its knife, go back. A gun cracked, not Shaw's . . . there were men everywhere. Shaw had stepped over the dead man who had tried to kill him, and was using the dead man's knife to sever her bonds.

The last of the ruddy light was in his face, in the faces of the men around him now; Japanese. "I came as fast as I could," Robert Shaw said to her. "I knew they'd be here. Have they hurt you?" She shook her head. "Yesterday," he went on, rubbing her wrists, "I intended killing them, one by one, in the hole they'd dig. Today, I was unable to do it." His hands tightened as Acton, still unconscious, was pulled out of the pit. "He goes to Shanghai, to the consul. He'll be tried, and convicted. That is sufficient."

A JAPANESE under-secretary, face rough with bruises, said in careful English, "We watch for Koreans. Watch also for you. Takasoshi-san say, in street, you say you come here. I think Takasoshi crazy with stick-hit on head, with rock-punch." He bowed. "It is a pleasure to have returned your courteous assistance," he said in Japanese, and then, sucking in his breath, really saw Edith. "Miss Bartrett," he said. He bowed more deeply. "I are surprised finding you here. Yess."

Robert Shaw's own surprise was darkening his face.

"Koreans," went on the little secretary, "very mean to Japanese today. Tomorrow perhaps it are different. Did Engrish permit such crime-insult in China? No! Will we permit it here? *Hai!* Some day, Mr. Shaw, we say, 'You *can go anywhere,* find mineral mine of gold, get concession, because you helped Takasoshi-san . . . and also acted as messenger to Mr. Richard Bartrett who secure ship to take us away—"

"How'd you know who I am, and what I've been doing?"

"It are wise to know." He bowed and moved away, to oversee the binding of the grave-robbers. Before long the slab was put in place again, and the gold ornaments, the jades and tomb-emeralds and rubies were hidden from sight. . . .

Robert Shaw spoke with something of the Japanese exactness as he stood beside Edith. "You can't really blame them," he said. "They're trying to pattern themselves after us, although sometimes it isn't flattering." He stopped. "Your brother, Miss Bartlett, will be badly worried. I've sense enough, at last, to realize that you were caught in the early rioting, and sense enough, also, to know that I am a terrible fool. You were distressed, out of your wits—"

Edith, now, saw the hills darken. There was a final band of gold, westward, where, out of sight, the river Han carried trade to and from the Hermit Kingdom of Korea . . .

The gold band suddenly vanished, leaving darkness, and then there was an unreal gleam of crimson as if the sun were rising instead of setting. . . .

She turned to the man, and said gravely, "Were you unable to persuade some missionary to come to the inn with you?"

Robert Shaw's face was hot. "Don't," he said. "I know I deserve it." He laughed uncertainly. "The missionary came willingly enough. He didn't even falter when he saw where I was living. He's probably there yet."

"Is he?" Edie's heart began to beat. "You," she said, "have accomplished what you set out to do. I have not." She was sure of herself, but she spoke huskily. "Will you . . . will you marry me?"

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Take Care of That Cold

(Continued from page 17)

distant and climatically different localities.

Colds seem to come in waves. In the big offices of New York and Chicago a good part of the force comes down with colds and secondary infections as the sun swings south over the equator late in September. This major epidemic may be delayed for reasons unknown until early in October. But whenever it arrives, according to the survey, it breaks out simultaneously over the United States, North and South, East and West. At the same time it sweeps over the Netherlands, and probably over England also, although complete statistics there are lacking.

Another wave follows in February and often a minor one at the end of April. The lapse of time between these may be due to the fact that the temporary immunity conferred by the first assault has weakened to the point where the infection may again attack successfully.

Monkeys' "Monday Colds"

No one as yet has accounted for this peculiar manifestation of nature. No carrier, even with modern transportation methods, could cover the distance with sufficient rapidity. The climate cannot be to blame, because conditions are nowhere the same. The temperature and also the humidity vary. The winds blow hot in one place, blow cold in another. One guess, and this may be as good as the next man's, is that the earth has collected to itself some electrical condition of the atmosphere, which, regardless of natural conditions, ushers in the epidemic. When Colonel Lindbergh was exploring possible northern flying routes across the Atlantic, he collected specimens of the upper air, which were found to contain not only bacteria but plant spores. The latter were sent to Washington and actually developed. This would seem to indicate that such tiny organisms can travel vast distances unmeasured as yet.

Generally speaking, colds are much more frequent in cold than in warm weather, in cold than in warm localities. Here again theory must take the place of proof. I incline to the idea that the reason lies to a great degree in air dilution and stronger sunlight. Windows are closed in winter and human contact is likely to be closer, and the sun is not so effective. People breathe the same air in confined spaces. In the summer, with the air flowing more freely, the infection is much more highly diluted and more easily killed by the sun. It will be interesting to observe what effect air conditioning will have on the occurrence of colds.

Ultraviolet rays may be an important factor. In winter we are not out of doors; we wear more and darker clothes, so that the skin is more protected and less of it is exposed. Moreover, many of the therapeutic rays are cut off by clouds and, for city dwellers at least, by smoke. At Harvard University, where Dr. Wilson G. Smillie is directing some most interesting experiments, it was found that charging the air with ultraviolet rays apparently killed the causative agent in the air. Monkeys were used for many of the experiments because they suffer from most of the diseases of humans (every zoo-keeper prepares himself for the "Monday colds" in the monkey cages which follow Sunday's visitors). A certain number of monkeys were placed in an infected room. These promptly came down with colds. Another infected room was treated with ultraviolet rays before monkeys were placed in it; none became sick.

Although so much vital information about colds remains hidden, laboratory scientists have recently felt that some definite contribution is about to be made. In 1914 the German scientist Professor Doktor Walther Kruse put forth the theory that the cold is primarily caused by a filterable virus. But he could not substantiate his claim. Research was foiled for years because no culture medium could be discovered in which to grow the virus. Furthermore, to isolate it from the nasal discharges was a matter of years and years. Ten years after the Kruse announcement Dr. Alphonse Raymond Dochez of Columbia and his associates succeeded where all others had failed. He took filtered nasal washings, mixed them with chick embryos, put them in sterile broth, waited five days, inoculated a subject. Sneezes soon echoed from the isolation ward. Washings were then filtered from his nose, incubated, and another subject inoculated. More sneezes. The same process was repeated with thirteen more subjects, and after this the conclusion seemed permissible that the virus, now diluted to one two-quadrillionth of the original strength, had multiplied of itself.

Influenza also may be due to a filterable virus. As a result of the epidemic of 1918, for which it paid out twenty-six million dollars in death claims, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company made a prolonged study of the cold. The statistics showed that nearly half the diseases from which we suffer are in the respiratory tract. Sex had nothing to do with colds; occupation had. Office workers, who lose from one to three days a year, have nine times as many colds as taxi drivers who circulate independently, four times as many as the American soldiers who live in barracks.

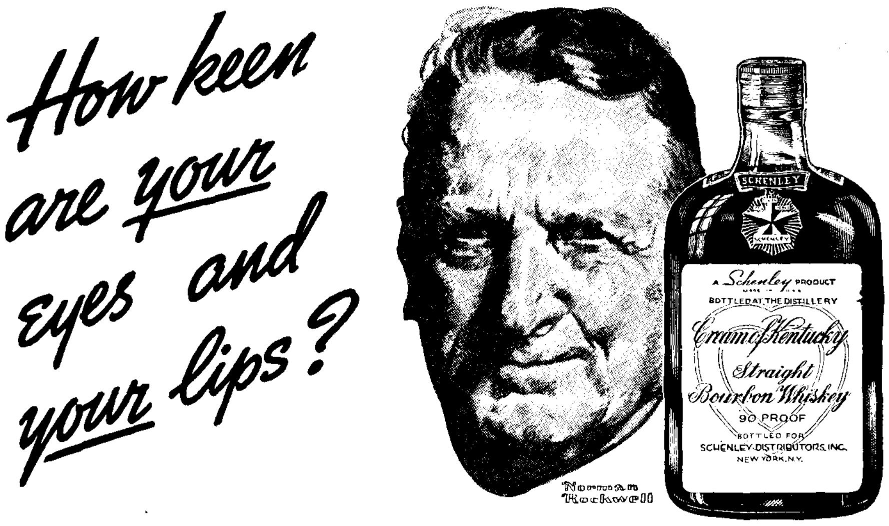
Separating the Serums

One person may catch cold in his nose, another in the sinus, another in the throat, another in the Eustachian tubes, another in the bronchi, or perhaps in the intestines, because all these passages are lined with mucous membranes subject to the attack of the virus. The mystery is why one person gets a cold and another does not. Some people seem to possess a natural immunity to the virus, and hence do not get wounded. With advancing years also immunity apparently increases.

In many sections of the country organisms of a special type seem to develop to which the local inhabitants become immune. In New York, for example, strangers to the city come down in large numbers with the "subway cold." A similar phenomenon occurs in Shanghai, where tourists wake up the morning after their arrival with dry throats and swollen noses and hacking coughs. On the other hand, its northern cousin, the "Peiping cold," may be associated with the dust storms from the Gobi Desert. The abrasive particles of sand also are responsible for minute perforations of the mucous membrane.

The sore throats which are so often the first symptoms of a cold are assumed to be due primarily to such viruses, although the inflammation is often made more acute by multitudinous and various secondary infections, always present in the throat. Most common of all is the micrococcus catarrhalis, which usually opens the campaign by establishing its camping ground in the nose. The body

(Continued on page 80)



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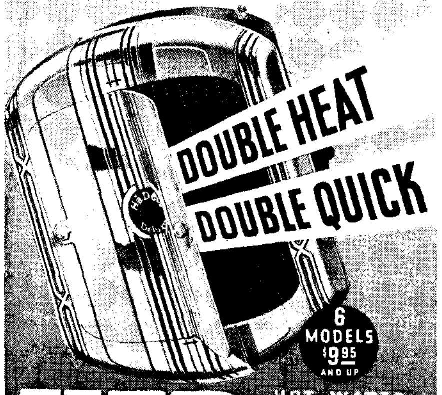

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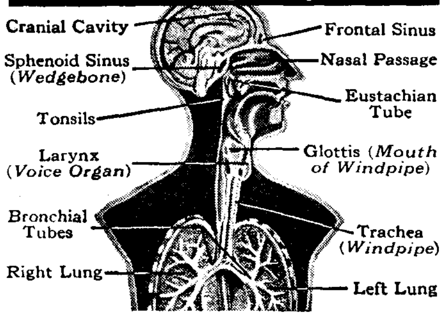

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(Continued from page 79)

rushes to arms. At war-production rates the blood begins to manufacture antibodies which are assumed to exist for every disease under the sun. White blood corpuscles also rush to the scene of battle and the struggle begins. They crowd the capillaries, and the resultant congestion reduces the nasal passages to a fraction of their normal size. Serum is discharged profusely. At first it is thin, but soon the infection disables many epithelial cells and these, in company with the excess of white blood corpuscles, thicken the discharge. This indicates that the body defenses are winning the upper hand.

The Pfeiffer bacillus, long assumed to be the cause of influenza, because it is so frequently associated with that disease, nevertheless is probably not the primary cause, but only one of these secondary infections.

The various pneumococci are also on hand, seeking entry to the lungs. If they succeed, pneumonia follows and the exudate is so great and the air vesicles so small that the latter often fill up. The great danger comes in the early stages of the disease when the exudate is greatest, and it can neither drain naturally nor be relieved by surgical means. If enough vesicles fill up completely, the patient dies.

Great advances have been made recently in defining the different types of pneumonia, and devising serums for their relief. As a rule patients do not die before the fifth day, and thus opportunity is provided for making the diagnosis and procuring, before it is too late, the proper serum for the type.

In Bellevue Hospital in New York City, where thousands of cases have been given serum over a period of five years, the death rate has become much lower than before, and decidedly smaller than in hospitals not using serum. It is now believed enough knowledge is available to make general distribution of pneumonia serums advisable. New York has been conducting an intensive campaign to reduce its pneumonia death rate. Specimens are collected almost hourly, rushed to the laboratory, and classified according to type, of which there are some thirty-two known, in the fastest possible way. The serums are furnished free through drugstores.

Ounces of Prevention

What can be done about preventing colds? The first rule is to avoid having one. Take steps to shun known dangers. Infected tonsils and adenoids should be removed; they are ports of entry for infection. Coming in close contact with a person who is coughing or sneezing is a deliberate exposure to the virus. Be sure your diet is not deficient in Vitamin A, which can be found in milk and butter in abundance. Take unusual precautions when your body is in a state of extreme fatigue because the strength of the defenses is then lowered and much energy has to be diverted in throwing off the fatigue toxins. The same holds true of emotional disturbances, which upset glandular functions. Be sure you are lightly clothed in a warm house and warmly clad out of doors. Avoid drafts, wet feet, chills and the direct breeze from an electric fan. A chill retards the blood circulation and the resultant local anemia reduces the forces of resistance.

An English physician was once asked what he did for a cold. "I use two dozen soft linen handkerchiefs," he replied. Up to the present his solution still holds true. Little can be done to affect the course of a cold materially. Much doubt exists even as to whether it can be shortened. There is an old saying that "An untreated cold lasts fourteen days, while a treated cold can be cured in a fortnight." Undoubtedly, however, treatment will make the patient more comfortable. The best medicine is undoubtedly rest in bed. The statistical evidence on this point is overwhelming. Nature needs all her strength to create antibodies as quickly as possible.

Blowing the nose correctly may help in preventing the extension of the infection into the middle ear, the sinus and other places. The safest way is to hold the handkerchief or tissue paper a short distance from the nose, and not to constrict the nose with the fingers as is so often done. Tissue paper, which is burned or destroyed, is probably better than handkerchiefs.

Bicarbonate of soda apparently has something to be said for it, perhaps because the antibodies work more effectively in an alkaline environment. Citrus fruits have much the same effect. Lemon juice is the most potent because the most concentrated; orange juice is to be preferred to grapefruit juice because it contains twice as much calcium, an integral factor in bodily welfare often lacking in the diet of many of us.

We Need Not Despair

A most important aid in treating all infections is keeping the intestinal tract clear. Years of experience rather than scientific proof testify to its value. Nature can devote herself more efficiently to the emergency if she does not have to neutralize the poisons in the intestines.

Perspiration at the outset is definitely helpful; it also assists nature to get rid of the toxins which are circulating in the system. Herein lies the value of hot drinks which not only help the kidneys, but open up the blood channels and draw away some of the congestion from the focus of infection. The old-fashioned mustard plaster, for which capsicum is a better substitute because it will not burn, serves the same purpose.

Nature always overdoes herself in providing a sufficiency of defenders. Anything, therefore, which reduces the size of her army makes the patient feel more comfortable. Various inhalants may be used, which come into contact with the tiny capillaries of the mucous membrane and shrink them and squeeze them down, so that the patient may breathe more freely. Gargles and sprays may relieve discomfort in the throat. A steam kettle which moistens the air with medicaments often gives relief. Atropine, a vaso-motor stimulant, decreases the size of the blood vessels as well as the activity of the secretory glands. Drying up the discharge affords relief. Aspirin alleviates headache by cutting the connections of the sensory nervous system so that the sensation of pain is not telegraphed to the brain. It is also held in high esteem because of its further direct action on the kidneys. The treatment should be under the guidance of a physician who knows best the remedies for each particular case.

The treatments which have just been discussed are, to be sure, merely palliatives, but we need not despair. Vaccines against colds have been used for some years on the principle that tissue cells may thereby be stimulated into producing antibodies. But these early vaccines, because they were made from secondary invaders, have been effective in only half the cases. Yet the prospect has never been so bright before for finding a true preventive not only for colds but for influenza also. Scientists who have been working for years on the problem now feel they are on the verge of developing a vaccine against the virus itself. This would stop colds in their tracks, before the secondary infections could get in their deadly work. It is most hopeful for the human race that an era of no colds, no influenza, no pneumonia, if not right around the corner, at least can be envisaged for the future.

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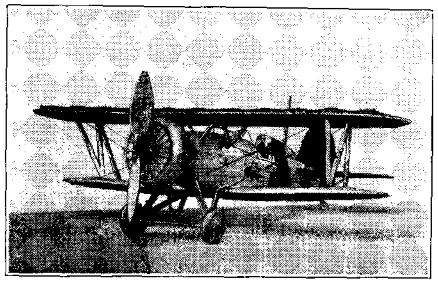

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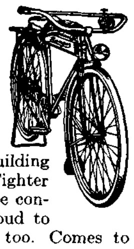

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On the Silver Bow

Continued from page 13

had done the work of a man around the fields, with the horses, with the stock. She wasn't short and solid like other German women out here. She had grown straight and her skin was smooth and white where the sun didn't reach it. She had been ready for a man four years ago, instead of this teaching foolishness. Now she faced him with her eyes not afraid of him. It was the American way —a disobedience that he hated. He growled: "My children are a disgrace. They do not mind." But he stepped aside and let her pass into the house with Baby Kurt.

Kathey and Joanna were getting ready to dish up the meal. Julie carried Baby Kurt into her own room and laid him on the bed while she changed into a man's shirt and an old pair of overalls; and brought him back to the kitchen and stripped him and dumped him into a tin tub and washed him. Twilight had come over the land and the lamps were burning when she finished, and all the family were growling for their supper.

THEY sat up to the table, the older boys eating without talk and the younger ones quarreling. It was a clamor that went back as far as she could remember, a healthy, full-voiced racket. Her mother, Anna, sat through it with incredible patience, gray hair falling loosely across her temples; and her father seemed to hear nothing. He was chuckling, and speaking.

"So now we shall see. I hear the woman that used to be Thorpe McKerrin's wife came back from Europe today."

Julie's mother said: "She is a no-good woman for leaving her child."

"You wait," said Hans Brett. "Hugh Dan Lake is behind this. He wants that kid from McKerrin. Those Lakes are all the same. They want what is theirs. They will have the child if they got to kill McKerrin."

"It is late for Helen Lake to think of that now," said Julie's mother.

"What you know what a Lake thinks about?" said Hans Brett. "Nobody knows. They act like God."

Julie sat still before her plate. So then this was why Thorpe McKerrin was afraid to let Annette walk home alone, and this was why he sat on his porch with a rifle across his knee. Trouble had come again for him.

They ate and were through, all the boys soon leaving the heated kitchen. But Hans Brett remained at the table and sipped his glass of wine while the girls cleared off the dishes. He had his eyes on Julie and he was appraising her frankly. He said: "Joe Albrecht will be here tonight. It makes no good that you stay single while the country is full of men. Joe is old-country, and that is right for you."

"I am not old-country," said Julie.

"Teachin'," roared Hans Brett and pounded the table till his wine glass danced, "it gives you fool ideas. By now you should have been riding Joe's wagon four years and had him three children."

"I marry no German that wants me for a horse to pack his wood up the canyon," said Julie. "I will not have ten children like mother, and be always tired from doing the things you should have done."

"Oh, hell," said Brett, "that's what you're for."

Her mother said, "For why shouldn't you have a man's children, Julie?" in a resenting voice. Julie turned then and saw the dull anger of her mother's eyes. Her mother lived in weariness and understood the hardness all her years and now faintly resented the easier way her daughters would have. Julie took Baby Kurt into his bed and changed him and laid him under the covers, and stood a moment watching the deep dimple of his cheek stir when he laughed. So Helen Lake was here again and wanted Annette back. It enraged Julie to think of that. But there was another thought that stilled her rage and made her cold with doubt. Maybe Helen Lake wanted Thorpe back. And what would he do? What was there behind the indifferent blue of his eyes? She killed the lamplight and returned to the kitchen. Her mother was in a corner, her fingers slowly turning the knitting needles, her eyes too near them to be comfortable. Joe Albrecht and her father were at the table, sharing a bottle of wine. Her father touched Albrecht's arm and said, slyly: "What else you want in a wife, Joe?"

Albrecht's eyes came around, round and as warm-brown as a dog's. Red crawled up his burned neck. He was solid and patient, and he had nothing to say to Julie. He let his big shoulders drop and then watched the heavy spread of his hands on the table.

Hans said: "So the Lake girl is back?"

"Howard Durbin went to Europe and got her," said Albrecht. "I guess they're goin' to get married."

"But they want Thorpe's kid. Well, if old Hugh Dan wants anything from Thorpe he'll get it."

Albrecht said in his slow, hesitating way: "I don't know. The cattlemen have tried to get Thorpe a long time. But they ain't got him. It's his lookin' into the court records for gov'ment land they got illegally fenced which they don't like. He's located a lot of settlers. He located me."

"Yeah. He located Ben Vrooman up on one of Lake's best creeks. Look what happened to Vrooman. You can't buck the cattlemen."

"Sure," murmured Albrecht. "They shot Vrooman. But the settlers keep comin' in and someday the cattlemen won't have no stolen land left. Well, they blame Thorpe McKerrin for breakin' up the open range and they'd like to kill him. Only they ain't done it."

Julie's mother folded her needles and left the kitchen. It was a hint that Hans Brett took. He got up, grinning through his whiskers, and went outside. Joe Albrecht pushed himself away from the table. He spread his knees and let his hands fall between them, meanwhile growing redder and redder. He said, not looking at her: "I got a nice place, Julie."

SHE was a girl that knew no indirectness. "I won't stay single. It isn't right to stay single. But I want my choice and I will take my time. I am American."

He shook his head. "Your children, maybe. But not you. The old ways stick longer than you think."

When he had gone, she went to her room.

Undressed, she stood before a small mirror on the wall and saw the face of a girl she had never quite understood. This girl had black hair running back from an even forehead line and gray eyes that showed light and grew dark and unexpectedly glowed again. She had long lips and wholly white teeth and a skin that, stained faintly by the sun, was still smooth. She wasn't beautiful the way people said Helen Lake was. But there was a prettiness here, with her body slim and shapely in the American way; and very strong.

(Continued on page 82)

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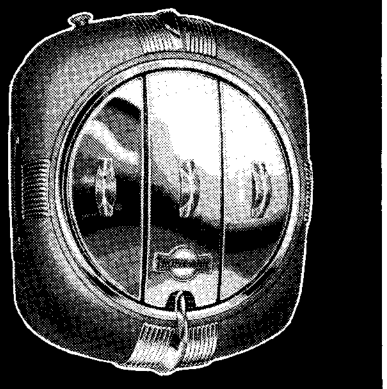

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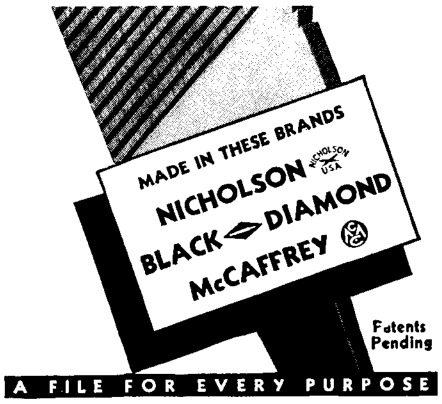


A FILE FOR EVERY PURPOSE

(Continued from page 81)

She thought of Helen Lake, and of Thorpe McKerrin, who had been lonely so many years, and her thinking was wistful and selfless at that moment. For she thought she knew how it would be. He had married no other woman; his house had been open to no other woman. They were both seven years older and wiser and now Helen Lake had returned and she would come to him and Annette would have a mother again. She thought of her heavy cowhide shoes.

AT NINE o'clock the next morning, which was on a Saturday, she drove into Prairie City and left her rig at the stable. She stopped in the stable long enough to lift her parasol against the sun, meanwhile seeing the square lookout tower of Hugh Dan's iron-ornamented house standing in a square of poplars behind the town. There had been no Prairie City when Hugh Dan Lake built that house.

A man came by and lifted his hat and had one full, interested look at her, and stepped back as she passed before him. She went directly into the shadowy depths of the dry-goods store and stood there, catching the odd settled smell of cloth and leather and dust long undisturbed. When Billy Failing came forward from the darker background, she said: "I want a pair of shoes. A fashionable pair."

She let Failing button them up and stood up, a little exhilarated by their lightness, by the queer change coming over her. She did not know why. But she looked down at the small and shining toes, gently lifting the hem of her skirt to see them. Billy Failing stepped back and let his glance sweep her.

He said in a pleasant voice: "I can remember you as a little kid sitting on your father's wagon seat. You have come a long way from Hans Brett's shack. It is my notion you are the prettiest girl on the Silver Bow."

Color came readily to her cheeks. It was pleasant to hear, like the chiming of a gentle bell, the sound of it striking deeply through her being; and afterward she lowered her eyes from Billy Failing, touched by a sense of immodesty. She said: "I wish some hairbow ribbon. Red and black pattern."

A wagon rolled up the street, its dry axles squealing, and people passed the store at an idle pace, their voices pressed indolent by the early fall's heat. She paid for her purchases and tucked the wrapped old shoes under her arm and turned to the door. The light was against her eyes but she saw a man and a woman silhouetted on the walk, just beyond the door. Immediately a child's voice—Annette McKerrin's voice—laid a soft and unemotional tone across the heated stillness.

"Are you the woman who is my mother?"

Julie was in the doorway, caught there by a pressure that wouldn't let her turn. Annette's little fist clung to Thorpe McKerrin's long arm and Thorpe McKerrin's body was as though he had braced it against a hard prairie wind. His expression now was as Julie had always known it to be, only worse—all warmth and all feeling hidden away behind a refusing, stony surface. There was reason. Helen Lake had turned into Prairie City's street and had met him here.

Julie's heart beat hard and fast and some voice inwardly cried: "He will go back to her." For this Helen Lake was beautiful, as the country had always said; and yet beautiful in a way that the country had never mentioned because it could not describe. She stood before Thorpe McKerrin in a full wine-colored dress, with a small-brimmed hat above a hair as black as Julie's and as rich in its shining. Two opal eardrops showed their disturbed fire against the satin-white skin of her neck. She was a fashionable lady, as distinct and startling on this dusty, raw frontier street as a clap of thunder.

Helen Lake spoke to Annette in a slow voice: "You do not remember me, Annette?"

It wasn't the clothes, Julie thought. It was the woman inside these clothes. This Helen Lake stood before the bitter blue inspection of Thorpe McKerrin, straight-bodied, with her shoulders evenly held and all her features composed and her eyes meeting Thorpe McKerrin's iron inspection without fear, without evasion.

"No, ma'am," said Annette in her cool, precise voice. "Your dress is so pretty."

Helen Lake lifted her chin. "Is it so easy to forget, Thorpe?"

"Five years is a long time," he said in his controlled, indifferent way.

"Perhaps," said Helen Lake, "I know that."

He said, as though it didn't matter: "You are looking well."

Julie saw the faint, brief break of expression in Helen Lake's eyes. It had to be a terrific hurt to go through that risen barrier; but it went through and then Helen Lake's composure returned again and she looked at Annette. "She's so pretty. Would it be asking too much to have her for a day?"

Julie's breath stilled. She remembered Thorpe McKerrin sitting with the cradled rifle on his porch, watching the Silver Bow road for sign of old Hugh Dan Lake's men. It had been like this for five years. If Annette stepped into the big Lake mansion behind town Thorpe McKerrin would lose her.

McKerrin's broad hand took Annette's little fist securely. He said, "No," wheeling away. Julie heard Helen Lake's breath fall in one swift gust; and then Helen Lake turned up the street and turned out of it.

They had not seen Julie, close as she had been. For that little time the world had been only what those two had seen in each other's eyes. Nothing more. Julie dropped the package of old shoes and picked it up and crossed the dust-carpeted street toward the livery stable. She was in that stable's archway when she heard Thorpe McKerrin say, "Julie." She turned, his usage of her name a pleasant thing in her ears, and saw him come over the dust with Annette. But there was a change on his face, so definite and so thinned down and so hopeless that her heart turned cold. He said very quickly: "Take Annette home. Take her out of town. You understand, Julie?" And afterward her glance, traveling past his long shape, reached Hugh Dan's foreman, Dutch Mike, at the corner of the Prairie Gem hotel, diagonally over the dust. Dutch Mike's arms hung straight down, still placed along his thighs.

THORPE McKERRIN said, in the gentlest, saddest voice she had ever heard from him: "You understand, Julie? I trust you. You are one of the few people on this earth I do trust." He held Annette's hand for a moment, as though hating to let it go. The child's small, grave face tipped up and her eyes, so blue and so like her father's, were shadowed by things she felt and had no way of understanding. Thorpe McKerrin smiled at his girl, the first smile Julie had ever seen on his face; a soft smile not far from tears. "Annette," he said, and then let her hand drop and turned into the street.

Haste got hold of Julie, haste and the sense of evil and cruelty suddenly searching for her. She lifted Annette to the seat of the buggy and climbed in and lifted the reins; and then reached down to the rifle lying beneath the seat and laid it on her lap. The archway presented her with a cross-street vista, all the yellow dust glittering under the sullen sunlight, but there was no soul to be seen along that narrow strip visible to her. Thorpe McKerrin was somewhere to one side of it and Dutch Mike was somewhere to the other side. She held the reins in her hands; they were lifted and they were frozen and Annette said: "What is happening?"

And then the stiff, hot silence of the day burst before the deep roar of a gun's shot, and sound waves slammed down the street and another gun spoke once—and her horse reared in its shafts. There was no more firing. People were running along the street, running and shouting; and Julie let the horse take the buggy out of the stable.

One thing she saw immediately. Thorpe McKerrin stood on his feet by the dry-goods store, a gun slowly lowering at the end of his long arm. Dutch Mike lay face down at the foot of the hotel porch. The crowd wheeled toward Dutch Mike and a gray-headed man ran from the hotel and struck some of the men of this crowd away with his arms. He stared at Dutch Mike for a moment and Julie saw his face turn scarlet with rage. It was old Hugh Dan Lake, whose words had always been law along the Silver Bow. The town marshal trotted up from the depot and Hugh Dan called in a vast, overbearing voice: "My foreman's dead. Put McKerrin in jail. Where's Annette?"

She saw the marshal walk toward Thorpe McKerrin; and then she saw old Hugh Dan Lake's bold eyes reach around and strike her, and strike Annette sitting so still and cold beside her. Hugh Dan let out another deep roar and broke over the street toward her.

JULIE'S fright stabbed its cold splinters through her body and the sense of cruelty seeking her out got stronger and stronger. But she kept remembering Thorpe McKerrin's eyes and the faraway misery in his voice and then she had done two astonishing things at once. She brought the gun from her lap, pointing it one-handed at Hugh Dan Lake; and she jerked the reins and sent the old gray road horse down the street at a gallop. The threat of the gun had stopped Hugh Dan in the dust and this was the way she last saw him—his mouth open and his face scarlet and an enormous gust of enraged sound rolling out of his chest through the heat-pressed air.

She was two miles from town before she let the gray horse drop to a walk. Then, alternately walking and trotting, she passed the schoolhouse, dipped down the Silver Bow's rim, crossed the gravel bar and came to Thorpe McKerrin's place. It was noon then, with the overhead sun burning its sultry circle through fall's condensed haze.

And then it was two o'clock. Julie made out a lunch for Annette, eating nothing herself as she watched the crest of the Silver Bow across the river. She combed and braided Annette's hair and tied a bow with the red and black ribbon bought at the dry-goods store. Annette said, "Thank you," and folded her hands and sat silently in the chair—a grave little woman who had forgotten her mother. Julie stood in the living room, feeling coolness faintly run through the open doors.

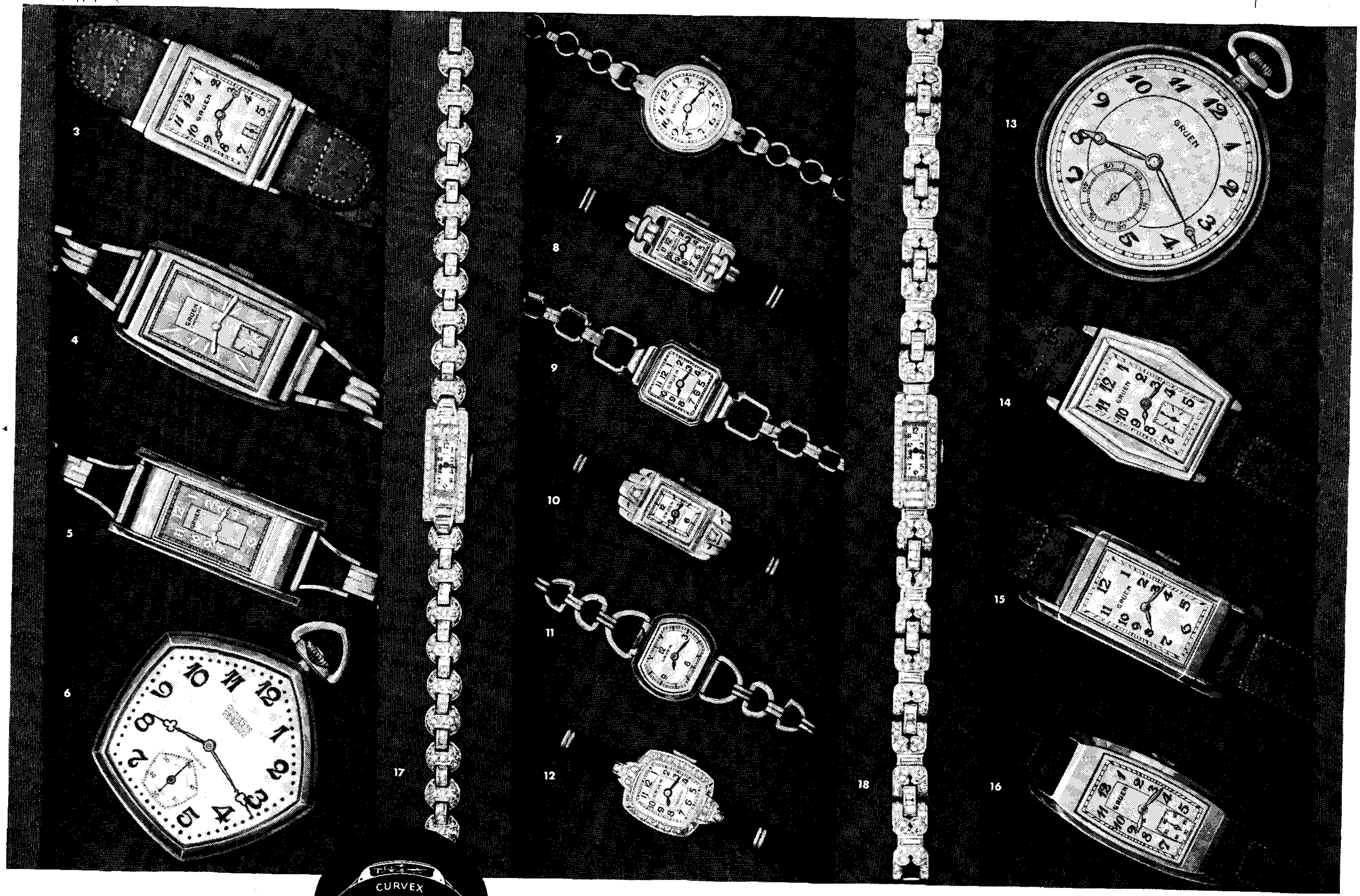
She thought: "Does he want her any more?" And ran to the door then, hearing the splash of a rider coming across the stream. She was there, her hand holding the rifle, when Thorpe McKerrin came down the lane of trees and dismounted before the porch.

She stepped aside to let him by, and saw him wheel in the living room's center and look around the walls, the way a man might be looking for something that his eyes failed to find. He

(Continued on page 84)

Merry Christmas

—ALL THROUGH THE HOUSE



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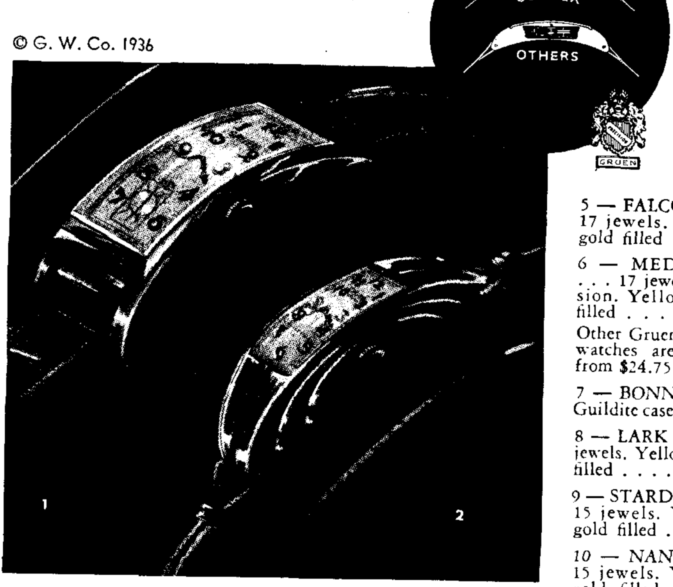

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Margaret Clarke

Secretary, Pin Money Club
Collier's, The National Weekly
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(Continued from page 82)

saw the ribbon on Annette's hair and then his glance was a darker blue, a more bitter blue when he turned toward Julie. But his voice held a softness that turned Julie's heart over.

"I have done the best I could with my girl, Julie. But it has never been enough. I have no complaint against anything that's happened to me. I made my life and I can live it. But it is hard to think Annette's got to suffer for my mistakes."

Julie said: "They let you go?"

He said: "Dutch Mike fired first. Even Hugh Dan Lake couldn't make his courthouse crowd hold me for that."

She held herself still before him, for suddenly she knew that this man, who had been always so impersonal and so distant, was seeing her within the focus of a quick, sober interest.

He said, evenly, with faint surprise: "You've grown up."

"I am twenty."

"As old as you'll ever be," he murmured. Annette came across the room and thrust her fist into his palm; and stood in silence beside him. There was this moment, Julie thought, so full of things not spoken, so important with what might be, and so sweet to her heart. And presently the little moment went by, broken by the sound of a rider crossing the ford's gravel bar.

JULIE whirled toward the door, and stopped, and looked back to Thorpe McKerrin and was puzzled by his quietness. He made no motion. A sudden blaze at once wild and hopeless flashed out through the blue of his eyes and went away and then the old, old expression of iron indifference returned. Julie was so astonished that she forgot about the coming rider; and was startled when a woman's voice said in an unbreakably calm way:

"You don't mind, Thorpe?"

Julie stepped back and saw Helen Lake come into the room, that entrance as graceful, as poised as anything Julie had ever known. Julie didn't realize that she was withdrawing from those two people until her back touched the room's wall.

Helen Lake said, in so smooth and gentle a voice: "Nothing changes. That table was there, with one leg on the carpet's edge, the day I left. As it is now."

Thorpe McKerrin said in his summer-quiet tone: "You always had observing eyes, Helen."

"Yes," she murmured in a lower voice. "Perhaps that was my trouble."

He said: "Was it your word that influenced your father to let me go from jail?"

She looked at him a moment. "Would it hurt your pride if I said yes?"

"No," he told her, "I am not as proud as I used to be."

"Neither am I," said Helen Lake.

Julie let her body go loose against the wall, knowing something then. It was Helen Lake who wanted to come back. Thorpe McKerrin said: "It will do no good, Helen. Your father wanted his way eight years ago. He still wants it. He will never rest until he has seen me dead."

"Do you know why I left?"

Julie heard weariness in Thorpe's voice, an inexpressible weariness; and Julie was saying to herself over and over: Don't let him feel any pity for her.

McKerrin said: "I know. We figured a million dollars didn't matter. We figured we could cut our own way. It was a mistake. There was too much difference between a homesteader's house on the Silver Bow and Hugh Dan's mansion. The snow got too deep and the winters were too long—and then you remembered that when you were single and free you used to be dancing in Chicago when winter came. I do not blame you."

"Yes," she said, "that's why I left. Because you kept thinking of that."

He said: "What?"

"Because you kept thinking of all that. I never thought of it. But you did. It was between us every moment. How could I tell you I was happy when you refused to believe it? How could I tell you that nothing mattered when you kept remembering that I was a rich man's daughter. I was on your conscience. Always. I went back to the million dollars because it was where you insisted I always wanted to go."

"You stayed there," he pointed out.

She murmured, "You never came after me." But that was the end of her composure, the very last of her steel-hard pride. She dropped down to her knees and her arms went about Annette and she was crying: "She's mine as well as yours! I left her here, to show you how much I could give up to you—to show you where I wanted to be and where my heart was! You never saw that, Thorpe. You let me drift."

Julie grew smaller and smaller against the wall, hearing Thorpe's voice from a great distance: "Take her, Helen. I'm licked."

There was a long silence. It was hard for Julie to breathe, it was hard for her to make out the expression of Helen Lake's lifting cheeks. But it was something powerful enough to sway Thorpe and to change, to break that mask he had held over his eyes for so long. Helen Lake murmured: "Not without you, Thorpe. Never without you."

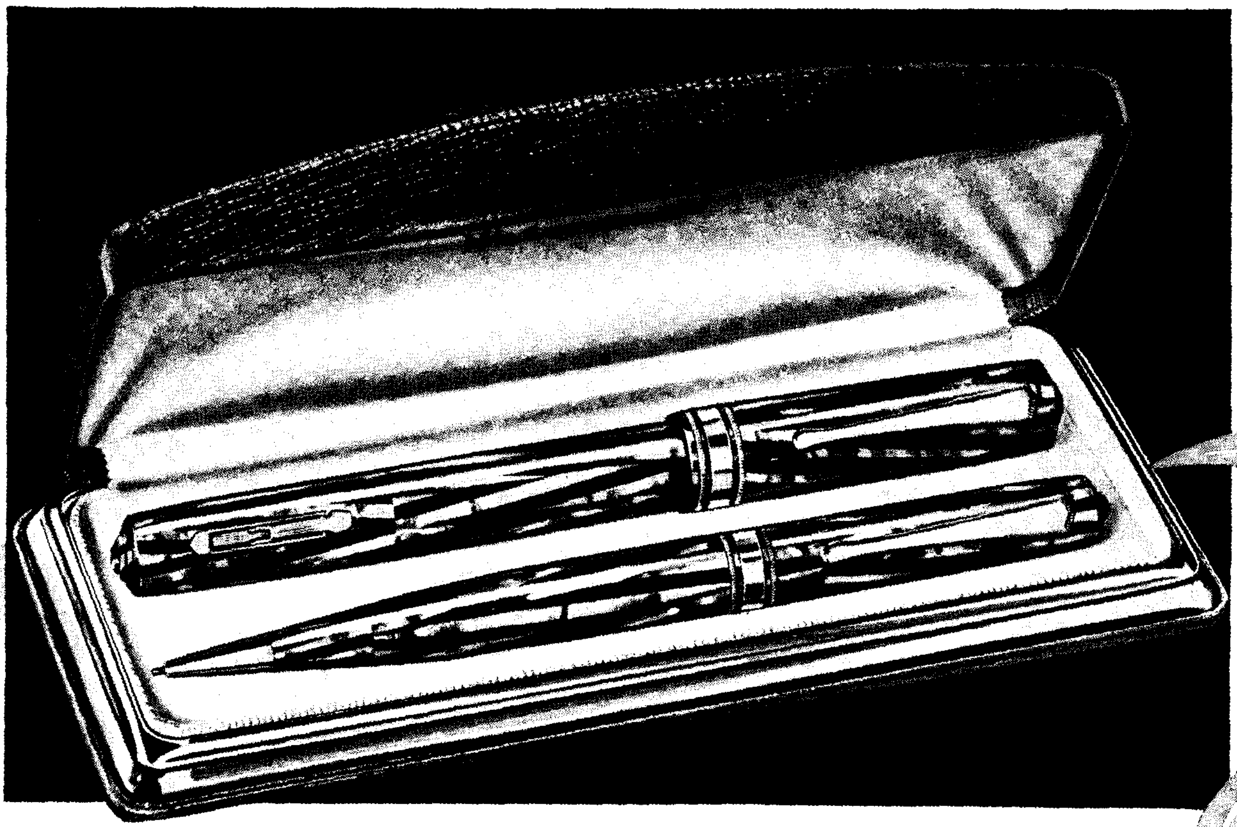
Julie saw Thorpe's big hand go down and lift Helen Lake toward him; and this was the end for Julie. Turning, she slipped out of the room like a shadow. She got in the rig and pointed the gray road horse back across the ford and up the hill. It was around four o'clock, with the full heat of the day sweltering over the hazy land; with all the earth turned amber and powder-gray. She saw none of it. Her father's buildings lifted from the plain and she heard the children quarreling in the yard when she came up. But there was nothing clear in her mind until she found herself standing in her own small room; until she found herself looking into the little mirror on the wall.

IT WAS the face of a girl she knew so little about, pleasant lips, a smooth skin and gray eyes looking directly back to her, dark as night and suddenly glowing, and night-dark again. She looked down at her shoes and saw the gray dust scummed across the fresh leather; and sat on her bed and slowly slipped them off and put on the old shoes again. She heard Joe Albrecht's voice in the yard saying: "You should have things a little better for your women, Hans. This is not the old country."

Her father said: "Oh, hell, what are women for?"

"For things maybe you do not see," Joe Albrecht's voice said quietly.

Julie lifted her new shoes and rubbed away the dust; and laid them on a corner shelf. She was thinking of what Joe had told her the night before: "You are almost American, which is bad for you." How had he known that? But, rising to go out to him, she remembered that for one moment Thorpe McKerrin had looked at her and had seen her as she had wished to be seen. As Julie Brett, a desirable woman. It was a thing she could remember long after this clutter of shacks from which she had sprung had turned to dust on the flats. This was her triumph, the high point of her life as the second generation of an immigrant family. She would marry Joe Albrecht, because to be a single woman was unfruitful and sinful. With her children it would be different. The third generation would be truly American.



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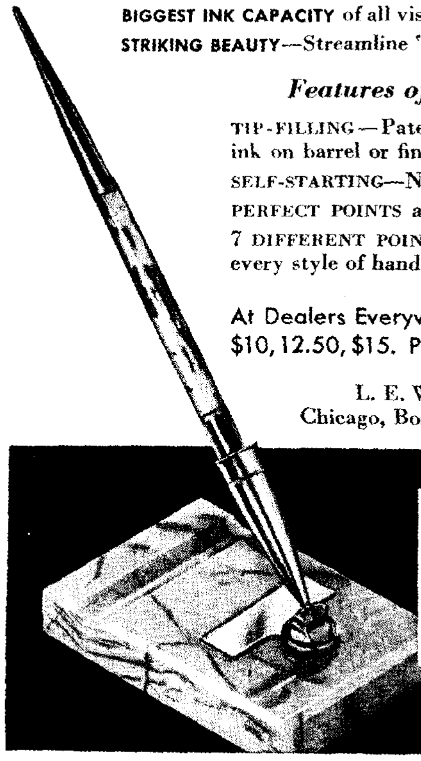

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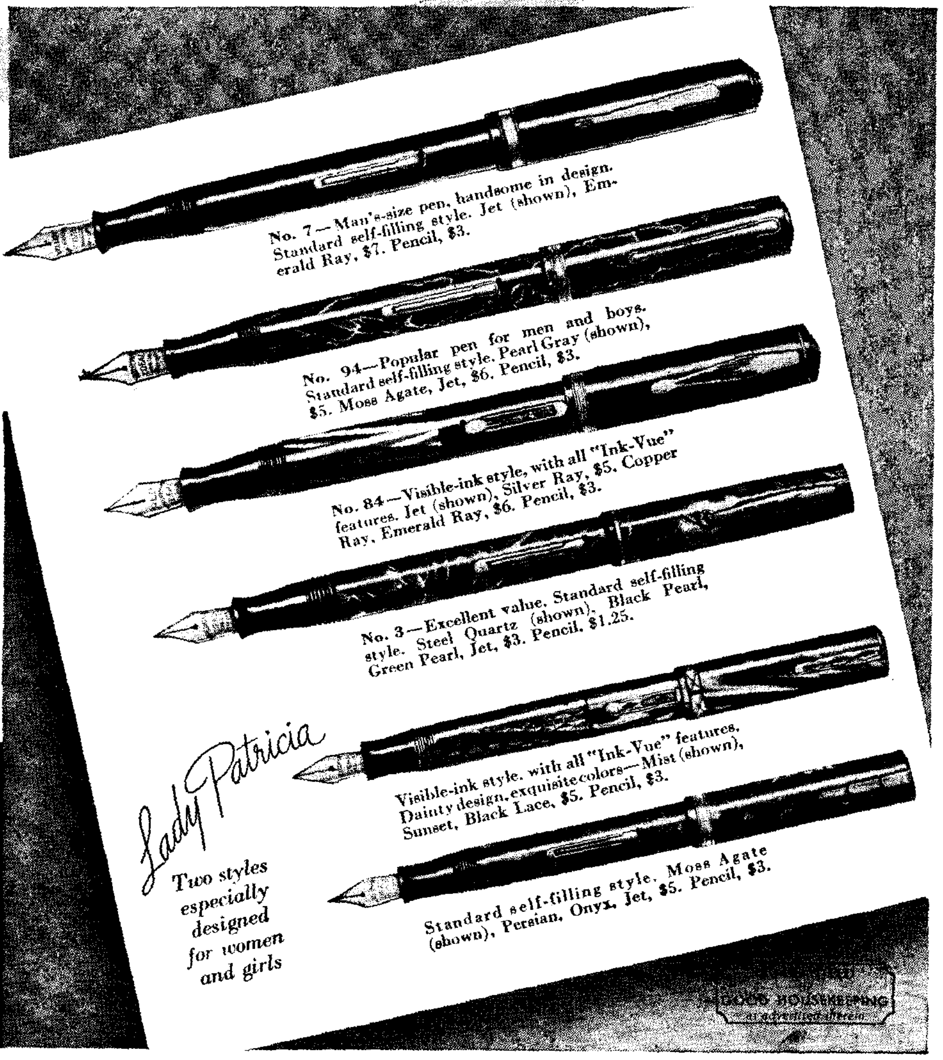

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Collier's

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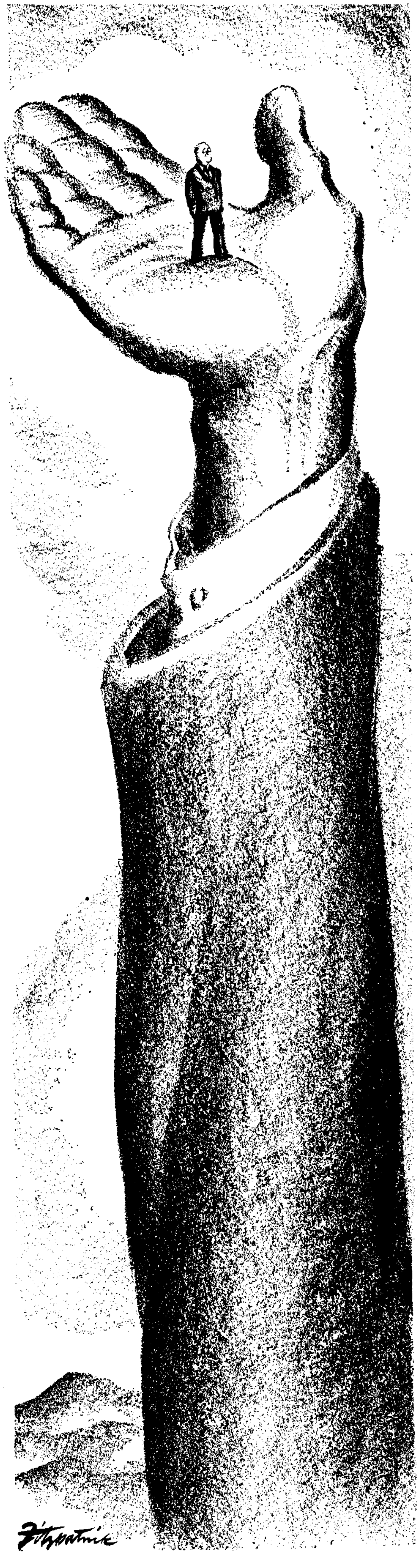
Only the Public to Guide Him



FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT is about to write a new chapter in American history. Given unprecedented power, his responsibility is also staggering. Few men have been so free from outside restraint. Only his own character and his own wisdom and the common sense of the people control his will. Certainly no effectual party opposition has been left.

President Roosevelt must be awed by the power and responsibility voted him. Only one other man in the history of America has possessed comparable power. That was George Washington.

Washington could have made this country a monarchy if he had been guided by personal ambition. Washington was elected President without opposition. He had great prestige with the Army and with public opinion and enough with Congress. Fortunately for this nation and for the world, he did not aspire to be a Caesar. He accepted the presidency with reluctance and looked forward eagerly to the time when he might lay down the burden of public office.

Washington created the precedent which limited to two the terms of a President. Thomas Jefferson, the first President after Washington popular enough to consider the two-term rule, really established the tradition by renouncing any desire for a third term. But for Washington and Jefferson our history might have been different.

President Roosevelt's amazing popularity has deprived him of the advantage of effectual congressional debate concerning his policies during the next two years. His majorities in the House and Senate are too large to brook efficient opposition. Whatever legislation he demands he is likely to get. Such power creates a terrific responsibility.

Not only have we what is in effect a one-party Congress, but also President Roosevelt will, in all probability, be called on to select candidates for the Supreme Court. Many of the justices are old men. Time inevitably will create vacancies. Of the nine New Deal laws considered by the Supreme Court just two resulted in unanimous decisions of the judges. The Gold Clause cases were upheld by a 5 to 4 decision. The Agricultural Administration Act was declared unconstitutional by a 6 to 3 vote.

Plainly a change by two, or even one, in the personnel of the court might make a vital difference in the judgments handed down by the court. The tendency of any Administration is to select as judicial nominees men in general sympathy with its own policies. So the stimulus of the criticism of the Supreme Court is likely to diminish rather than increase during the coming years.

This also adds to the burden which Franklin Delano Roosevelt must bear. The very weight of the numbers who committed their well-being into his hands has denied him the assistance which the other Presidents have derived from a critical Congress or Supreme Court.

Mr. Roosevelt must have anxious moments when he contemplates the isolation forced upon him by his very popularity.

The inevitable consequence is that the only outside criticism available must come from public opinion. If alert public-spirited citizens do not express their views the President can be guided only by his own opinions and those of his official family.

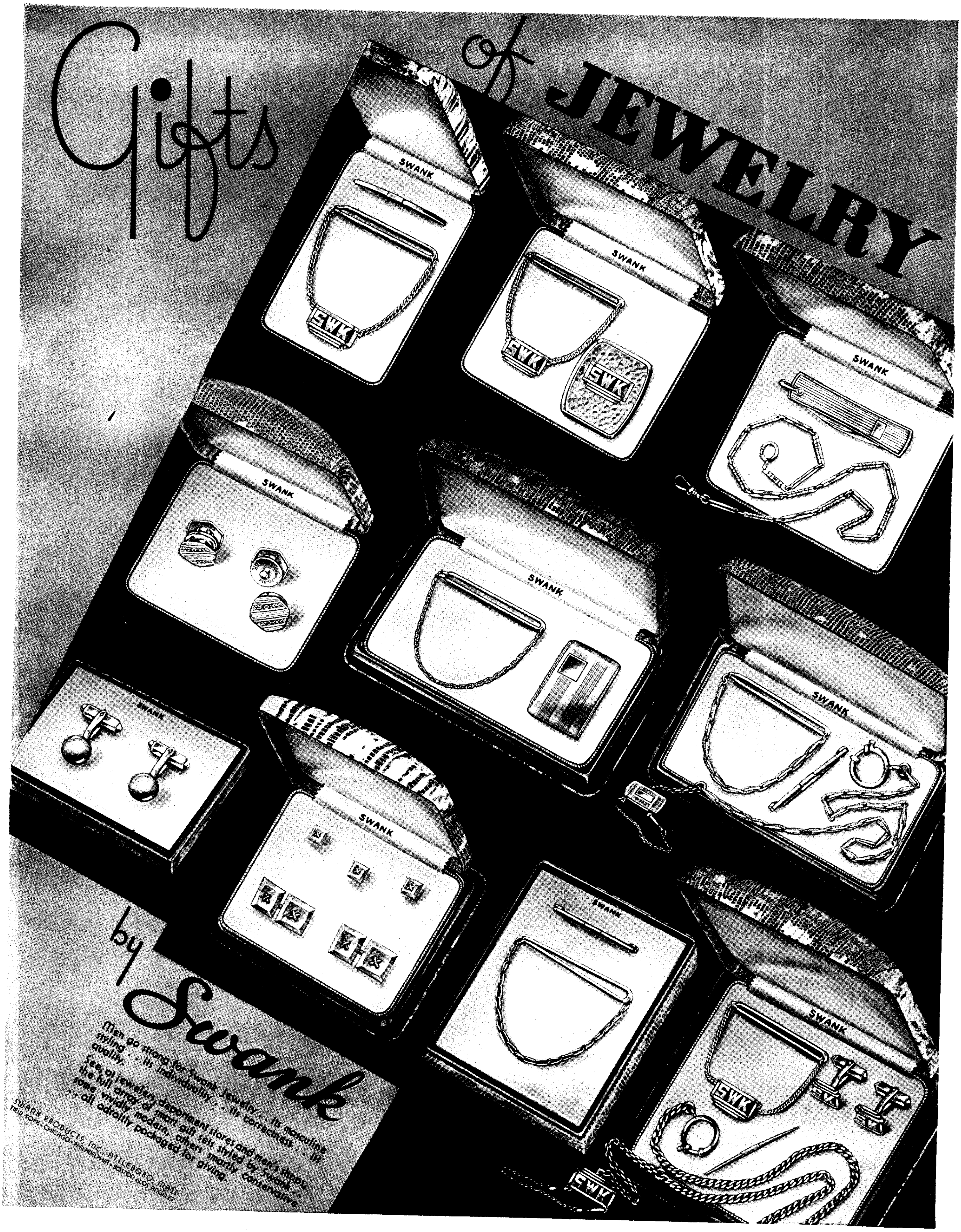
The years ahead, moreover, will not be a period of drift. Events are occurring rapidly and momentous decisions must be rendered in every great nation. Experiments inevitably must be made. Conditions which have developed the world over since 1918 compel consideration and action.

In this country President Roosevelt finds himself in a situation historically comparable to those faced by Thomas Jefferson and Andrew Jackson, the patron saints of the Democratic party. Jefferson was the spokesman of farmers, artisans and small businessmen. Andrew Jackson led the same hosts.

We are now in the midst of deep-running social and economic changes just as were our predecessors of a hundred and more years ago. The same political forces which then triumphed are again in the saddle. The difference lies in the tremendously increased complexity of the industrial, financial and social problems to be settled.

Americans of all faiths hope that President Roosevelt will be able to bear happily the tremendous load laid upon him. He will need all the good nature, all the generosity, all the tolerance, all the respect for fundamental American liberty, all the wisdom he can summon to accomplish the tasks we have set before him.

He has the right to expect honorable and reasonable co-operation. He is President of all the people. He is entitled to all the support and all the criticism which a free and self-respecting people can provide.



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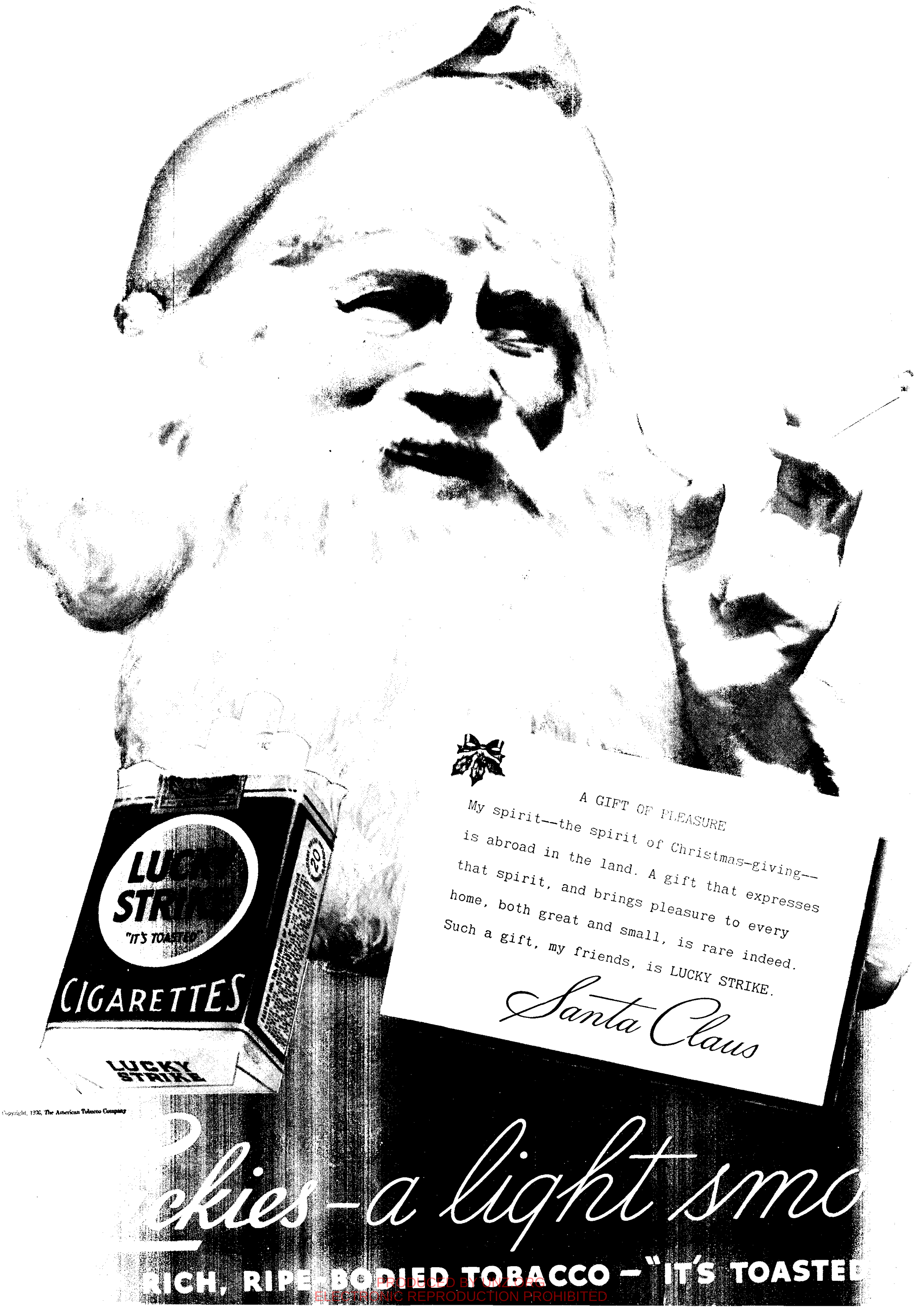

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